

VOL. LXVII, No. 3

1904

PRICE, 35 CENTS

# THE JANUARY CENTURY MAGAZINE

## "THE SEA-WOLF"



A NOVEL OF  
ADVENTURE

BY

JACK LONDON

AUTHOR OF

"THE CALL OF THE WILD"

MACMILLAN AND CO LTD ST MARTIN'S ST LONDON  
THE CENTURY CO UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

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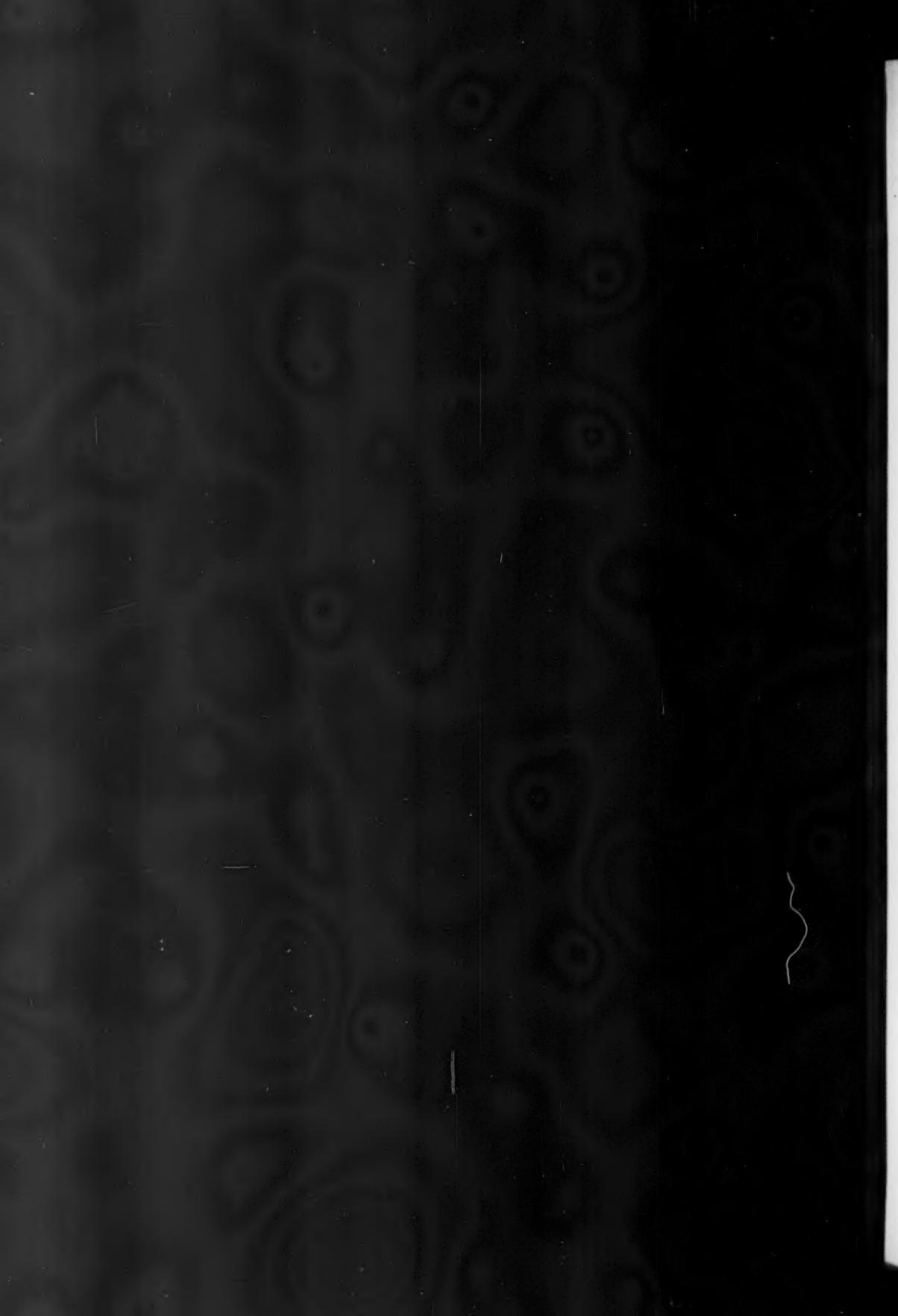
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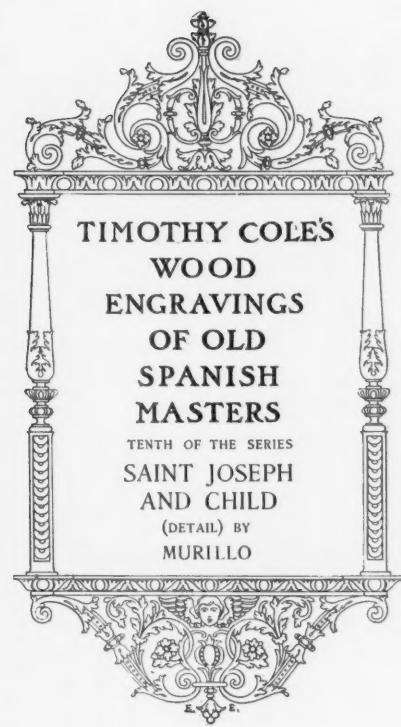
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(DETAIL) BY  
MURILLO



From the painting by Murillo in the Seville Museum. See "Open Letters"

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVII

JANUARY, 1904

No. 3

## THE STORM-CENTER OF FRENCH POLITICS

BY OTHON GUERLAC

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

**A**MONG the Continental parliaments which now and then by their men or their measures make themselves heard of in America, the French Chamber of Deputies is entitled to a prominent place. Although it is matched by the Austrian Reichsrath when it comes to an interchange of violent words or to serious fist-cuffs, is rivaled by the Belgian House of Representatives for the singing of the "Marseillaise" in the midst of a debate, and by the British House of Commons in the matter of filibustering, the Palais Bourbon offers easily the most lively and exciting continuous performance that parliamentary connoisseurs can find anywhere.

The last French Chamber, during its existence of four years, witnessed the usual amount of sensational incidents, exciting sittings, and brilliant forensic displays. Starting with the burning Dreyfus case, it finished its career by discussing the Associations bill and the Workingmen's pension law, always drawing large crowds, which came to listen to the speeches of the great

orators in the Chamber, such as Ribot, the leader of the liberal-progressive party; the Count de Mun, the spokesman of the Catholics; René Viviani, the best speaker of the Socialist minority; and, above all, the matchless debater and statesman, Waldeck-Rousseau, who for three years administered the Republic in the face of a relentless opposition, which he defeated in numerous encounters, through his parliamentary skill and his remarkable oratorical power.

Moreover, traditions of democratic government and parliamentary eloquence are deep-rooted in France, and have produced in the last hundred years many great orators—Mirabeau, Guizot, Berryer, Jules Favre, Thiers, and Gambetta. It may therefore be of interest to show how the French Republic gets along with her law-making system, and to point out some of the features of the government for and by the people in the greatest democracy on the Continent.

In the first place, it must be borne in

mind that absolutely universal suffrage has existed in France only since 1848, at which date it was forced upon the nation through a revolution, and has been in actual use without adulteration or interruption only since 1870. Although France had, as far back as the fourteenth century, some sort of representative assembly, yet the training for constitutional government was rather short.

To-day every French citizen, twenty-one years old, with a six months' residence, and not otherwise disqualified, has the right to vote. France is divided into political districts called arrondissements, each of which is entitled to at least one deputy, and when its population is in excess of 100,000 is divided into two or more constituencies. The number of deputies thus grows or decreases with the movement of population. At every election period some districts gain a representative while others lose one. In 1898 the department of Seine and some others near Paris gained each one deputy, while some districts in central and western France—namely, the departments of Creuse, Dordogne, Manche, and Sarthe—each lost one.

The Chamber elected in May, 1898, contained three members fewer than the preceding; that is, 581 instead of 584, a large number, being 224 more than the House of Representatives at Washington. The present Chamber has 591 as a result of the recent census. It is no wonder, then, that so large an assembly should often be likened to a mob, and actually has acted like one. Of course one of the remedies proposed against the evils of the French government has been the cutting down of the number of deputies; but since only deputies themselves can apply that remedy, it is not likely that such a measure will ever be introduced.

These 591 lawmakers meet in a great palace on the banks of the Seine, opposite the beautiful Place de la Concorde, which, in spite of its peaceful name, is the chosen place for all riotous demonstrations and for many a battle between the police and disorderly or revolutionary crowds. The Palais Bourbon, with its high columns and severe façade, was built in the Greek style so much in vogue during the eighteenth century. As the name indicates, it was intended for a private residence, having been constructed in 1722 for the Duchess

of Bourbon. The Prince of Condé purchased it in 1770, and in the Revolution of 1790 it was confiscated as national property. Since the Council of the Five Hundred, which occupied it under the Directory, it has continued to be the meeting-place of the Chamber of Deputies, save for a few short intervals. It has gradually been enlarged, embellished with artistic ornamentalations, and provided with its present modern comforts, which, though elaborate, seem still insufficient to its inhabitants, who every now and then draw up plans for a more stately and hygienic home.

There are different ways of gaining access to the room where the deliberations of the Chamber take place. One way consists in running for an election as deputy, and getting seated; but that method cannot be recommended in cold blood to a foreigner as a practical or safe or, least of all, an economical way of attending a *grande séance* in the Chamber. There is another plan, safer, perhaps, and less expensive. It is to get up early and take a place in the line which is formed at the gate of the House, and made up mostly of ragged tramps, ten or twenty of whom are allowed access, in order to carry out the letter of the law, which makes the debates public. I confess, however, that I never knew of anybody who tried this experiment at the Palais Bourbon, though at the Palais de Justice it is not uncommon, and at the famous Zola trial it was quite *à la mode*. The most expedient way for a Frenchman who knows some deputy personally, or who merely has a vote in some district, is to apply to his deputy for a card. As for foreigners, they can obtain admission from their ambassador. Americans might remember, by the way, that there are French deputies who have had the good taste to marry American women. These might be found obliging; but it is perhaps better not to give any more explicit information in this direction. It may be that for the peace of those distinguished lawmakers I have already said too much.

It need hardly be added that whenever one expects to attend a great debate in the Chamber (and a great debate is either an interpellation of a member of the opposition or an address by some well-known orator), one must secure one's card long beforehand. As a matter of fact, such



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHAMBER, FROM THE QUAI D'ORSAY

sessions are as eagerly attended as a *première* at the Théâtre Français, or a reception at the Academy, and nothing looks more like a show than the great hall of the Chamber when an exciting time is expected. Throngs crowd to the Palais Bourbon; a stream of carriages and pedestrians flows continuously over the Pont de la Concorde, and the sidewalks are packed with people waiting for a chance to get in, many of whom have to go back even though provided with tickets, since the capacity of the House is not great enough for all who would attend its proceedings.

Of course the galleries are filled with handsomely dressed ladies, and the black cassock of a priest or the uniform of an army officer not infrequently forms a fitting foil for them. There are special galleries for different sorts of high officials: one for the Diplomatic Corps, usually well filled; another for the senators; another for former deputies; and still another for the press. Since the great excitement caused by the throwing of a bomb by the anarchist Vailant, in 1893, the rules for admission have been made stricter, and the spectators are closely watched by the *huissiers*. It is not forbidden to talk or to read a newspaper if one is bored by the debate; but let some one stand up to get a better view, and he is strongly urged to sit down, and if a stranger, electrified by the eloquence of a speaker, forgets himself and applauds or manifests in any way his appreciation, he is very likely to be shown to the door. Only during the Revolution was the mob allowed to take an active and noisy part in the debates.

The Press Gallery, however, seems to enjoy special privileges. The reporters behave as they please; that is to say, very badly. They shout, laugh, interrupt the orators, or discuss among themselves the topics treated on the floor. As their voices are drowned in the noise made by the House, and their manifestations are not easily located, the President and the deputies affect to ignore them, and very often let pass many boyish pranks in which that young and somewhat uneducated body is wont to indulge. When they are wearied by a speech, they cry out, "Clôture!" as the deputies do to shut off a speaker. They greet speakers whom they dislike with groans or laughter. They make, at the top of their voices, all sorts of disrespectful

remarks about the lawmakers down below. I remember, in the Press Gallery of the Senate, a reporter who, as he entered, used to cry out the famous phrase of a speaker of the Revolution, "Président d'assassins, je demande la parole." As a rule, however, the deputies by themselves are a spectacle interesting enough, and the noise they make is distracting enough to monopolize the whole attention of the galleries as well as of the speaker. Consequently the din of the Press Gallery passes unheeded until, once in a while, a journalist goes too far, and has to be called to order or expelled, as happened a few years ago when an anti-Semitic reporter was put out of the House for interrupting a speech.

Representative bodies in our modern democracies are very much alike, and may well be said to give a fair idea of all the types to be found in the various countries, which, indeed, in every sense of the word, they represent. Thus nations who complain of their parliaments are like individuals who would complain of their pictures in a looking-glass. All types of men, all sorts of characters, all standards of intelligence and of morality, the highest as well as the lowest, are to be found there. There are always members, though few in number, who are endowed with great powers of oratory, with broad and versatile minds, strong personalities, and all those qualities which mark a man out for the leadership of his fellows. There are also a few ignorant, malicious, and violent demagogues, destitute both of conscience and of scruples, alien to all sense of decency, the mere froth and scum of politics as well as of society, who, actuated by motives of selfishness and ambition, make capital out of the prejudices, the passions, and the credulity of the masses.

Then there are in all assemblies, as well as in all human societies, some grotesque cranks on whom seems to have fallen the duty of representing in parliament human absurdity, and who may be considered to represent the countless lunatics who dwell at large outside of the asylums, because the asylums can find no room for them all.

Finally, you will find, in an overwhelming majority, the plain, commonplace, average man, the man in the street, who is neither good nor bad, neither clever nor dull, who never has done anything notable,



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

#### THE PRESS GALLERY

and never will, who fairly represents the great mass of the nation.

These different types of men are equally divided among all parties. Every party has about the same proportion of brilliant and gifted members, of knaves, and of fools, just as it has the same proportion of members who are physically handsome or ugly, attractive or the reverse. Thus a parliament in any country, taken as a whole, looks very much like any other gathering of people.

The spectator who enters the French Chamber of Deputies has no trouble whatever in understanding the working of the machine. Suppose he comes in a little before half-past two in the afternoon, the regular meeting-hour. He will have time enough to admire the great hall, which looks very much like that of the House of Representatives at Washington, although somewhat more spacious, with its two tiers

of circular galleries and its glass ceiling, through which comes the light of the sun by day and of electricity by night. The seats of the deputies are arranged in semi-circular rows, after the fashion of an amphitheater, from the floor up to a few yards below the public galleries. The desks are joined together end to end, and benches take the place of the comfortable American revolving-chairs. As the hall is empty before the sitting, with the exception of a deputy here or there writing his letters, the attention of the newcomer is at once directed toward that part of the hall opposite him. Here are placed the chair of the Speaker and the tribune, the one superposed on the other. Behind them, on the wall, between two marble columns, is a great reproduction in tapestry of Raphael's "School of Athens," on both sides of which are statues representing Liberty and Public Order. Below is a historical bas-relief.

When the clock on the wall strikes half-past two, a sound of drums is heard, the deputies enter one by one, and suddenly there appears at the side door on the right of the tribune a man in evening dress, with a white cravat, escorted by soldiers with fixed bayonets. The officer in command of the soldiers stands erect, sword in hand. This is the Speaker of the House, Monsieur le Président, who has come all the way from his private apartment, which is in another part of the building, between lines of soldiers, and enters

the hall every day in such style. When, surrounded by his secretaries, he passes by, he bows graciously to the officers and ascends the stairs leading to the presidential chair.

As a rule, the President is the first to come in, and then the deputies follow slowly, pouring out from the library, the conference hall, the buffet, and the famous Salle des Pas Perdus, where they have been planning schemes and preparing for the overthrow of the ministry. Presently the Salle des Séances is filled with the bustle



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE PRESIDENT (M. BOURGEOIS) ENTERING THE CHAMBER



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

#### THE PRESIDENT OF THE MINISTRY ARRIVES AT THE PALAIS BOURBON

and noise both of the galleries and of the members of the House.

A ring of the great bell on the desk of the President (a bell which during the stormy sessions of the Dreyfus case was twice broken) announces the opening of the proceedings. Several members ascend the tribune, with papers in their hands, and read something amid general inattention, even the Speaker busying himself with the various members who come to talk with him. The noise does not abate in the least. This part of the session is devoted to the reading of the minutes of the pre-

ceding session and to the adoption of the usual routine resolutions. While this is going on, the deputies have all gradually taken their seats and, waiting for the beginning of the important debate which is going to arouse their passions, chat in a lively way with one another, read their newspapers, or are plunged in their correspondence with exacting constituents, who from their provinces far away assail them daily with their demands for offices, for promotions, for decorations, and charge them with many other errands which have nothing to do with politics.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A deputy, M. Clovis Hugues, complained humorously, some years ago, of the strange demands with which a deputy has to comply. One constituent would ask him to look up a lost umbrella, another to find him a nurse, and a third to buy something for his wife.



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE MEMBERS' LIBRARY

Presently the President rises from his chair, gives a sharp stroke to his bell, and calls out the traditional phrase, "Mr. So-and-so has the floor for his interpellation." Indeed, only an interpellation is able to draw a crowd to the Palais Bourbon. The interpellation is the means by which any deputy, in the name of the nation, may summon the ministers to explain their acts or their policy, or those of the administration. It is the weapon by which the opposition tries to discredit or upset the ministry. It is a challenge to the minister to defend himself in the field specified. He may delay his answer, but he must never refuse it, unless the Chamber deems the question irrelevant or unworthy of a debate. The debates always end with an order of the day, by which the Chamber expresses or refuses to express its confidence in the government. Interpellations are countless; in a few months ministers have sometimes to answer thirty or forty interpellations, which are generally marked by uproars, quarrels, duels, and incidents of all kinds. A strike of workingmen, an eviction of a religious order in Brittany, a railway accident, a defeat in a colonial war, judicial proceedings in the courts, questions of foreign policy, are so many opportunities for the opposition to challenge the government.

When Jules Grévy was forced out of the Élysée, in 1886, on account of the irregular dealings of his son-in-law, Wilson, it was after an interpellation in the Chamber. One of the longest ministries of the Republic, and the most glorious one, that of Jules Ferry, ended in March, 1885, after a dramatic interpellation of Clémenceau on a futile incident in the war of Tonquin, out of which the foes of Jules Ferry made great capital, and with which they hoodwinked both the people and the Chamber.

The Panama and the Boulangist periods were marked by debates and interpellations such as had not been seen since the days of the Revolution. So was also the Dreyfus affair. It was during a debate on an interpellation that Cavaignac read before the Chamber the forgery of Colonel Henry, which was posted all over the country.

But let us return to the deputy who has just ascended the tribune to "develop," as the phrase goes, his interpellation. The ministers, whom he addresses, sit just opposite him on the front benches, and thus

turn their backs on the House and the galleries behind them. This very arrangement, if we are to believe some foreign observers, may account for the character of French debates and the storms which almost always attend them. The orator, face to face with his audience, is more than likely to be interrupted whenever any of his statements go against the feelings or beliefs of his opponents, which thing cannot fail to happen, whatever he may say. Thus, from the very beginning of the address, the scene presented to the spectator in the gallery is that of a man at bay, with one part of the public in front of him, while the other part sustains him with its applause and its "Très bien, très bien!" Many a speech, when read afterward in the "*Journal Officiel*,"—published every day and sold for one sou all over France,—looks rather like a chorus in which the nominal speaker has his share, but only as he gets the chance.

The shorthand record, too, may to a large extent account for the lack of self-restraint and dignity in the debates. As this is being read with great attention by the nation, each deputy is eager to play his rôle in an important debate. To please his constituents, the orator tries to be as aggressive and violent as possible. The deputies, when they throw in a bit of wit or an epigram, are proud to find it in print the day after, followed generally by such words as "*Rires à Gauche*" or "*Rires et applaudissements à Droite*."

"The French have a passion for stage effects," is a saying of Emerson. No stage, of course, offers more temptations than that of the Palais Bourbon, where it is easy to score a success, and where every success is sure to redound to the credit of its author. The interruptions are sometimes the only means of notoriety for unpractised or timid speakers, and humorists often ridicule the country representative who interrupts the debate with old and hackneyed expressions, that will be read by his constituents with unbounded admiration.

"Why did n't you make a speech?" said a woman to her husband.

"A speech? Why, yesterday, when a member of the Right was talking, I rose to my feet and cried, 'How about the *Coup d'État?*'"

The orator on the floor is supposed in his oratory to conform to the rule of cour-



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington  
IN THE GARDEN OF THE PALAIS BOURBON — A NEWLY ELECTED MEMBER AWAITING THE RESULT OF THE VOTE ON HIS "VALIDATION"



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE EXPULSION OF A MEMBER AFTER A STORMY SESSION



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

SALLE DES CONFÉRENCES (CONFERENCE HALL)

tesy as laid down in the parliamentary code. Many sharp or rude expressions are prohibited as not being parliamentary, as the word goes; and that word parliamentary, in the French language, has come to convey the idea of something especially courteous and gentle. It is unparliamentary, for instance, to say, "That is not true"; one must put it in this way: "That is not quite exact." But, as a matter of fact, the rules of parliamentarism are violated as often as an orator finds it necessary. Some uneducated representatives delight in violating them as often as possible. They feel very proud when they have succeeded in being "called to order" for having gone too far in the expression of their emotions, a penalty, by the way, which means a cut in salary.

The highest penalties of that order are the "censure" and "temporary expulsion." These are inflicted when an orator on the floor or some deputy grossly abuses a minister or one of his colleagues, not altogether an uncommon thing. Some years

ago an anti-Semitic deputy called the Minister of Justice "a rascal and a scoundrel." He was at once suspended by a vote of the Chamber. Such penalties are inflicted only by the House itself.

It often happens that the deputy who has been sentenced to suspension refuses to leave the room when so ordered by the President. There is an old tradition which appeals to the hearts of those who are fond of stage effects—that of Manuel, a great orator of the Restoration, who had to be expelled by the soldiers in 1823. Thus, every time a harebrained politician gets a chance to imitate Manuel, he does not miss it. During the term of the last Chamber at least three deputies successfully played that part. The President puts on his hat, the whole Chamber leaves the room, and then the guard which is in the palace comes in, commanded by an officer; the officer touches the deputy on the shoulder; he then follows his escort, not to reappear in the Chamber sometimes for three months. The scene presented on

such an occasion is graphically shown in Mr. Castaigne's drawing on page 333.

Within the last twenty years a deputy was sentenced to suspension for having said to Jules Ferry, "You are impudent." Another was suspended for having cried, "Long live the Commune!"

Often the worst insults pass unheeded amid the tumult and uproar of the excited deputies. Such was the case when, several years ago, General de Gallifet appeared for the first time before the Chamber. The former members of the Commune, who hate him on account of his cruel repression of the insurrection of 1871, were driven into a paroxysm of passion, and for five minutes launched upon their old foe the words "Assassin!" "Butcher!" and countless other insults.

Ministers are not infrequently subjected

to such treatment, and the annals of the French Parliament are filled with ordeals of the same sort inflicted upon unpopular heads of the government. At the time Guizot, the famous historian, was Prime Minister of the Monarchy of July, he was often fiercely attacked by the opposition because of his haughty and somewhat autocratic policy. One day, overcome by the violence of his foes, he made the famous retort that no matter what they might say, their insults would never equal his contempt.

When Jules Ferry was overthrown, in the midst of the excitement created by the news of an insignificant defeat in the colonial war of Tonquin (March, 1885), he was as bitterly assailed by orators on the floor and abused by members of the House as if he had betrayed his country. A well-



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

POLITICAL CHAT IN THE CONFERENCE HALL



Drawn by André Castaigne. Halftone plate engraved by H. Davidson  
A RECEPTION AT THE HOUSE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER (THE QUAI D'ORSAY MANSION)

known Bonapartist deputy, M. de Cassagnac, famous for his gross and flippant language, cried, "Throw him out!" A radical leader, Clémenceau, who has since had his own troubles, said, pointing to the ministers: "These men are no longer ministers. They are criminals. They belong to justice." Outside of Parliament the mob was ready to stone the statesman who had just signed the treaty which gave to France one of her richest colonies.

During those heated sessions, when the representatives, carried away by their political passions, lose all self-control, there is one man bound to keep cool, on whose ability and *sang-froid* rests the dignity of the debates. To succeed in so difficult a task, and to know how to master such a restless and mercurial assembly, takes not so much energy as tact. Many a time a flash of wit, a *bon mot*, smothers a tempest better than any threats of punishment.

All through the last century the French House has had Speakers eminently successful in this respect. One of the most famous among them was President Dupin, who was Speaker of the House in the time of Louis Philippe. He was an old skeptic who knew how to get along with men. His ready wit quenched many uproots and assuaged many storms. Not merely did he himself practise oratory with distinction, but he enjoyed it in the speakers on the floor. One day a personal friend of his attacked the administration in most unparliamentary terms, so that the President was obliged to censure him publicly. But after having called him to order, he leaned over his desk and said to him in a low voice: "Go on, old fellow! You are in fine form."

During the Second Empire, the Duke of Morny, something of a cynic, too, whom Daudet has depicted in the "Nabab" as the Duke of Mora, was also a typical President. He was more interested in arts and literature than in politics, and we are told that he used to relieve the dullness of the debates by chatting with Ludovic Halévy or some other man of letters who was collaborating with him on a comedy or an operetta.

The Third Republic had a brilliant President in Charles Floquet. He had made a name for himself as a somewhat eccentric and hot-headed radical, but in the presidential chair revealed himself as the most

courteous, self-possessed, and humorous Speaker the Chamber had ever seen. He knew how to express in short and felicitous speeches the feelings of the whole Chamber, so as to get the applause of all parties, especially when he happened to congratulate some new orator making his maiden speech on the floor.

M. Charles Dupuy made himself famous by three words uttered with great pertinency a second after Vaillant's bomb had exploded in the Chamber, wounding several deputies. In the midst of the uproar that followed he simply said, "La séance continue," and the séance went on.

M. Deschanel, as Speaker of the House, was one of the youngest Presidents ever elected to that office. He is a tall, slender man, handsome, and always dressed with the utmost care. Indeed, his detractors have often accused him of being too much of a dandy. He has shown a remarkable gift for oratory. His first speech in the Chamber, in 1886, created a wide-spread sensation, and he easily became one of the most brilliant debaters. The French Academy elected him a member only a short time ago. As President he succeeded M. Brisson, an honest but somewhat old-fashioned man, and of course the bright youth gave to his office a more cheerful aspect. More than through his personal charm and magnetism, M. Deschanel succeeded in attaining popularity by introducing what are called "parliamentary déjeuners," informal luncheons, which Gambetta, another great Speaker, had invented, to which he invited, in turn, deputies of all shades of opinion, so that they might get acquainted with one another. When he was reelected to the presidency many people said that his success was chiefly due to the manager of the great French restaurant who supplied the déjeuners.

M. Deschanel has since been replaced by a representative of the radical party, which is now in power, M. Léon Bourgeois, universally esteemed for his keen intelligence and broad culture no less than for his ability as a statesman.

Socially one may say that most of the members of the Right (Royalists, Bonapartists, and Clericals) belong to what was formerly the French aristocracy. A great many among them are titled marquises, counts, or viscounts, rich landlords of the western part of France, especially Brittany,

or great manufacturers of the south or the north. Some of them, who live on family estates, like English lords, control their constituency on the strength of their social prestige, their wealth and influence, more than for any political reason. There are not a few of those rotten boroughs which have been represented for years by members of the same family, and sometimes by the same deputy. Of course these deputies, elected by ignorant peasants who care little for politics, are among the most uncompromising foes of the Republic, and the Republicans try as best they can to invalidate their election every time they get a chance.

There is in the Chamber an old deputy of Brittany, universally regarded as a harmless crank, whose speeches always arouse storms of laughter. They consist merely in passionate outbursts of abuse against the Republic, and in cries of "Vive le roi!"—the President dismissing them generally with a shrug of the shoulders, while the Chamber receives them with ironical applause. In spite of the foolish and useless rôle he plays, the Count Baudry d'Asson has been for nearly thirty years regularly re-elected.

At the beginning of every new term the Chamber attends to what is called the "verification of powers." Every election is severely scrutinized, and all members convicted of having made use of illegal means to secure their election are unseated, or, as the French phrase goes, "invalidated." Of recent years the Republican majority has been wont to invalidate the elections of those wealthy owners of rotten boroughs who secure a seat by spending money freely on their would-be constituents or by accepting the open support of the priests. Those deputies have then to return to their constituency and to go through the expense and the unpleasant ordeal of a new campaign. Hence there is no more important debate for the new member of the Chamber than the one which is to decide upon his case.

The right side of the Chamber, while containing a large number of insignificant young fops, whose aim is to give their idle and frivolous life an appearance of respectability, contains also some great orators, such as the Count de Mun, a former cavalry officer, who is one of the best speakers of the House; some clever parliamenta-

rians, as Paul de Cassagnac, who, besides being a violent and somewhat scurilous journalist, is also a strong and aggressive debater; and some priests, who are supposed to defend the interests of Catholicism. The Chamber always has had one or two representatives of the clergy. Formerly they were all bishops, such as the famous Mgr. Dupanloup and Mgr. Freppel, the latter being a popular Alsatian who made friends in all parties by his genial manners and good nature. To-day the trend of democracy has brought about a slight change: two priests, both of whom are registered as Republicans, are now in the Chamber, but neither is much above the average, although they often take part in the debates. Protestant divines also are not infrequently elected deputies, and some have played prominent rôles in the Republican party.

The center and the left side are occupied by the Republicans, who number about 450. These men actually represent all that is most characteristic of the French *bourgeoisie*. Among them also are not a few members of the aristocracy, who during recent years have rallied around the Republic, thus illustrating Thiers's well-known expression that "the Republic is the government which divides Frenchmen the least." But the greater number of them are from the middle class—lawyers, landowners, manufacturers, physicians, etc.

If you look through the little Parliamentary Directory, published every four years, you will at once recognize the pictures of these Republicans among the shrewd and plain-looking men in whom the bourgeois type is best preserved. They are mostly country physicians, provincial lawyers, and, to use the French word, "propriétaires," who, living in daily intercourse with the people, are more apt to get acquainted with their peculiarities and to become popular. The French lawmakers are recruited from the same classes as are the American. Lawyers and the so-called propriétaires are the two most numerous classes. There are about 160 of each class in the Chamber. Then come the manufacturers, numbering nearly 60. They are chiefly from the northern and southern parts of France, and represent some of the most important industries of the country. The famous *chocolat Menier*, the sugar-manufactories of Lebaudy, the great iron-

works of Schneider at Creusot, have had their representatives in Parliament for the last twenty years. The Schneiders of Creusot even gave to the Corps Législatif of the Second Empire its last Speaker; and to-day the head of the house, hardly over thirty, is a deputy.

Physicians are also an influential part of the Chamber, more perhaps on account of the rôle they play than on account of their number, since there are only 55 of them. They belong mostly to that class of country physicians who, by covering every day in their visits whole districts of their departments, by talking freely with the peasants, giving them advice, and treating the poor gratuitously, soon gain the confidence of the people. Many of them were not remarkable as physicians, and are not much better as lawmakers. It was to them that Gambetta referred when, in one of his addresses, speaking of the "reign of mediocrity," the stumbling-block of all democracies, he announced that the government would soon be run by veterinary surgeons. As a matter of fact, more than one physician has distinguished himself in politics. Clémenceau, the well-known orator and leader of the Extreme Left, was a doctor. So was M. de Lanessan, the former minister of the French navy. Many a distinguished physician has been a member of Parliament, and the Senate has enrolled such prominent practitioners as Dr. Cornil and Dr. Pozzi, while the Chamber had, during one term, Dr. Lannelongue. Some years ago a hitherto unknown deputy, Dr. Borne, became famous by discovering a very successful remedy for the grippe, which cured both the Premier and the President of the Republic. M. Combes, the present Prime Minister, after abandoning theology, the subject of his first studies, earned his living for many years by the practice of medicine.

Other professions have also a fair representation. There are about 30 literary men and journalists, 26 professors, 16 engineers, 15 former army officers, and 6 former diplomats, one or two of whom have been ambassadors.

Literary men and professors have been specially important in French politics. To-day the Chamber has three members of the Academy, and the Senate has always had as many. College professors have several times been Prime Ministers

or Speakers. Jules Simon was a professor of philosophy, and so was the ex-Premier Dupuy and the late Speaker Burdeau. They, with the lawyers and engineers, have monopolized all the high offices in the state. Gambetta and Jules Ferry were lawyers; so are M. Loubet and M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the latter being by far the most eminent orator of the Paris bar. Carnot was an engineer, and so is M. de Freycinet.

The Extreme Left of the Chamber, where sit the Socialists, while numbering distinguished literary men, professors, lawyers, and physicians, and even a millionaire broker, is mostly composed of men from somewhat humbler walks of life. From time to time one may find there drummers, clerks, shoemakers, masons, miners, type-setters, saloon-keepers, and men of similar pursuits.

A few years ago, a Socialist saloon-keeper attained notoriety by promising his voters that he would, if elected, wear in the Chamber his working-blouse. So he did, and during a term and a half many a man visited the Palais Bourbon for the purpose merely of seeing the "député à la blouse," who, in spite of the sneers of the newspapers, stuck to his fancy until he died. When this man, Thivrier, disappeared, another eccentric took his place, and presented a still more peculiar spectacle.

This was a young physician from the department of Jura, who happened, while living in Algeria, to become a convert to Mohammedanism. Once back in his own country, he not only observed the rites of his new religion, but donned the white burnoose of the Arab, and shaped his every-day life according to the prescriptions of the Koran. Practising his profession in a rural district, he thus came into contact with the plain people, showed himself exceedingly charitable toward the poor, gave away almost all his fortune, and, as a result, was elected deputy, notwithstanding his strange costume and Oriental manners.

His appearance in Parliament created a sensation never to be forgotten. Like Thivrier, he continued to wear his costume, and, like all good Mussulmans, neglected none of the observances of his new faith. Wherever he happened to be, he said his prayers, prostrated on the ground, facing

the east. Before entering the Palais Bourbon, he usually went down to the banks of the Seine and washed his feet; and before ascending the tribune, which he often did, though without much success, he threw himself in prayer on the steps, not heeding the laughter and exclamations of his colleagues and of the public. This farce was so frequently renewed that it soon ceased to afford amusement to the Chamber and Paris, and, like every other Parisian fad, the Mussulman deputy was forgotten, and at the polls of 1898 the voters of Jura retired him.

A French deputy receives a salary of nine thousand francs (\$1800); he also receives free railway transportation, and free luncheons at the bar of the Palais Bourbon, where many a lawmaker spends more time than he does in the Salle des Séances. Some are accused of taking all their meals at the free-lunch counter. A deputy even gets, at reduced rates, a special brand of cigar,

which is called "cigare de députés"; with these cigars he treats his influential constituents. In spite of all these privileges, there have been many complaints that, unless he has a large personal income, a deputy cannot live decently; therefore many members of Parliament, when they are not well-to-do, have to make up for the insufficiency of their pay by contributing to newspapers or pleading in the courts.

On the whole, notwithstanding all the limitations of the French legislators and all that is incongruous in the assembly which the famous poet Sully-Prudhomme recently called "the least courteous of the salons of France," it must be said that the Chamber of Deputies has always contained a fair number of intelligent, upright, and eloquent statesmen, and that its general work, competence, and talent in all technical questions would do credit to any deliberative body.



## THE RIVAL

BY DOROTHEA MOORE

**T**O the church on her flowery way,  
She tossed me a coin in the throng.  
O white little bride, do you think to pay  
With this for a woman's wrong?

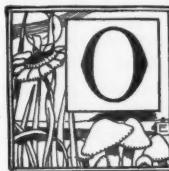
I picked her gift from the dust,  
Kept it close night and day;  
O white little wife, you can trust  
My hate to find out a way.

A baby's fingers, aye,  
His baby upon her breast,  
Have stolen all my hate away—  
Rest, little mother, rest.



## MISS DODD ON THE SCHOOL BOARD

BY L. R. ELDER



NCE upon a time, years gone by, it was the custom for the young ladies of P—— to run for the public office of school director.

Miss Susan Agnes Weywright, finding herself somewhat forlornly in love with Mr. Sherwood Biddle Bright, and resolving to conquer her little trouble with *esprit*, paid a call upon "the largest and most influential" wool-manufacturer in the ward and solicited his backing for her candidacy.

"You control," she said, "as you doubtless know, or as you ought to know,"—smiling indulgently,—"the votes of three thousand men and the sentiments of forty-five hundred women."

This accurate intimacy with his affairs, so superbly assumed, so deftly applied, fixed the eye of the middle-aged seer of business.

"What a forewoman this goddess would make!" he exclaimed to himself; and he nodded off the clerk whom he had told to interrupt Miss Weywright's interview after four minutes, determining to enjoy her novel address.

Miss Susan, seeing that her statistics had produced their intended and usual effect, lost no further time in racking her brain for cold figures, but swiftly proceeded to work up the sentimental side of the situation. Her picture of the corruption of politics (for young ladies at that time encountered most formidable rivals in the

professional politicians who made the gratuitous task of serving on district school boards the stepping-stone to higher things), her description of the homes on which the light of a woman school director's countenance had never fallen, her hushed fears that the school buildings were hotbeds of wasted school supplies and unplumbered pestilence, fairly stirred the fatherly man.

"But, my dear young lady—" and he was about to expostulate with her on such fearful exposure of her dainty self, when a rude business thought intervened. "Why," he said softly to himself, "does she want to do all these *very* disagreeable things?"

If Mr. Dodd had not been confined closely to wool all his life, he could not have received such a suspicious thought into his mind for a minute; if he had been a contemporary heroine, he would have known the joyful sensation of doing well without worldly reward. But in the brief lexicon of wool every other word is "income." The instant that the wool-dealer apprehended that this fine young creature was about to invest time and energy in public service, his instinct was to ask, What does she get? Therefore he began a series of inquiries that conducted Miss Susan into a full treatise on aims and methods.

"There's a man to listen," she said afterward, when she was telling her mother of her signal success with Mr. Dodd. "He seemed more interested, *really*, than any one else I have talked with. He wants to understand things. Think of a busy man like that taking three quarters of an hour

out of his morning! It shows that people are getting roused to the need of reform. He said when I was leaving, 'Well, Miss Weywright, you certainly have given me a great deal to think about.' Wasn't that fine of him? It is seldom enough that a man of his class is ready to give a woman credit for stimulating his ideas." And Miss Susan ran down-stairs to telephone to headquarters the bright news that Mr. Dodd was solid.

Return we to the solid Mr. Dodd whose mind has just been stimulated. Mr. Dodd had troubles of his own, and he was now thinking of them. There was Jenny, his own lively fair daughter. Why the deuce shouldn't Jenny go in for some of these things?

"The girl's spoiled," he said to himself. "She's up enough now in the money scale to need novelty. She wants a more high and mighty fun. The young men of our church don't interest her. She's getting mopish, all for a little diversion. Besides, if the girl is ever to marry—"

Mr. Dodd's methods were paternal. His blessed scheme was that Jenny should marry Mr. Sherwood Biddle Bright. Dodd had all the *bourgeois* ideas about family and external position, but by nature he hated an idler. Therefore his heart warmed to the rich young man, who was of good family and who had gone into wool and showed wit in affairs. That little Weywright miss had pointed the way to just what Mr. Dodd had half consciously been wishing for, a means to bring Jenny forward, show off the child, give her a chance. Jenny should be made school director,—obviously that was what the women were fussing for at present,—and if Jenny did n't cut a figure in the business, he did n't know his own level-headed girl. She was as good as a son,—he had always said it,—and if it had n't meant the ruin of her prospects, he would have had her in the firm long ago. But here, by mercy, was a way to speed her prospects, and through the very faculties that would have made a hit in wool. Young Bright was an amateur in local politics, and they would be brought together constantly. Curious! He never would have thought of such a device.

"It must be awfully up-to-date," he said to himself. "Fine ladies going into the ward!" And he chuckled as he thought of how times change. "Here I am wanting

to get Jen into the thing for the same reason that I got myself out." And he indulged himself in certain of those philosophic reflections that are characteristic of the successful man of business.

Of course he did not let Jenny into any part of the secret. He managed the affair through deputies, and had the entertainment of hearing her announce the surprise of her nomination to himself. It was plain that the youngster was inflamed with the honor and deep responsibility of a public call. Dodd had once vented his opinion of human perfectibility on a friend whose son was taking his college learning a little hard:

"The more money you make in this world, the more it seems to cost you to educate your children; and the higher you pay for education, the more they teach ideas that unfit your sons to make a living. Why, that boy of yours will be too good for business in another year. Schooling takes all the spirit out of 'em—makes 'em old and peaceable before their time," he grunted in conclusion, and his friend departed despondent.

But Jenny had not lost her spirit, and he looked for fun. "She'll outclass 'em all. Young Bright will see her at her prettiest." Several persons saw Jenny at her prettiest before her political sun was run.

MISS SUSAN WEYRIGHT was dumfounded by the returns on election day. She sank among the cushions in the big parlor, where she hoped the family would not come to look for her, and there, floundering in equal amazement and pain, Mr. Sherwood Biddle Bright found the defeated one five minutes after he had seen the morning paper, and took her in his arms and told her that he had always loved her, and that he had been discouraged because she cared so much more for school-children than she did for him, and now she would n't any more, would she? And she would n't run for office any more, would she? That was Man's work, and he would try to do his part. Would she trust the precious school-children to him? And would she come out now in the sleigh and celebrate their alliance by breaking open the Wissahickon drive? No one had been through the new snow yet, and in the early morning they would have the trees and sun and glimmering slopes to themselves.

And here endeth the career and the miseries of Susan.

THE tale wendeth to Jenny, recounting first how she made studies and investigations, and next how she went her way.

Her earliest report of progress to her father had to do with a fence that waxed and waned between a school-yard and some property of Mr. Dodd's. It was constantly broken by the pupils, and the school had to mend it.

"I told them, papa, that after this you would want to meet that item yourself. Our appropriation is low, and the school fund is a sacred trust. The fence is entirely for your benefit, and of course you must keep it up." And Jenny looked so trustful of Dodd, her parent, that he did not tell her that he had already spent the price of several new fences to encourage the precedent by which the school had continued to pay for repairs.

"Besides, papa, it's a thoroughfare, and the men from the mill break the palings oftener than the school-boys; I saw this myself."

"I saw this myself!" In a month Mr. Dodd grew to tremble before the unanswerable words.

"I saw this myself!" Her talent and enthusiasm for seeing things herself seemed to have no ebb or failing. And she gave her father the benefit of all she learned. Presently Mr. Dodd could have conversed about the habits and requirements of the infant mind in a style that would have made his fortune as head master of an academy. He received bills for more kinds of things that he had never heard of than if he had been chaperoning a lady of honor at court on an African island. To afford solid building improvements or to subscribe to the vacation of a sick school-teacher was comprehensible charity, an investment that every good business man has mastered. But why should he pay a University doctor to measure the heads of Johnny Maloney and Timmy Doyle and Sadie McCarthy? And why must two squibs of related clans have special high-priced instruction because their brogue was rippled and enhanced by a stammer?

"I'll pay for anything in reason, Jenny, but—"

But Jenny explained everything reasonably. Nevertheless, if she had gone into

steam-yachts she could hardly have cost him more money, and her poor father had to content himself with a whole councilman less than usual (not that councilmen come high in P—), although it was a year when he needed all the pull he could get for certain of his side issues, while our young lady, conceiving education largely, supported skilled committees to investigate everything on earth, from causes of degeneration in the lower classes to methods of inculcating bird lore. Mr. Dodd shrugged his shoulders to think that he had thrown his influence against a larger school appropriation that season.

But what began to fluster him most was her fancy farming, as he called it. She followed up all the children of the neighborhood, and if they were employed in his mills, she would give orders in his name for their dismissal.

"I knew you would be most indignant, papa, if you knew those immigrant foremen of yours were breaking the laws and encouraging child labor. We're far enough behind the other States as it is."

"Gad, if she gets at the mills!" he said; and a certain stream of water, convenient receiver of waste and chemicals as it passed by his establishment on its way to drop into the city water-supply, began to flow so pure and fresh that it would have brought tears of eloquence to the eyes of John Ruskin's great American admirers if their heads ever came home from his England to their bedraggled little fatherland. Just which rock had to split to produce this miracle no one ever was told. Nor have I ever had a sufficient explanation of the grounds for the rapid change of idea that led Mr. Dodd to invite the factory inspector to a personally conducted tour of his properties. My friend Jim Harkness said that I would not know the old place if I came back.

Greatly adorable was Jenny, if you had seen her at this time wrestling with her difficulties. One night she asked her father's help, regretting, she said, to trouble him. He almost stood to bow his acknowledgments to the rare hesitation.

"But, papa," she confided, "I've had such a time getting the McCall children to school! They said they had no clothes, and of course it was easy to give them clothes. Then they were sick because their drainage was bad and they were so horribly

poor, and of course it was easy to have the doctor and feed them till they were strong; and I've had the plumbing torn out. Fortunately it was one of your houses, and I know you always like to have things done well, so I had Fergusson," naming the big city plumber, "instead of McCandless. But here is the worst: their father is out of work. Of course that's his own fault, because he's not a skilled wool-worker; he was trained in another trade. But when he's at home he gets despondent, and has queer ideas, and threatens the children, and they are afraid to disobey him when he tells them not to go to school. The poor little things! I'm half afraid of McCall myself"—smiling at her father as if it were asking a great deal of him to believe that she should be afraid of any one.

He scowled, as most fathers would have done, and was about to enounce some sound business counsel when Jenny went on, with her invincible directness:

"Now I want you to be at the mills early on Monday morning, please, papa. I have told McCall to go to you then. Of course you won't like to have a poor workman—I know you have splendid high standards; but when you think of six children going to destruction because one man is idle, why, of course it's a plain point of sense to give him work. The McCall boys are bright, and they'll soon be beyond reach if they run loose. You know how I tore over the country to find a school-teacher who could hold the scholars, and that I add to her salary myself; and now not to get my children to school—why, it would not only be silly, but my office-holding would be a mockery and a disgrace to my accomplished daddy."

Mr. Dodd's cigar was discovered to have gone out. He arose.

"Good night," he said.

"Good night, papa. But you forgot to kiss me. And by the way, papa, don't tell McCall to come again later. Put him at something the moment he appears, or he'll go out of his head again, poor villain."

If you have ever been a manufacturer yourself, and know aught of the fearful effort and strain that go to driving work out of our listless, disenchanted, dead-and-alive working creatures, and the sheer demoralization consequent upon taking back a laborer dismissed for incompetency, you

will know the pains that wrought in Mr. Dodd's brain, and your sympathies, I hope, will go out to him.

He paused to recoup himself for very self-respect—he ought to be seeing where he was at; the sowing had been thick, certainly.

"What about Sherry Bright, Jenny? I don't hear you say much of him, and I thought perhaps—"

"Oh, young Bright is of such a timidity, papa! He will talk for hours over the advisability of a perfectly simple necessary measure, discussing expediency, obstacles, precedents, 'our constituency,' public opinion, the legislature, when five minutes' chat with a trained business person like you, papa, would settle the whole thing. You don't know the comfort you are to me, papa; you say so little and you do so much!" Upon which, it was said so heartily, Mr. Dodd, as a good Pennsylvanian, bound never to flinch from the glee of any situation, however painful to himself, affectionately pulled his Jenny's ear.

"Besides," added she, "Mr. Bright, I fancy, finds his engagement quite as interesting, these days, as his politics."

"Engagement?" inquired her father.

"To Susie Weywright. It's not announced, but every one knows it," said Jenny.

Mr. Dodd took out his match-box. There is perhaps no effect of civilization that contributes more to the comfort of man than the mechanism of lighting a cigar; then is your expression conspicuously disguised, particularly when you lift both hands to the task. It is a question for daughters and wives why the man of the house so often should light a cigar in a breathless dining-room precisely as if he were on the wind-swept wold.

ALAS! When I think of all the things that might have happened if Jenny had continued to explore and adventure in her father's neighborhood, I can hardly bring myself to end the tale in the spirit of truth. But I should not be the writer that I am if I bowed to the easy fame of inventing episodes. Let me be known rather as one who had patience with reality.

The final stroke came to our Mr. Dodd when a set of resolutions was passed by the wool fraternity censuring his methods. Did he not know it? Had he not felt it hang-

ing for weeks? Could he hope to escape detection when the works were running off a quarter of one per cent. less product than heretofore, owing to the awful inevitability of Jenny's ideas? He knew well how the manufacturer who holds his hand loosely is flouted and shunned by his compeers. He was out of the game, a cock that had lost his buskins, a Chinaman without his queue, a church without its steeple, a money-maker who had been false to the law of his kind and thereby had reduced himself to the tame level of everyday humanity. For the money game is not, as crude reasoners think, to get money, but to get all the money there is.

Jenny's papa sat in his office and thought of the future. His reverie was broken by Mr. Sherwood Biddle Bright, whose disposition to come upon the unhappy has been seen. Among Miss Dodd's findings was a disused law providing for truant officers, and the restored official was at that moment pulling lost pupils from

the dark elevator-shafts at Sherry's mills. But Mr. Biddle Bright did not come to discuss this. He was engrossed by a rival intrigue of commerce, overmastered by the necessity of holding the party together; he wished especially to mention R—, "a useful man" who asked only for a place on the school board. Elections were near.

"Of course, Mr. Dodd, we understand that at present you cannot do much, but a very few thousands well placed— And your daughter, what a wonderful person she is! We shall miss her, yet to remove one of the others would tend to disrupt the party. And then, after all, is it the place for a woman? One sees so much."

"Mr. Bright," thundered the kinsman of Jenny, "you have made yourself perfectly clear! So my 'wonderful' daughter is the cause of this wonderful anxiety for the party? I don't know what the girl has done but to ask her father to help pay your bills! By heaven! if wool was steady, I'd put her in again!"



## THE BOOK OF HOURS

BY CHRISTIAN GAUSS

**C**OME, let us read the Book of Hours,  
Illuminated by His hand  
Who taught the waves their saraband,  
Who prompts the thrushes, shuts the flowers.

He sends the wind into the grass,  
And leads the man and maid to meet;  
He treads the storm with fire-shod feet,  
And at his nod the clouds amass.

To us he gave swift hand and eye,  
Made flowers and faces good to love;  
Said, "Go, and take your joy hereof,  
And I shall call you by and by."

So, love, prepare we, lowly-wise,  
By spelling out his grandeurs here,  
That day his Presence to revere,  
Nor stand at gaze in paradise.



WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

## THE SCATTERATIONIST

SIMS settlement was beginning to feel it-self a place of importance. The chief road had a fence on both sides of it for over a mile, and a blaze on a large tree was already ordered with the official inscription "Main street." There had been talk of the possibility of a store, and local pride broke forth in noble eruption when a meeting was called to petition for a post-office. The wisdom, worth, and wealth of the place were represented by old Sims. He was a man of advanced ideas, the natural leader of the community, and after all the questions had been duly discussed, the store and post-office resolved upon, the question of who was to run them came up. There were several aspirants, but old Sims led the meeting, expressing the majority and

crushing the minority in a brief but satisfactory speech:

"Fust of all, boys, I'm opposed to this yer centerin' of everything in one place. Now that's jest what hez been the rooin of England; that is why London ain't never amounted to nothin'—everything at London. London is England; England is London. If London's took, England's took, says I, an' that hez been her rooin.

"The idee of House o' Lords an' House o' Commons in the same town! It ain't fair, I tell ye; it's a hog trick. Why did n't they give some little place a chance instead o' buildin' up a blastin' monopoly like that? Same thing hez rooined New York, an' I don't propose to hev our town rooined at the start.



"Now I say no man hez any right to live on the public. 'Live an' let live,' says I; an' if we let one man run this yer store, it's tantamount to makin' the others the slaves of a monopoly. Every man hez as much right as another to sell goods, an' there is only one fair way to do it, an' that is give all a chance; an' sence it falls to me to make a suggestion, I says, let Bill Jones than sell the tea; let Ike Yates hev the sugar; Smithers kin handle the salt; Deacon Blight seems naturally adapted for the vinegar; an' the other claims kin be considered later. I'll take the post-office

meself down to my own farm. Now that's fair to all."

There was no flaw in the logic; it was most convincing. Those who would fight found themselves without a weapon, and Scattering Flat became a model of decentralization.

Work? Oh, yes, it works. Things get badly mixed at times, and it takes a man all day to buy his week's groceries; but old Sims says it works.

*MORAL: The hen goes chickless that scatters its eggs.*

## THE POINT OF VIEW



QUIET country home among fruit-trees and shrubbery; the gray-bearded Master, a famous vegetarian, in the porch reading a paper; a rolling meadow; a flock of well-fed sheep.

**SCENE I.** In the Master's House. The Graybeard looking over the meadow.

"How can human beings be so bestial as to prey on their flocks? For me there is no greater pleasure than to know I can make their lives happy. Their annual wool is ample payment for their keep. But I see by the paper that this awful sheep pestilence has broken out on the coast. I must waste no time; nothing but inoculation can save them. Poor things, how I wish I could spare them this pain!" So the Graybeard with his man caught the terrified sheep one by one, while a butcher in a blue blouse sat on the fence and grinned. Each sheep suffered a sharp

pang when the inoculator pierced its skin. Each was more or less ill afterward. But all recovered, and the plague which swept the country a month later left only them alive of all the countless flocks.

**SCENE II.** Among the sheep.

First Sheep: "Ah, how happy we should be but for that treacherous gray-bearded monster! Sometimes for long he feeds us and seems kind, and then without any just cause there is a change, as the other day, when he came with his accomplice and ran us down one by one and stabbed us with some devilish instrument of torture, so that we were all very ill afterward. How we hate the brute!"

Second Sheep: "If we only could come into the power of that gentle creature in the blue blouse!"

Chorus: "Ah, that would be joy! Bah—bah—bah!"

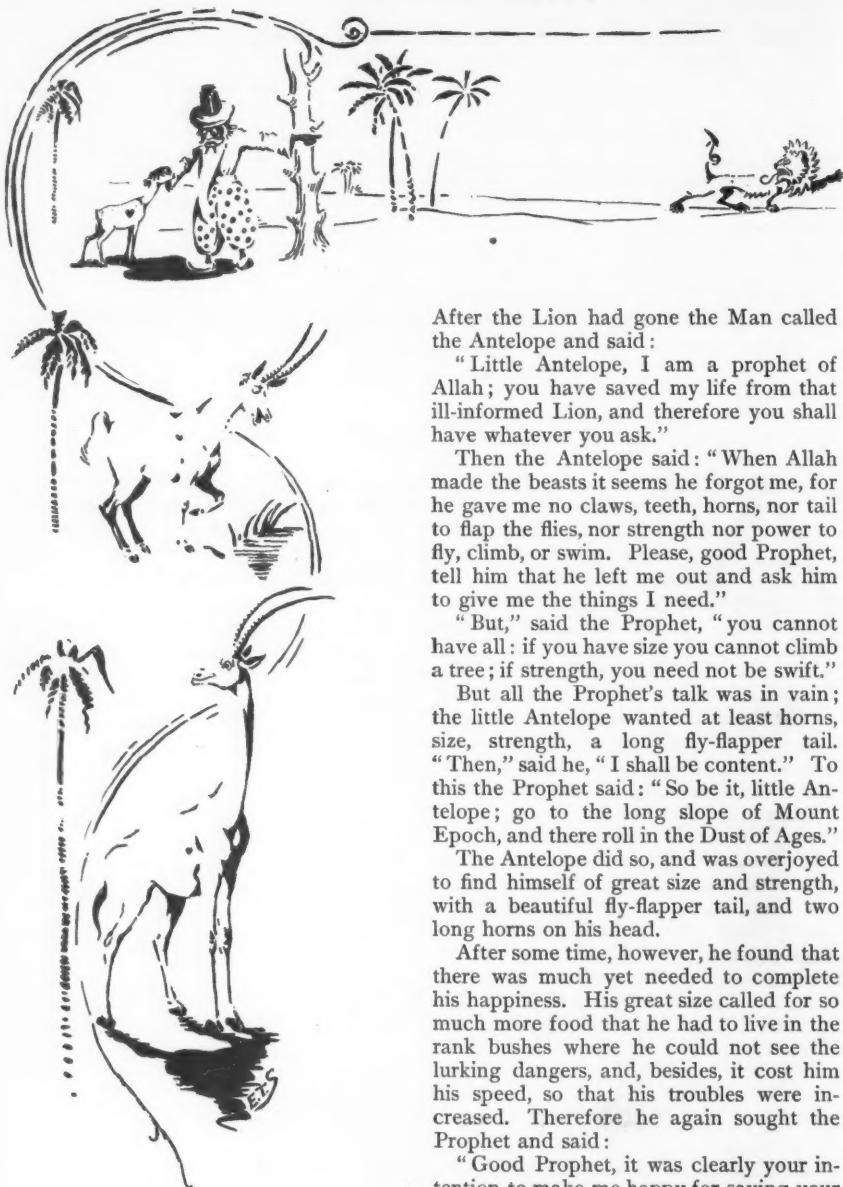
*MORAL: If we knew more we'd grumble less.*

## HOW THE GIRAFFE BECAME

**A**GES ago in the deserts of Africa there lived a little brown Antelope. He was not strong like the Lion, nor big like the Elephant, nor had he horns like the Koodoo, nor claws like the Leopard. He could not swim, nor could he climb or fly. When danger came he could do nothing but run away, and this he did very well.

But he was not satisfied.

One day he saw a Man, and he walked quietly up to look more closely at the strange creature of whom he had often heard. As he watched he saw a Lion crawling to spring on the Man. Now the Antelope's mother had taught him that when he saw a Lion trying to kill some creature he must warn that creature; this is desert etiquette. So he gave a great



start, and snorting out, "Lion! Lion!" he bounded past the Man, spreading the little white danger-flag that some writers call his tail. The Man heard the warning and got into a tree in time to escape the Lion.

After the Lion had gone the Man called the Antelope and said:

"Little Antelope, I am a prophet of Allah; you have saved my life from that ill-informed Lion, and therefore you shall have whatever you ask."

Then the Antelope said: "When Allah made the beasts it seems he forgot me, for he gave me no claws, teeth, horns, nor tail to flap the flies, nor strength nor power to fly, climb, or swim. Please, good Prophet, tell him that he left me out and ask him to give me the things I need."

"But," said the Prophet, "you cannot have all: if you have size you cannot climb a tree; if strength, you need not be swift."

But all the Prophet's talk was in vain; the little Antelope wanted at least horns, size, strength, a long fly-flapper tail. "Then," said he, "I shall be content." To this the Prophet said: "So be it, little Antelope; go to the long slope of Mount Epoch, and there roll in the Dust of Ages."

The Antelope did so, and was overjoyed to find himself of great size and strength, with a beautiful fly-flapper tail, and two long horns on his head.

After some time, however, he found that there was much yet needed to complete his happiness. His great size called for so much more food that he had to live in the rank bushes where he could not see the lurking dangers, and, besides, it cost him his speed, so that his troubles were increased. Therefore he again sought the Prophet and said:

"Good Prophet, it was clearly your intention to make me happy for saving your life at great risk to myself. Now surely you are not going to make a failure of any of your good plans. Please ask Allah to complete my equipment by giving me a long neck so I can overlook the bushes where I must feed, and also increase my speed, for I need it."

"Very good," said the Prophet. "Now go and bathe in the Long Reach of the River called the Wear-of-Time." The Antelope did so, and when he came out he had a long neck and legs, as he had wished.

But his long neck made grazing troublesome, and his great weight made marshy ground dangerous, so he was driven to seek his food among the bushes as tall as himself, where the ground was firm.

At length there came a very dry year when all the low foliage died, and the Antelope had eaten all he could reach and was like to die of hunger. So he sought the Prophet as before, and begged his aid to make his neck yet longer, that he might reach the topmost foliage. "As a matter of fact," said the Antelope, "I would gladly give up these stupid horns for a few more inches of neck."

"Very good," said the Prophet. "Go and pass through the Burning Valley called the Tribulatoe of Selection."

The Antelope did so, and found himself as he had wished, with a neck that would reach the tallest trees, but with the useless horns knocked off where the hair of his head ended.

Before long the Antelope was back with a new request. His long yellow neck was too easily seen afar; he wanted it painted

like a tree-trunk; and the four hoofs he still had on each foot were a positive handicap—he knew he could get around faster if they were reduced to two on each foot. "Then," said he, "I know I should really and truly be content this time."

But in all his asking the Antelope never once asked for a *change of heart*, and the Prophet, out of all patience, said: "These last requests shall be granted when you have eaten of the tree called Environmental Response; but to prevent you making any more you shall henceforth forever be mute." And it was so.

There he is to-day, of vast stature, the tallest in the world, only two hoofs on each foot, no horns, voiceless—a huge creature, truly; but his heart is still the heart of the timid little Antelope, and the days of his kind are numbered.

But those of his race who are content as Allah meant them to be—nothing but swift—still dwell in peace on their wild, free deserts in the Land of the Sun.

MORAL: *Any fool can improve on creation.*

"THE line between business and robbery has never yet been clearly defined," said the Blue Jay, as he swallowed the egg of the Robin, who was off hunting for worms.





### THREE LORDS AND A LITTLE LORD

THERE were three Lords and a little Lord in the Forest where Manitou made them.

The first was Mi-in-gan. He was swift as the spotted Redfin and tireless as the Kamanistiquia where it leaps from Kakabeka Rock to the boiling gorge of the Gitche Nanka. His voice was like the moan of a far looming whirlwind—not loud nor rough, but soft, and yet with a tone to freeze the stoutest heart. His weapons were twenty-four white arrows that pierced the foe, then leaped back again to their quiver; and his cunning was like that of the many-wintered Wa-wa. In this was his power—in this and in his tireless feet.

The second great Lord was Müs-wa, of mighty strength and stature. None could equal him. When he went to war, he brandished four war-clubs and a hundred spears that always returned to his hand after throwing. His voice was like the rending of ice in the Hunger Moon. He was swiftest of them all and strongest of them all, and in his great strength he put all his trust.

The third was Mai-kwa, the silent. He was strong, but less so than Müs-wa. He was cunning, but less so than Mi-in-gan. He carried two great clubs and had twelve white arrows which pierced and returned to the quiver.

There was yet another, a little Lord in the Forest, Wee-nusk. He was weak and small, and he knew it. He had two little axes for wood-cutting. He had no great

strength, and he knew it, and knowing his weakness, he had wisdom.

Now Manitou, when he had made them and the Forest, spake thus:

"Behold, I have made you and given you the Forest to live in. Go now and live according to the Law of the Forest; but remember this, ye children of Mother Earth: to all the Earth-born there comes a day of dire extremity, of peril beyond all power to save but one—the power of Mother Earth. Therefore, be ready to seek her. Keep open and clear the trail to her abode. Make plain the way in Sunshine of Prosperity, for no trail opens in the hour of dreadful stress."

But Müs-wa trusted in his might. He said: "I am the strongest in the Wood." And Mi-in-gan trusted in his cunning. He said: "I am the wisest in the Wood." And Mai-kwa said: "I am wise as fearless Mi-in-gan, and strong as fearless Müs-wa. Why should I fear?"

Only Wee-nusk remembered the warning. He was not cunning. He spent part of each spring and fall making plain the trail to Mother Earth. So when the Far-Killing Mystery reached the Forest, the first to go down was the strong Müs-wa, and the second the tireless, cunning Mi-in-gan, and the third was Mai-kwa. Their strength was as a burnt grass-blade; their cunning was silly. There was no help for them, for they knew no trail of escape.

But Wee-nusk ran to Mother Earth, and the Far-Killing Mystery could in no wise do him harm.

So to-day he alone remains in the Land of the Pequot. Mūs-wa, the great Moose, is gone; Mi-in-gan, the cunning Wolf, is gone; Mai-kwa, the strong and cunning Bear, is gone.

They forgot the road to Mother Earth, and the Rifle wiped them out.

But Wee-nusk, the weak and unintelligent Woodchuck, is left, the only Lord of the Forest; for he trusts not to himself but flies for refuge to his Mother Earth.

MORAL: *Get back, ye Earth-born, back to Mother Earth.*



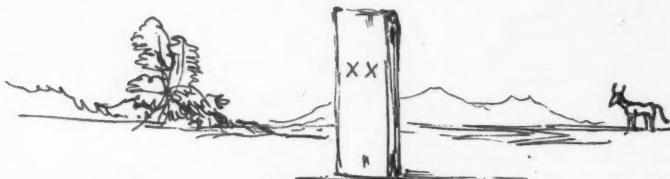
### THE LAND-CRAB

"I'M absolutely unchangeable. Nothing can turn me aside one hair's-breadth from my purpose," said the little Land-crab, as he left his winter quarters in the hills and began his regular spring journey to the Sea. But during the winter a line of telegraph poles had been placed along his track. The Land-crab came to the first pole. He would not turn aside one inch. He spent all day climbing up the side of the pole, and all the next day climbing down the other side, then on till he came

to the next pole. Another frightful climb up and over and down again. And so he went day after day, and when the summer was gone they found the body of the poor little Land-crab dead at the bottom of one of the poles only half-way to the Sea, which he might have reached easily in half a day had he been contented to deviate six inches from his usual line of travel.

MORAL: *A good substitute for Wisdom has not yet been discovered.*





SKETCH BY THACKERAY FOR MISS SARAH BAXTER'S BIRTHDAY, REPRESENTING THE TWENTIETH MILESTONE ON THE ROAD OF LIFE, WITH THE ARTIST IN THE DISTANCE

## THACKERAY'S FRIENDSHIP WITH AN AMERICAN FAMILY<sup>1</sup>

### THIRD PAPER

THIS series of entirely unpublished letters by Thackeray were written to the various members of a single American family, that of the late Mr. George Baxter of the city of New York. They appear in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE with the consent not only of Miss Lucy W. Baxter, but of Mrs. Ritchie, the great writer's accomplished daughter, and of the London publishers of Thackeray's works, Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. The first of the letters were printed in the November issue of the magazine, with an introduction by Miss Baxter.—EDITOR.

*4th of July, Hip, Hip Hurra, 1853*

FOR the last 10 days the undersigned has been so undecided ("undersigned" "undecided"—not good language, and then that blot ought n't I to begin a new sheet)—Well I think I have at last determined that we set off on Wednesday to Hambourg w<sup>b</sup> will be our first halt and where I shall try and do some of my new book. It won't be a good one—not a step forwards as some ambitious young American folks would have it; but a retreat rather—however if I can get 3000 £ for my darters, I mean 3000 to put away besides living, I will go backwards or forwards or any way. It torments me incessantly, and I wander about with it in my interior, lonely & gloomy as if a secret remorse was haunting me. I saw a pretty American girl in a carriage in the Rue Vivienne today. She was like you, she had your colour &c—a great gush of feelings came tumbling out of this bussam at the sight. I wanted to run after the carriage to stop it and speak to her and say "Do you know anything of one S. B.

of New York?" The carriage whisked away leaving me alone with my feelings—O ye old ghosts! I declare I saw nothing of the crowded city for a minute or two so completely did the *revenans* hem me in—Nothing is forgotten. We bury 'em but they pop out of their graves now and again and say Here we are Master. Do you think we are dead? No, No, only asleep. We wake up sometimes we come to you we shall come to you when you are ever so old; we shall always be as fresh and mischievous as we are now. We shall say Do you remember S. S. B. do you remember her eyes? Do you think she had 2 dimples in her cheeks and don't you recollect this was the note of her laugh, that used to be quite affected at times but you know the music of it, you poor old rogue? Yes the laugh and the looks flash out of the past every now and then, and whisk by me just like that carriage in the Rue Vivienne. A novel thought! Suppose I make the hero of the new book in love with some one? and then suppose I make him jilted? He won't break his heart. I

<sup>1</sup> The writings and drawings by W. M. Thackeray which are given in these articles appear with the permission of Smith, Elder & Co., the owners of the copyright.

dont think he 'll have much of a heart, and besides breaking it in the very first numbers would be preposterous. (Another blot on the next page this ink is very liquid.) I wrote your mother about sleeping in Sterne's room at Calais; was n't it queer? I wonder whether all literary men are humbugs and have no hearts. I know any one who has none. Why you may marry anybody you please & I don't care: I dare say there is some young fellow at Newport or Saratoga at this very minute—and I 'm amused I give you my honour I 'm amused. *L'autre* and her lord & master are reconciled and I 'm not in the least annoyed: and one of my loves being here the other day with two babies I nursed the youngest with a graceful affection that the father himself could n't have equalled. . . . Is n't the dinner coming? What a pocket full of news I am giving you!

*July 5.* Charles Pearman, my new servant, arrived from London last night, and brought me no letter from you. Do you know Mademoiselle that this is most igstordinary and unpleasant? How can you tell that he did n't come from London solely in order that I might have that letter? and now—rien—nothing—nix! We all march tomorrow morning. Shall I have time to fill this sheet ere we go—Ingrate! I should have had time but I have nothing to reply to. A friend of many people here, an Irish Doctor, has just been to be knighted in England; and so they are going to give him a dinner; and so I am to be in the chair and make the speeches; that is my last appearance at Paris, & tomorrow O for fun & freedom & fresh air!

What letters have n't I been answering all day!—No more small hand-writing Miss Sarah, no more cramped hand, no time for that. But I will send this away from Paris, and before I get farther from you; although I know there 's nothing in it but that I 'm yours &c &c &c.

One of the letters was from Mrs. Gore—Tell Mrs. Dering this, please; Miss C. yesterday was married to the Lord——. . . a sad scape-grace I 'm afraid ruined long ago. How can such a couple get on? How could I write a congratulatory letter to Mamma? I tried & it was as glum as a funeral. All I could say by way of consolation was Marriages that seem to augur very well often turn out very unhappy—therefore this that looks so bad *may* turn

out quite the reverse. It was pleasant to get a heap of fine invitations from London and think one was free of them—Did I tell you in page 1 or 2 that I think of passing a good bit of the winter here? My dear kind old stepfather gets very old. His goodness to the children has been admirable. They are a little too much for him & even for my mother I think but they will be very unhappy without them so instead of going to Rome as I thought, why we will sit down here in a little tranquillity, and I 'll try & do my duty filially as well as paternally. O how I wish you would all come here for the winter! What would n't I give to hear somebody laugh, and see somebody smile! I don't like to think of your dear kind mother's illness; and the non-receipt of these letters somehow fills me with a queer disquiet about you. I have been reading Nile Notes. Do you know it 's uncommonly clever? Or is it because of that Criticism in Putnam that my grateful eyes are opened to Curtis's merits. The book is capital . . . too luscious to read much of at a time; but I send the author my regards and am glad to like what he has done so. Now I will shut up this. Now I will send my love to you all: now I take Sarah's two hands, the last you know, and look in her face (don't smile in that saucy way Miss) and say Good bye, dear Sarah, always remember I 'm your affectionate old friend

W. M. T.

*Vevey, July 26, 1853.*

THE fourth of July landed a little letter which has been 3 weeks on its way since, before it found the person to whom it was addressed—I got it at Lausanne the day before yesterday—a glum little letter. . . . What for do you reproach me? . . . Have n't I written you 3 letters for one? . . .

I think I should have liked to hear of that gallant young P. being made happy—I like him because he 's handsome and honest. And as for you I think you have got so much character, resolution and good temper that you would make yourself happy in making other folks so—and would accommodate yourself to deficiencies in *savoir vivre* like a young philosopheress. Besides that young fellow, as far as I could see, is a thorough gentleman and why should not his belongings be so? . . . B.

is spoiled by the heartlessness of London—which is awful to think of—the most godless respectable thing—thing's not the word but I can't get it—I mean that world is base and prosperous and content, not unkind—very well bred—very unaffected in manner, not dissolute—clean in person and raiment and going to church every Sunday—but in the eyes of the Great Judge of right & wrong what rank will those people have with all their fine manners and spotless characters and linen? They never feel love, but directly it's born, they throttle it and fling it under the sewer as poor girls do their unlawful children—they make up money-marriages and are content—then the father goes to the House of Commons or the Counting House, the mother to her balls and visits—the children lurk up stairs with their governess, and when their turn comes are bought and sold, and respectable and heartless as their pa-

borrowed from Pisistratus Bulwer I suppose) I shall be able to talk more at ease than in my own person. I only thought of the plan last night and am immensely relieved by adopting it. Alexander Smith is a grand young fellow and has shot one or two bow shots immensely high, but he is not up to the great Keats or the great Alfred yet and doubt whether he ever can be—As for my small beer; why talk about [it] in the same breath?—Well Small beer is good of its sort—some day you'll have my little barrel, and I hope you'll relish a glass or two.

There's such a magnificent landscape or lakescape at my windows as I write. The sun just now has been departing westwards, *yourwards* so splendidly! There's such a crowd of Americans at this hotel—Almost all the women pretty, some of the men so awfully vulgar. I read in the Strangers' book:

Name	Country	Profession	Whence come	Whither going
Smith J.	U. S. A.	Clergyman	Genève	Over the whole lot.
Smith T.				

rents before them. Hullo!—I say—Stop!—where is this tirade a-going to and apropos of what?—Well—I was fancying my brave young Sarah (who has tried a little of the pomps & vanities of her world) transplanted to ours and a London woman of society—with a husband that she had taken as she threatens to take one sometimes just because he is a good parti. No—go and live in a clearing—marry a husband masticatory, expectoratory, dubious of linen, but with a heart below that rumpled garment—let the children eat with their precious knives—help the help, and give a hand to the dinner yourself—yea, it is better than to be a woman of fashion in London, and sit down to a French dinner where no love is. Immense Moralist! I think I'll call in Anny now, and give her a turn at the new novel. I see a chapter out of the above sermon and you know I must have an i to the main chance—

(*The same evening*) I called in Miss Anny at the above moment of writing, and we had a good time till dinner-time the story advancing very pleasantly. I am not to be the author of it. Mr. Pendennis is to be the writer of his friend's memoirs and by the help of this little mask (w<sup>h</sup> I

Fancy *Genève* and "*over the whole lot!*"! There it is in the Strangers' book.

*August 7.* Bon Dieu! It is 12 days since this little note was begun: It has been stopped because I had not calculated the steamers well, because I was busy writing, because we have been travelling—to Geneva to Lausanne to Vevey again and thence to Butte, Freyburg, Berne—it has cost 80£ for one month for 3 people and a servant, travelling gently and living soberly, 400 dollars—so you see what you may do: but if you travel hard you must add other 100 dollars to this reckoning. At Vevey among the 100,000 Americans I saw the name of B. Can it be Lucy's young man?—and there was a lady, I think her name was P., who I am sure must be Mrs. C. S.'s sister like her in person and in voice especially—and I was going to speak to her but she had a nice little son whom she bullied so that I could not open my mouth. I pass whole days sometimes and scarce open it, if the people are not to my liking I cant speak, and seem igh and aughty—I'm in low spirits about the Newcomes. It's not good. It's stupid. It haunts me like a great stupid ghost. I think it says why do you go on writing this rubbish? You are old, you have no more

invention &c. Write sober books, books of history leave novels to younger folks. You see half of my life is grumbling; and lecturing or novel-writing or sentimentalizing I am never content. . . . Are there any more letters come from America for me? Yesterday we were walking up a hill from Freyburg, I come to a carriage, and a voice from within calls out How is Miss Baxter? Fancy a voice calling out How is Miss Baxter on the top of a Swiss hill! It was a friend of Mrs. Sturgis's—and the lonely cavities of my heart echoed how is Miss Baxter—Anny and I had been talking about you just before and she had been telling me how my step-father, when I was away and the girls had been out on a walk, would say to them on their return "O I have had a visit from Miss Sally Baxter!"

This is Sunday. We go to Church when we are abroad but yesterday we met the clergyman at the table d'hôte and he was so awfully pompous, grandiloquent and stupid that I could n't go to hear him sermonize. We may go towards England tomorrow, or to Munich—I never know. I have no will of my own and don't care to have one when there is no call for it. I think about you constantly and very very very kindly—and of all of you. Why does everybody else bore me, the great world & all, and why do I feel so at home always in that Brown House? God bless all there: and never for a moment go to doubt that I am your affectionate old friend.

*W. M. T.*

*Berne, August 7.*

*September 27, 1853.*

I CANT hope to answer all three kind letters to-day, my dear Mrs. Baxter, but Mamma ought to have a word of thanks & acknowledgement, and here it is written at the last hour as usual from the haunt of myself and other old fogies who are beginning to people the place again with their old white heads and pink faces. We get rosy about the gills in this country with old age, whereas in your country old gentlefolks take—another colour. Poor Sarah writes me a long nice kind dismal letter confirming your melancholy accounts of her—She says she looks old and withered and all her beauty is gone—My dear I should like very much to see. I met M. yesterday who asked have I heard from N. Y. and is Sarah going to be married?

and he laughed. But he came very eagerly across the street after me and I am not so silly as to suppose it was to know about my health he passed the crossing. H. inherits a great property by his father's death. I forget how much Sturgis said, but something like 15,000 £ a year, and B. no doubt comes in for a handsome portion. But I have said my say that I would rather see your young woman located in a wigwam than mistress of a house in May Fair where no love was—and dont think I should ever forgive her if she married B. How sorry I am I did n't see young B.—and Libbie, has not Libby a young man? I feel like a sort of great-grand-uncle to all those girls.

We I and mine have just been into the city buying things for our trip to France and Italy—plated forks and spoons—not liking to take our valuable and ancient plate. Next year at this time or when the equinoctial gales are over (they have been blowing hurricanes these 3 days) shall we be thinking of crossing to America? Who knows what Fate has in store for us between this and then? I am awaiting the end of this day with a queer sort of feeling—this day week I dreamed I met an uncle of mine whom I had not seen for a long time, and after talking about America together I agreed to dine with him today. Now my uncle has been dead these 12 years and if I dine with him? It would be a funny dream if it came true and what a paragraph it w<sup>d</sup>. make in the paper! I have just sent the girls home in a Hansom Cab to their huge delight, and stop on the way to scribble this twopenny gossip to New York. We agree that the pictures Mr. Doyle is doing for my book are not so good as my own—What would life be without grumbling? I trust my dear friend that if you know me for a hundred years to come you will never find me otherwise than good-natured & discontented. I have been twice to look for the friend who is to advise me about your husband's law suit but he is not forthcoming—all the lawyers are away just now. The girls and I are just come from my law-chambers, in Lamb Court opposite Messrs. Warrington & Pendennis who are as real barristers as I am. Events in Europe look so very glumly that I doubt if we shall get to Italy. There is going to be a great quarrel with Tuscany apropos

of their putting this young tract and Bible distributor into prison—We have a grudge against the Pope, a grudge against the Austrians, a war perhaps with Russia at this moment—the Lord deliver us well out of these possible and probable evils—but if that last inevitable tremendous war w<sup>h</sup> must come some day should begin tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 or any other time or day I should n't be surprised; and my daughters must come out and live on the S. Michigan Railway.

This twaddle and slipslop might find its way into the fire instead of the bag of the Hermann tomorrow (I see the great white bags flumped down on the deck) but if it tells nothing else it tells of affection and kind memory of dear friends which please God I shall always keep as long as my name is so and so. One walks straight away from this busy world back into yours and I see the old room and sit in the yellow arm chair and taste the old welcome dinner and wine, and look at the girls and Wally quite quiet by his father and hear a wonderful remark from George. God bless them all says yours, dear Mrs. Baxter, most sincerely

*W. M. T.*

And Mrs. Snelling, just let us run across the avenue and say How do you do Mrs. Snelling? How do you do all & good bye.

*Maison Valin, Champs Elysees,  
3 November, 1853*

MY DEAR MRS. BAXTER: I have been a long time without sending de nos nouvelles to the Brown House. What with pleasure business many relatives I am scarce master of my own time here. Now I must walk with the children, now I must go and see my old parents, now the sun shines so provokingly that its impossible to remain at home—so the day passes, and old friends do not get their proper share of it. It has been a busy month since we arrived here—on 4 October I see by Sarah's little pocket-book—w<sup>h</sup> gives me many a recollection dismal and pleasant—There is Jan 18, Philadelphia, Lecture III. I remember the people were all kept waiting whilst I finished certain rhymes to "born." There's New York, April 15 and on that day the only entry is Lu. What can that mean? and 5 days, after comes "Left New York by Europa" and then England & then Paris & then Germany & Switzerland, and England and Paris again—Soon

it will be Rome most probably. What a number of places and agitation of life! I begin to feel most tranquillity of mind in a railway carriage now; and retirement in an inn. Certainly here the place does n't favor industry—Anny & I have been only able to compose one number of the Newcomes all this month—I'm leaving off writing now altogether—and have sat many a day for hours with the paper before me and not been able to invent 6 lines. Is n't this paper abominable? I have no other. Miss Anny in her great handwriting has used up all the good paper for the Newcomes. I wish there were reams of it so covered.

In this month we have buried my poor friend Mrs. Crowe. Poor Eyre was in a sad way over her grave—and a dismal sight it was—the father and the little boy marching bareheaded & hand in hand after the coffin—and some dozen of us following the remains of the poor lady. She has had with her all the time of her awful illness, a daughter who has been quite angelic in goodness and fidelity—The poor girl went to bed and slept for many hours the night of her mother's death—She had not had a quiet night for a year before—attending the parent . . . through long wakeful nights of pain, . . . scarce ever losing cheerfulness or temper. Its only women that can do these things, and as I look at this little Amy in her black dress, so sweet and kind looking, I think she ought to have a glory round her head. The father worked most meritoriously during all this illness. With debt ruin and a thousand cares upon him, with his wife groaning in the next room, he has sat up night after night and written a novel and a book of travels both of w<sup>h</sup> have had a considerable success. Poor Eyre's has been the hardest work, being powerless to help his parents, and only just able to keep himself out of starvation. I wanted him to come back and be my secretary again—but he is determined to make a last desperate struggle to master his art, and won't have that slavery w<sup>h</sup> I offer him. . . . I recalled to Mr. Crowe as we walked back from the cemetery, how 15 years ago he used to pay me 10 francs a day to do his work as newspaper correspondent for him, and I very glad to get the job. One of the blessings of prosperity is that out of Dives's feast, Lazarus benefits and gets the

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crumbs from the other's table. . . . Thus we watch the ups and downs of life in indifferent persons, and admire God in the good that comes out of misery, in the consolations of poverty, in the way in w<sup>h</sup> our weaknesses, wants, virtues, prosperities & the contrary give each other the hand—this sentence which was growing mysterious and embrouillé stops in a queer way. They bring me a bill for 60 francs for bonnets for the young ladies—I go out to the next room where they are practising with their governess. (the governess gives all *her* earnings to her mother) "Miss Anny, Here is a bill for you to pay. Where are the 3 Napoleons I gave you to pay for the bonnets?" Miss Anny smiles with perfect good humour. "O Papa, We paid for Amy's mourning with those 3 Napoleons"—and so the wonderful world goes round. As I go on chattering I fancy I see all your kind faces, and am talking in my dear Second Avenue. . . . Two little strokes more I must tell you out of this death bed scene—When we came back, we found Ann an admirable Irish servant who has been all through the illness with the most perfect devotion to the mistress—Well, Ann of course was in tears—No she was n't. There was a great smell of onions in the kitchen w<sup>h</sup> Ann was chopping up to stuff a goose for dinner. And poor Mrs. Crowe, having called in an Irish Divine, an excellent man, Low Church, sermons of an hour and a half—my mother brought him,—and having been converted by this pair of good people left the world miserable because her dear boy, her darling gentle Eyre, had been perverted from the saving Truth during his voyage to America, by me of course! I dont think E. & I ever had 3 conversations on the subject, but is n't there an awful sort of humour in the story? . . . She actually leaves the world groaning that I should pervert her child from the Truth! God help us, and teach it to us all some day. And now I am at an end of this blotting paper: and my dear Mrs. Baxter's affectionate friend always

*W. M. T.*

Off to Paris tomorrow then to Rome.

*18 November, 1853.*

MY DEAR BAXTER. My friend Mr. S. Lawrence is the bearer of this, and I know you will all be kind to him for the sake of

the lovely youth whose picture he painted and who is Yours *W. M. T.*

How well Lawrence would draw you! My dear Mrs. Baxter, you must insist upon having your husband's head taken off—and you young ladies do your utmost to make the good little painter happy. He has an immense family, is one of the best of creatures, and O how I wish I was going to see the faces and hear the voices which he will see.

*Paris, Nov., 1853.*

As Miss Sarah is only to have one side of paper, we must have recourse to the tight upright hand, and you will see Miss, by counting the letters that you have quite as much as you send me. I have been writing to your mother and the girls until I feel quite New York sick. There's no merit in liking you—no more than in liking peaches or pickled walnuts—it's because I can't help myself you see, I daresay I've told you so a thousand times over. Every honest man repeats himself continually. If a man does not, be on your guard against him, as he is on himself. Three days ago dining with my Aunt I thought this day 12 months I was coasting Wales on my way out to America, and I filled a glass, Miss, & drank to some people's health silently swallowing the wine & sentiment. I think when I come back to New York I shan't come and see you any more. It would be the best way, depend on it. We have had such a good time Wir haben uns alle so Lieb that we shall never be able to beat it. You won't like me with my hair dyed I know and I have grown so fat it is quite awful—then you write that you are so old and changed! At thine age, friendess, that conceives itself well. At twenty years one is no longer young in your climates, and when one has had so much of griefs!

What is it that makes you miserable? I wish I could hear. On a certain subject you told me I was not to write to you. It's that one I suppose. Now that I am thousands of miles away from them, I opine that the tears of twenty years dry up very quickly. . . . A girl I was very fond of asked me once for advice about a matrimonial matter, and whether she should take an old gentleman whom she only esteemed, and I gave her what do you think for advice?—None: that's a case

in w<sup>h</sup> no doctor can prescribe & the patient only can determine. She ended by marrying another man whom she esteemed and they have children of course and I believe they are very happy as times go—But what idle talking! each case is different from every other.

I think I have nothing to tell you, and this is a very stupid letter. Last week I went to a ball given by the young men of our Embassy to all sorts of wonderful people of the Theatres, Operas &c—the &c is awful—Such toilettes, such dancing! such wicked, happy, careless, beautiful folks! It was curious to see them; & I am glad I went—It was for the first time in my life that I saw the thing, which was as correct as one of your balls or ours for all I could see—& the women, O the beautiful dresses and daring gaiety! Corbin had a dinner the same day of heavy American and British company, from w<sup>h</sup> I went to the young men's party. And I have given some restaurateur-feasts myself w<sup>h</sup> have been tolerably pleasant having a notion to make Punch pay for them by a series of Gastronomic articles—and I have been racketting about as usual: getting now and then a day to myself away from fashionable gossip from family gossip qui n'est guére moins supportable: and I have had some capital days and walks with my girls the sight of whose happiness makes me happy. Shall I write you a pleasanter letter soon? next week? tomorrow? This is not one—only to see that I am

Yours sincerely always      W. M. T.

This is a postscript written in a hurry—to pray your good father not to mind the awful price of this letter w<sup>h</sup> it is too late to pay it w<sup>h</sup> it is written in the office of a newspaper correspondent with 6 people talking round about. I have just come out of the height of good society, Lady Cowley, Lady Sandwich, Lady Waldegrave, Lord Bath and here's quite another set, and a pleasanter perhaps—C. C. Clifford is related to the Duke of Devonshire—with the bar sinister, a very worthy good young man. I dont know Lefevre—the Speaker's son I suppose—I did n't see Hatty. I only care for Hatty "on fire" and a few, very few more. . . . I wish I was where this letter is a going. It was n't worth while to keep the letter open

for these fadaises, was it? What compliments you have got to paying me of late! —I went and got your last letter and read it over before I came out. Hence all these little remarks. I had quite forgotten the compliments: but not you Mademoiselle whose gift pocket-book is very near full now, & the year run over & a deal of care and pleasure with it. Farewell and God bless you all. Write me soon; if directly I shall have the letter before I go to Rome—where and elsewhere I shall always remember S. S. B. . . . Ajew. Ajew. . . .

1853

OUR next move is a mystery though—whether it shall be Switzerland or Devonshire or where. Then it is probable I shall pass October & November in Paris, and the winter—why, suppose we say Rome for the winter? It sounds a pleasant life, don't it Madam? But I'm so doubtful as never to count upon the month before me; and have seen too much of the weary old world to look for any especial degree of pleasure in any particular corner of it. I was saying to the girls yesterday, Suppose we go & write the book at Saratoga Springs? but you see that would make us too common and do away with the novelty agin the lecture season in 1854; when Lucy will be married and Libby engaged and Sarah—ah where will Sarah be? I saw one of my ex-loves yesterday with 2 pretty babies, very happy handsome & friendly.—I am twaddling—it is before breakfast. It is not good to write before breakfast. Now I daresay there is an American letter for me at my house at London—go and get thy breakfast.

*Thursday June 30.* Since this your letter has come to my mother and I'm very sorry indeed to hear of your illness; and I'm in a hurry to save the post having been out with the children unexpectedly till now & on Wednesday we go for the Rhine & Switzerland, I believe, & wherever I am I am always the B. H.'s

Affectionately,      W. M. T.

Direct care of Macbeau. Banquier  
Via del Corso. à Rome  
Via della Croce 81 Rome,  
Saturday 17 Decr 1853

JUST as we were leaving Paris, ever so long ago, on the 28 of November I think, I got a letter from my dear Mrs. Baxter,

with a line of postscript from poor S. S. B. who could write no more having been ill in her bed for many long days—And ever since then I have been so hustled and hurried that I have not had time for a letter to my friends in the sunset—though the very first day I saw him setting behind

daughters finds himself pretty much the tall confidential old family servant of the young ladies. Not one word of writing have I done as yet, and to be sure have been ill for the last 4 days; with an attack of—well of leeches, blisters, calomel. I have been ill once a month for the last 5

*pulse last night I felt Miss Smith (of Washington D.C.) was not right and that all Englishmen do not keep their nail sole. He lives in the house though & has two other patients, and is very eager about this one. How I should like to smoke a cigar! I would if I could get one of Uncle Oliver's little ones—but here they are so coarse and so big. — This is most awful, the girls are sitting before me, and*



FACSIMILE OF A PART OF THACKERAY'S LETTER OF DECEMBER 17, 1853

St. Peter's you may be sure I thought of you, and sent a many kind wishes across the intervening space (here I try to fancy it to myself in a map) which I hope fluttered into a Second Avenue window and found all well there. That last letter of Mrs. Baxter's was very disheartening though. I fancy care worn faces at the brown house. It seems to me awfully distant. I fear that confounded line about "Mr. Washington" has done me a world of mischief in the States, for though English and French laugh when they read it, —there's no use explaining & apologizing to an angry half-educated man—and, ah me! the other 10,000 dollars I counted upon are I fear knocked into nothing by that unlucky blunder.

What shall I tell you about Rome? We are here a fortnight—and the man who travels without a governess and with 2

months. I who never was ill in *our* country. Miss Sarah, I have had brednwater for four days, and am pretty better thank you; and am so glad I brought my servant with me contrary to the dictates of common sense & economy. Beside him we have an Eytalian old woman, with whom we blunder on amusingly, and for lodgings some of the very handsomest & comfortablest rooms in all Rome. We came by Lyons & the Rhone to Avignon and Marseilles, a dreary journey through frost and snow, in steamers O how unlike *our* steamers! had a jolly passage by Genoa & Leghorn to Civita Vecchia, kill a postillion on the road to Rome, and missed being robbed only by a day; the next day people were stopped and my girls were quite disappointed at our not enjoying the adventure. I had a hundred louis with me which would have made it much more piquante.

Do you see that I have a new ruby pen w<sup>h</sup> does not write well? It is capital for this hand when I sit up, but not for this when I lie down, the posture I am forced to keep by the Doctor. Such a dirty, peevish Irish Doctor! as he felt my pulse last night I felt Miss Smith (of Washington D. C.) was not right and that all Englishmen do not "keep their nails well." He lives in the house though, has few other patients, and is very eager about this one. How I should like to smoke a cigar! I would if I could get one of Uncle Oliver's little ones—but here they are so coarse and so big.—This is most awful. The girls are sitting before me, and I was trying to draw them but the pen and the perspective & the clumsiness & position of the artist don't admit of doing it.

I have seen none of the Roman Americans but Mr. Van Buren—the poor Storys are here in great grief having just lost their child, and I hear from your side that my poor friend Mrs. Lowell is no more. How, after one knows the world and has been in action for a few years, they do drop round about one! I read the death of some one I know in every paper almost—to-day it was a little (only) child I saw at Paris a month since, the darling of its mother's eyes—Here breaks in a controversy about "Zanoni," Anny all enthusiasm, Minny as usual taking matters coolly—Well, though I have written nothing, I have had a capital time with the girls. They are capital. It makes me happy to see them so. I was thinking the other day that this was or ought to be the happiest of all my life—and these illnesses dont make it worse—rather better. The girls are so good, they wont be alarmed, they show me their bonny faces once or twice a day—that is they did; now I 'm well again. I beg pardon for prattling to you so much about

—about what a man knows and talks of best I 've heard Miss S. S. B. say.

Cant we find any plan of healing that absurd "Mr. Washington" feud? I feel myself shocked and pained by it as if some dear friend had turned round to abuse me; I who for once in my life kept my own council; who have got to consider yours as my country almost; who have praised the States so outrageously since I came home, & made myself such a violent partizan—How dare people think I could be guilty of such stupid abuse as that they attribute to me? I who love and honor Washington as I love and honour no other man?—"It serves you right" a man said to me in London. You see what good you have got by praising the States—O it puts me in a rage!

I must send this from some postal mystery without an envelope, and shorten this rambling scrawl so far—I know you 'll be as kind to Lawrence as you can, his is a real talent, and had it been ever so little less honest must have met a great success. I am sure his chalk drawings of men are of the very highest order. Please Uncle Oliver introduce him to the Centurions—though he is not a jolly bird, like some of those legionaries—I wish I was going to see 'em again—What makes me so fond of you all in that city? I know I write this over and over again; as one says how do you do and God bless you over again to friends one loves as &c &c to whom I send a kind greeting and a happy Xmas & many & many a happy N. Y. Where was the last Xmas spent? I have written down in the commencement of the little pocket book all places I have lived in since—such a catalogue!—I never like to shut up when I 'm writing to any of you but come back for a last good bye & God bless you.

*W. M. T.*

(To be continued)





THACKERAY'S SKETCHES OF A MEDIEVAL PAGE, FOR A FANCY-BALL COSTUME

(See Miss Lucy W. Baxter's introduction to the first paper in the November CENTURY)



## AN AMERICAN PALACE OF ART

FENWAY COURT, THE "ISABELLA STEWART GARDNER MUSEUM IN THE FENWAY," BOSTON

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

OWING to the courtesy of Mrs. Gardner, the readers of *THE CENTURY* are here presented with an authorized pictorial and literary record of the unique palace of art established by her in the city of Boston, and, with certain restrictions, recently opened to the general public.—EDITOR.



FEW years ago there was marvel in Boston over the report that in that city there was about to be built a wonderful house—nothing less than an old Italian palace, to be brought stone by stone to these shores, and reerected in its original shape. The tale was denied, was reaffirmed, and was denied again. The house that arose proved the report true in spirit, though incorrect in fact. Fenway Court, now a famous shrine of art, is Italian in all its essentials, both in the spirit of its conception and in its material qualities. Yet it is like no one building that ever stood, either in Italy or elsewhere. It is a beautiful composite. Every element that has entered into it has gone to produce a new form, the features of which stand for the type of everything that makes a part thereof.

This remarkable house stands, as its attractive name indicates, upon the pleasure-drive called the Fenway. Before it spreads the tranquil landscape of the Fens, a section of the great parkway designed for Boston by the late Frederick Law Olmsted. Hereabout a new "court end" of the city

is growing up, residential and institutional, realizing Mr. Olmsted's sagacious intention when he solved a vexed engineering and sanitary problem by developing upon a dreary waste of tidal flats an ideal simulation of marsh and upland scenery designed to look as if it had always been there and the city had established itself about it. Fenway Court stands at the corner of one of the principal approaches to the parkway. Its grave exterior recalls many a prototype in Venice, where some ancient palace lifts its plain walls out of the canal. In the same fashion the reticent walls of Fenway Court are without architectural pretension. But a containment of most precious things is suggested by this or that external feature—a window-opening or a balcony, carved in marble with the finest skill.

On one side and in the rear are grounds inclosed by lofty walls. The tops of young trees, decoratively aspiring, suggest the pleasant garden within. This severity of aspect sensibly relaxes when the house is seen from certain points of view, as where the wide, flat wall-surfaces of grayish-brown brick and the broad red-tiled roof are seen reflected in the Fenwater's placid mirror above the foliage of the parkway.

Although the environment is quite different, the effect thus made is strongly akin to that of a similar edifice standing upon a Venetian waterway. And when the handsome Renaissance façade of a new college for young women stands as a next-door neighbor, and on the other hand the monumental building of the Museum of Fine

entrance-way that traverses the basement story from the doorway to the court is low-walled and comparatively narrow. After the daylight glare outside, the place has a twilight gloom—exactly the right condition for the enchanting glimpse that is framed in the doorway at the opposite end of the tunnel-like space, as if it were



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FENWAY COURT

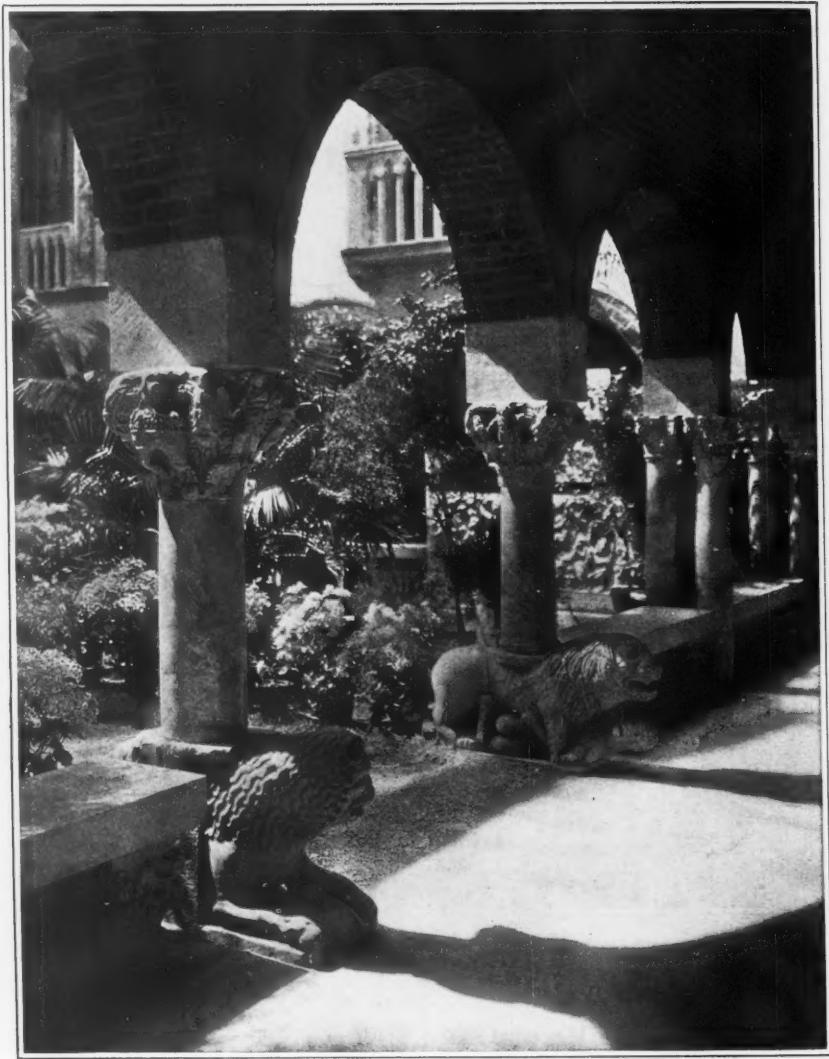
Arts takes shape, the impression of loneliness produced by the present isolation from other structures will disappear.

We enter by a marble Renaissance doorway with decorative carvings that include St. George and the Dragon in low relief. The work is age-worn and mellowed to soft tints, built into this modern Boston wall just as many another fragment, perhaps plundered from classic Mediterranean shores, has been built into the walls of Venice. Flanking the doorway stand two quaint Gothic lions in stone.

The door shuts behind us, and we are in another world—another world and another age, it would almost seem. The

some magical picture realizing itself in actuality. No introduction could be more effective. One does not suddenly come upon the entire scene, a burst of overwhelming vision too great for comprehension. In thus beholding a part of the complete spectacle, the scene embraces features which make that part a perfect picture in itself. So, while the center of attraction, the heart of the house, is revealed at the moment of entrance, it is as something yet to come—something led up to, a promise of the perfect fulfilment that awaits.

This promise remains held before us while the charm of the things close at

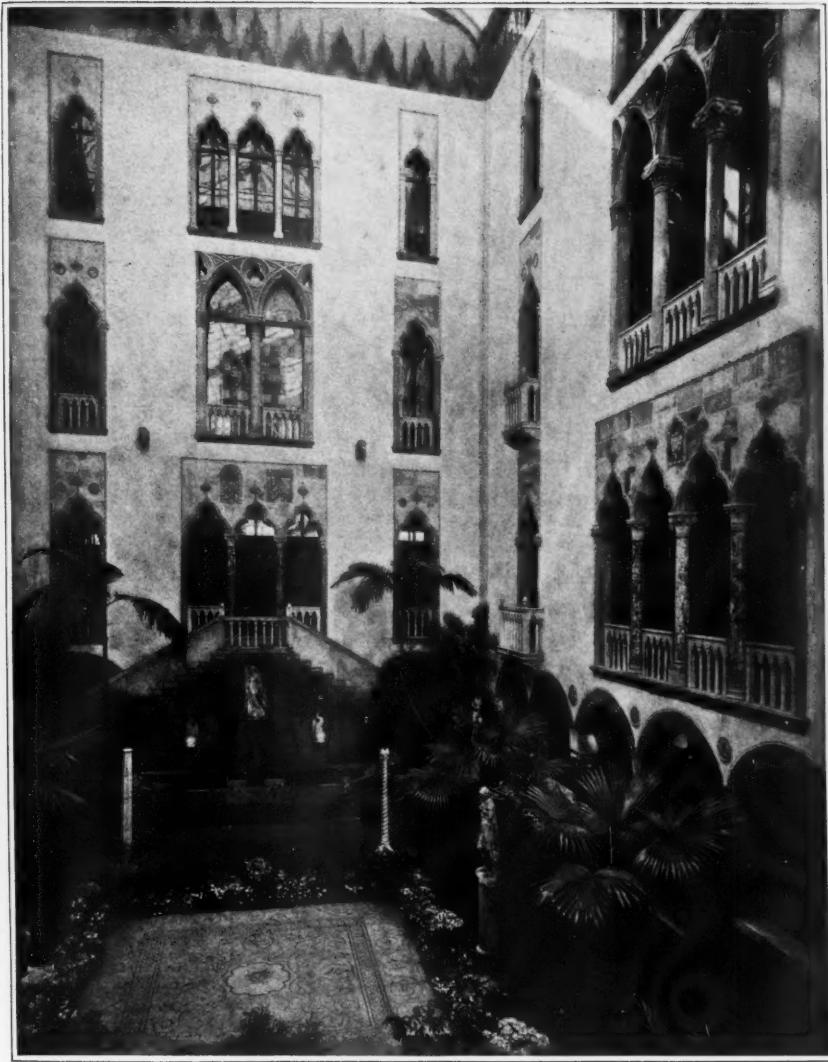


From a photograph, copyright, 1903, by Thomas E. Marr

ENTRANCE TO THE COURT, SHOWING CARVED STONE LIONS SUPPORTING MARBLE PILLARS

hand gradually resolves itself out of the shadowy atmosphere where they so well belong, as tokens of a distant past that is realizing itself before us. At once we note the ancient iron-bound doors of wood, French Gothic and of the fourteenth century, traversed by horizontal bands of intricately fashioned spirals of wrought-iron. These, the regular doors of the house, are too old and too precious for exposure to

our Northern weather. Hence they are supplemented by outer doors of more robust construction. Guarding the doorway, as figures of the household-protecting divinities, are two German Gothic statues, painted and gilded, St. George on the right as the defender against evil, St. Florian on the left as the protector against fire. Against the wall are handsomely carved old wooden seats of the Italian Renaissance.



From a photograph, copyright, 1903, by Thomas E. Marr

THE COURT, SHOWING THE ROMAN PAVEMENT FROM THE VILLA LIVIA, THE VENETIAN FOUNTAIN WITH GREEK FIGURE ABOVE, AND THE TRIPLE VENETIAN WINDOW

These objects, like everything else from beginning to end that we shall see, are arranged not for display, but are placed where they most appropriately belong, as features of a house made to be lived in. The enticing beauty of the scene before us continually draws our eyes toward it. The scene is restful—verdure, a fountain of pellucid water, flowers, the song of birds,

classic sculpture glimpsed amid shrubbery and palm-trees. The effect is inexpressibly tranquilizing. It is remarkable how, after wandering by the hour, subjected to innumerable impressions, this sense of restfulness abides throughout.

There is nothing more fatiguing than sight-seeing as ordinarily pursued. After we have been wandering through picture-



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THE LONG GALLERY, SHOWING, AMONG OTHER OBJECTS, THE ORATORY

galleries or the halls of a museum, amidst an overwhelming array of things beautiful, the sense has been assailed by such a multiplicity of impressions, such a confusion of things seen, that we are utterly fatigued in body and mind. The combination of beautiful elements has been discordant; their resultant ensemble has been unbeautiful in its effect. Here, however,

beauty is accorded its birthright; on every hand, from first to last, beautiful things stand in beautiful places; they are where they would naturally belong, placed amid surroundings created for them, just as they were created largely with reference to certain surroundings and to produce certain effects in conjunction therewith. The house and its contents blend in complete



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THE GOTHIC ROOM

unity as the expression of an individuality whose tastes have been exquisitely formed by a life passed in an atmosphere of art. So the beholder, yielding his senses to the like influence, is affected harmoniously; one impression naturally leads up to the next, and there is always the beautiful heart of the house toward which the steps are returned from time to time, and toward

which, from windows, galleries, and balconies, every now and then the eyes instinctively wander for the moment of rest that quiets the senses as with a soothing bath. Therefore, at the end, with the refreshment of mind and soul that has come from a succession of pleasing impressions, one feels no more fatigue of body than might follow a corresponding period spent

in agreeable exercise—say a walk in the woods or a stroll through a park.

Passing through the doorway at the far end of the entrance, where the old door of Italian wrought-iron stands hospitably open, we find ourselves in the cloisters. We are now in full sight of the beautiful great court that stands disclosed in all its glorious amplitude. We breathe

smoothed and rounded by the centuries, and here reverently placed to endure for a new lifetime in a new Renaissance for the New World.

The house is virtually Italian throughout, in substance as well as in form. All the integral stonework came from old buildings in Italy, chiefly in Venice. Nearly everything, therefore, that gives



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#### THE CHINESE ROOM

soft vernal air, a perennial springtime about us. Yes, we are in Italy! Or, at least, Italy has come to us, just as the Romans carried Rome with them throughout their empire, as the Greeks built up a new Greece wherever their cities rose on Mediterranean or Euxine shores.

There are Venetian colonnades about the cloisters, Venetian windows looking upon the court, Venetian balconies, Venetian loggias, Venetian carvings embedded in the walls, Venetian stairs—all genuine, all ancient, all Stones of Venice, bearing the incomparable hue of age, touched with the friendly touch of time, weather-worn,

the house its essential character is from Italy. Even Italian bricks might have been brought over had not a duty of forty-five per cent. *ad valorem*, classifying them as "terra-cotta," virtually prohibited their importation.

The Venetian style particularly commended itself for the purposes in view. We know how eclectically Venice developed its architecture, working into its structures the beautifully wrought columns and other architectural details acquired in conquests and plunderings far and near. Therefore no other recognized style is so well adapted to the assimilation of a great

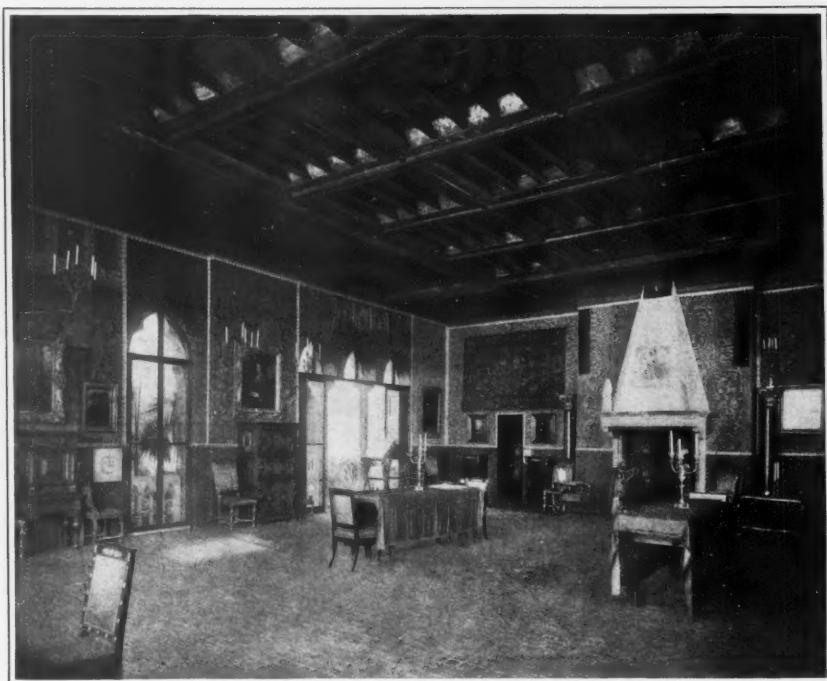


From the painting by Sir Anthony More. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. From a photograph, copyright, 1903, by Thomas E. Marr

MARY TUDOR, QUEEN OF ENGLAND (IN THE DUTCH ROOM)

diversity of preëxisting elements. It reconciles fundamental irregularities, blending differences of form and substance in a unity of effect graciously derived from the very complexity of varying qualities that enter into it. For the same reason, a building that takes shape after this fashion may likewise, with perfect esthetic justification, include in its contents all manner of things artistically wrought.

came from buildings that already had been demolished or condemned to demolition, or was a feature removed for the sake of a restoration duly determined upon. In the latter way some of the most famous buildings of Venice have contributed their quota to the walls of Fenway Court. If these stones could speak, they might tell some marvelous tales of things seen and heard. There is a Lion of St. Mark, for



From a photograph, copyright, 1903, by Thomas E. Marr

#### THE DUTCH ROOM

Particular stress should be laid upon the circumstance that the materials wrought into this building have in no instance been obtained from any structure that was demolished or dismantled for the purpose, or that to this end was deprived of any feature. The spirit in which Fenway Court was conceived and carried out was one of too great reverence for monuments of the past to countenance in any degree their destruction or their spoliation for its own purposes. Every piece of ancient stone that has entered into these walls either

instance, carved in low relief and embedded in the southeast wall of the court. It is the ancient emblem of Venice, where it is seen on every hand. Three similar reliefs have been built into the interior of the Boston Public Library, one of them supplying the motif for Joseph Lindon Smith's decoration, "Venice." But somehow this lion has an unwonted aspect, something that differentiates it from the common representations. The difference, which does not at once declare itself, lies in the fact that the book held between the



From the painting by Albrecht Dürer. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. From a photograph, copyright, 1903, by Thomas E. Marr

PORTRAIT OF A MAN (IN THE DUTCH ROOM)

paws of the lion is closed instead of standing open. The emblem in this shape is extremely rare, for it means that at the time the building containing it was erected Venice was at peace. And Venice was seldom at peace. Three of these lions with closed books are known to exist in Dalmatia, and so uncommon are they in Venice itself that only by chance would they be noted. This one came from Venice, where it stood on an old building that was torn down. Just why the closed book should symbolize a period of peace does not appear. Perhaps it means that with the ending of the war a chapter in history has been closed, a significant indication that a state of warfare was the normal condition for Venice.

It may be noted that the beautiful balconies that look upon the court from the galleries came from the celebrated Cà d'Oro, the noble palace that stands upon the Grand Canal in Venice. The palace had been bought by a wealthy German, who, in his zeal for restoring the magnificent old building to a habitable condition, removed the ancient balconies, to be replaced by new ones that should exactly duplicate them. It was thus that the original became a feature of Fenway Court.

This house realizes a long-cherished intention. Mrs. Gardner planned it years ago as a city home for herself that would securely shelter, and at the same time set forth to their best advantage, amid appropriate surroundings, her invaluable collections of art. She herself drew the plans to scale, but when made these were intended for a house considerably smaller. When the time came to build, the opportunity presented itself to secure land fronting on the Fens,—a site of remarkable beauty, peculiarly adapted to the specific purpose in view,—at real-estate values that made possible a much larger house than originally had seemed practicable. So the dimensions at first planned for were merely expanded, making the rooms much larger, and consequently more effective in a greater stateliness. The building of Fenway Court, and the choice of a neighboring site for the new Museum of Fine Arts, were the chief factors in setting the seal of social approval upon the new quarter of Boston. Until then the future of the locality, notwithstanding its inherent attractiveness, had been somewhat in doubt.

Fenway Court was not only planned by its owner: in a way, she was an actual builder of the house to an extent probably unprecedented in association with the execution of plans of such magnitude and scope. Virtually Mrs. Gardner was her own architect; the gentleman who so admirably served her in that capacity occupied himself chiefly with the engineering aspects of the work. Not a feature in the design was carried out, not a stone was placed in position, except in her presence. The disposition of important features was changed again and again, until just the effects aimed at were secured. Window-openings in the walls of the court, for instance, were changed in position, now raised a few inches, perhaps, and now lowered, until the right balance in the design was obtained. A like procedure is often followed by eminent architects when their designs are carried into effect. It was always insisted upon by the late H. H. Richardson in important work. Features that in a design may appear impeccable frequently call for modification as the structure comes into being. It is seldom, however, that the owner and projector of an important architectural work directly takes charge of such a task.

In the building of her house, Mrs. Gardner not only supervised the work: to no slight extent, she lent her own hands to the task, taking actual part in the mason-work, the plastering, the carpentry, and in the carrying out of multitudinous details. In various respects our American workers in the building trades are esteemed the most intelligent, most energetic, and most capable in the world. Their excellence, however, consists largely in the faithful carrying out, in ways that they have been trained in, of the tasks laid before them. In Italy and other Latin countries, however, there is a manner of doing such work that accords with the spirit in which it was conceived, and which, indeed, is absolutely essential to the embodiment of that spirit. Therefore, since Fenway Court was conceived in the Italian spirit, it was of prime importance that the manner of its building should follow that spirit. To secure this end was no small undertaking. But during her long residence in Italy Mrs. Gardner had taken close note of the way in which structural work of all kinds was done. And with much difficulty, often by dint of ac-



From the painting by Frans Pourbus the Younger. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson.  
From a photograph, copyright, 1903, by Thomas E. Marr

ISABELLA OF SPAIN (IN THE DUTCH ROOM)

tual demonstration with her own hands, she succeeded in getting things done that way. It was not sufficient to have the

nicest delicacy in the disposition of the material in just the right way, as in securing proper gradations of tone in the several



From the painting by Rembrandt. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. From a photograph, copyright, 1903, by Thomas E. Marr

REMBRANDT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-TWO (IN THE DUTCH ROOM)

stonework neatly laid with true joints: to conform to the native spirit of such work, it was essential that there should be the

parts, shadings that would relate one bit of surface to another, and a harmonious balancing of parts, as in the disposition of

the several columns, or pilasters, in a group. In similar ways were obtained the exquisite gradations of tone in the plastered

the woodwork, precept was similarly enforced by practical demonstration, as in one of the rooms with a ceiling the beams



From a photograph, copyright, 1903, by Thomas E. Marr

#### THE VERONESE ROOM

walls of the court, where the whitish surface has a time-softened tint roseately flushed here and there with the ruddiness that enchants the eye in countries like Italy or Mexico. Again, in the doing of

of which have the effect of having been there for centuries. For this purpose an adz was made, and certain beams that duly went into place were hewn into proper shape by the lady herself, until the



From the painting by Sandro Botticelli. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. From a photograph, copyright, 1903, by Thomas E. Marr

MADONNA AUX ÉPI, KNOWN AS THE CHIGI BOTTICELLI

men learned just how the work must be done.

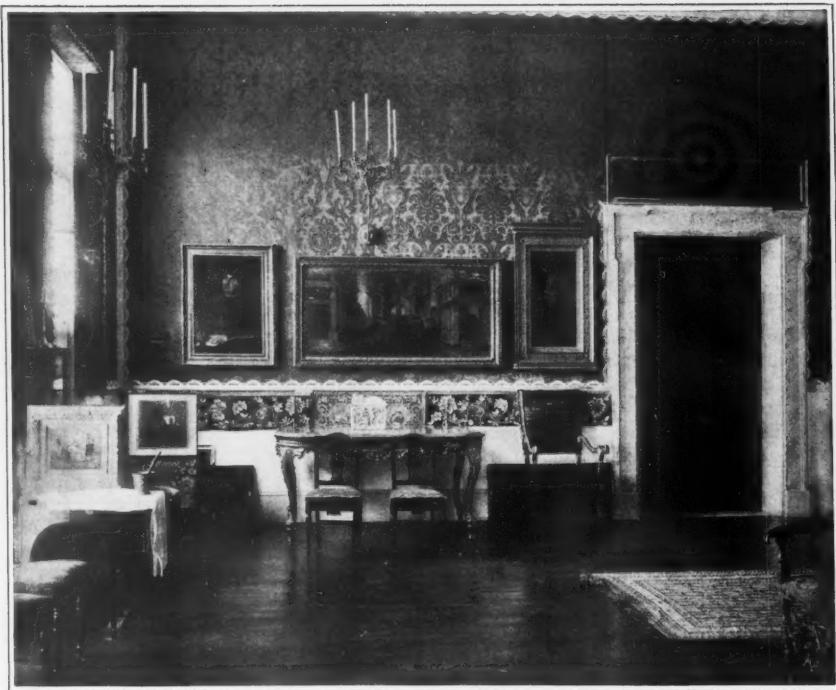
The plan of the house is that of a long rectangular structure, the comparatively narrow front facing directly on the Fenway with a northerly exposure, the long northwesterly side also rising directly from the street line of a comparatively narrow thoroughfare that separates the premises from the grounds of the new Simmons College for Women. On the southeasterly side and in the rear is a garden of considerable amplitude for an urban site. The house is built in four stories about the large court, including the basement, with its floor on the street level. In each story certain portions are strictly private; the fourth story is entirely so, as are the inclosed grounds. With these exceptions, visitors on public days are free to wander at will through the court and the various rooms, enjoying the sight of the remarkable collections of art there displayed—or, rather, there to be seen; for displayed is not just the word in a connection so remotely related to ordinary exhibition functions. Everything that the eye takes delight in seems to belong naturally just where it is, rather than to have been placed there for the sake of show. Things attract the attention by right of being in their proper place, rather than by asserting some claim upon the eye. These rooms are on all sides of the court, though in each of the three stories there is some one side where visitors may not go, as in the great music-room, which occupies the southeasterly side of the house in the basement story and that above it.

On the first floor, above the cloisters, the space adjoining the court is occupied by a gallery, with a staircase from below running up to a gallery of the same dimensions above. On the opposite side, above the music-room, the "long gallery" runs the entire length of the house. The stairs, of broad steps of stone, have treads and an incline so easy that the fatigue of ascent is reduced to a minimum. Indeed, so easy are these stairs that the comfortable elevator remains unused. The stairs are a replica of those in the Palazzo Civico in Venice. A long search had been made for something that might serve as a model and meet all the exacting requirements for this important consideration. At last the ideal was found.

The court, though roofed by a skylight, seems in the open air. It gives no suggestion of greenhouse or conservatory; one feels that somehow an enduring sample of some perfect climate has been brought, with all the other precious importations, to the New England metropolis. The extraordinarily thick walls of the house bar out the effects of external temperatures. Not only through the winter days is there a mildness as of springtime: in the heated terms of midsummer the air is always gratefully refreshing.

The serene beauty of this court is inexpressible. All through it and about it are numerous objects of rare charm and of the most varied character. Yet there is no confusion of the interest; everything seems to have taken exactly the place where some natural intention, working in harmony with a consummate instinct of art, has assigned it. The center of the court is occupied by a Roman pavement that came from the Villa Livia, the mosaic so perfectly preserved that it gives the effect of having bodily transferred itself expressly to adapt itself to these conditions. At the end opposite the entrance is the feature that first greets the eye when the door shuts on the world without—a Venetian fountain, its marble basin, wide and shallow, filled with clear water. On the wall above, a Greek figure gleams white amid a luxuriant mass of ivy. Water from the fountain, daily splashed over the ivy to keep it fresh, has given the wall behind an exquisite tone of gray and mossy green. This wall is the face of a double flight of steps leading to the entrance of the great room behind by way of a triple Venetian window.

Here and there amid the greenery of the court are the soft tones of old marble—classic sculptures, an old carved seat, a superb Roman sarcophagus with high reliefs in rhythmic groupings that represent the "Triumph of Bacchus." In the cloisters, which are paved with ancient-looking flagging, are many sculptures and other works of art—classic, Gothic, and Renaissance; also a remarkable fragment of Arab sculpture carved in stone of a soft gray with an effect of delicate lace-work. This came from the mosque of Bokhara, the mosque that belonged to the grandfather of the great Tamerlane, the Sultan Be-had-din. It dates from the early fifteenth century.



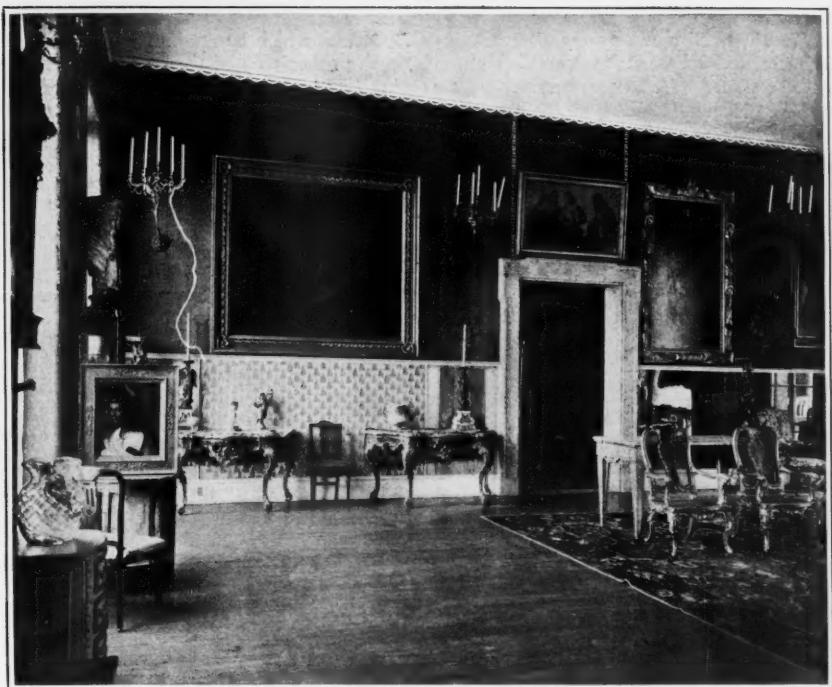
From a photograph, copyright, 1903, by Thomas E. Marr

THE RAPHAEL ROOM

But where is the museum? For it is the "Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in the Fenway" that visitors come to see on the public days, together with many other works of art belonging to Mrs. Gardner. The museum is everywhere—and nowhere. It is everywhere, because the specific objects belonging to it are in no particular part of the house, but are distributed all through it, with no mark by which they can be identified. It is nowhere, in the sense that the place as a whole is not a museum at all; that is, it is not an institution established to exhibit works of art. When Mrs. Gardner formed the purpose of sharing with the general public, under certain limitations made necessary by the circumstances, the enjoyment of her collections in their uniquely beautiful environment, rather than limit that pleasure to herself and her particular friends, she had already paid enormous duties for their importation under our barbarous tariff, the aim of which seems to be to exclude, so far as practicable, all

manner of refining and educative influences for the embellishment of our life and the exaltation of our minds with the works of artistic genius. But since the public was to participate in their enjoyment, it seemed no more than equitable that such works as might thenceforth be imported should be admitted free of duty under the provisions of the law that gives such privileges to incorporated institutions of art. Therefore the museum was instituted, and a very small proportion of the works comprised in the collections were since imported in accordance with the terms of the tariff. These could easily be shown by themselves in one comparatively small room. But it seemed so much more fitting to give them the surroundings most suitable to their character that they have been distributed through the greater number of the rooms. Therefore on the public days visitors have the privilege of seeing the better part of the beautiful house.

Anything more than a brief indication of the character of the collections would



From a photograph, copyright, 1903, by Thomas E. Marr

#### THE TITIAN ROOM

be beyond the purpose of this article. The public has access to seven rooms, besides the court, the cloisters, and the three galleries. Two rooms on the ground floor, near the entrance, are devoted mainly to modern pictures by French, English, and American artists, including works by Sargent, Whistler, La Farge, William Morris Hunt, Dennis Bunker, J. Appleton Brown, Childe Hassam, Joseph Lindon Smith, Dodge McKnight, Andreas Anderson, and various celebrated modern Europeans.

Opening from the gallery at the head of the stairs is the Chinese room. The wealthy Venetians always included such a room in their houses, and devoted it mainly to works of art from China and other countries of the far East. The room-names, as a rule, are derived from some typical element in the contents, rather than from the style of the room itself, which invariably is Italian. In the Chinese room are many splendid examples of Chinese and Japanese art, and in the First Gallery, which forms its approach, are also various

Japanese works, including some fine old screens. But the adornments are not exclusively Oriental. Here, as elsewhere, the principle is followed of placing a thing where it shows to the best advantage. And amid the splendor of Chinese and Japanese carving, metal-work, screens, and the like, the qualities of paintings by Anders Zorn and the modern Italian Mancini are vividly effective.

The adjacent Raphael room has two important works by the master whose name it bears. One is the celebrated portrait of Inghirami, which, having always been in the Inghirami castle at Volterra since it was painted, has been made familiar by Raphael's replica in the Pitti Gallery at Florence. The latter had long passed as the original, the existence of the former in its seclusion having been generally unknown. The portrait was painted, however, for Inghirami himself, who was librarian of the Vatican under Julius II, and custodian of the secret archives of Sant' Angelo. It came to its present owner fully

authenticated by family records. Consequently the Pitti portrait is now designated as a replica. The other Raphael is an exquisite little "Pietà," representing the master's early manner, having been painted in 1505 as a part of the predella for the altar of San Antonio at Perugia. It was known as the "King of Naples's Raphael," though its first owner, when it left Perugia, in 1663, was Queen Christina of Sweden.

On the same floor, at the other end of the house, is the Dutch room, with its treasures mainly representing the Netherlands masters, but including works by famous German, French, Spanish, and English painters. This room has a superb ceiling of wood, elaborately painted in designs with figures that are delightful to examine at moments when the eyes wander from the masterpieces on the walls. There is also a Gothic door-frame of carved wood. Here is the magnificent Rubens portrait of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, the celebrated English collector, one of Rubens's greatest achievements in portraiture. It came from the Earl of Warwick's collection. Worthy company for this is the portrait of Rembrandt, painted by himself, at the age of twenty-two, from the Duke of Buckingham's collection. There are also other fine Rembrandts, including the remarkable "Storm at Sea." An important Vandyke is a portrait of the Duchess of Osuna. There is a portrait by Albrecht Dürer, and also a wonderful pen-and-ink drawing by him; there are two Holbein portraits; there is the portrait of Queen Mary of England by Sir Anthony More (Antoni Moro), from Lord Strafford's collection; there is a portrait of one of the Spanish Isabellas by Frans Pourbus the Younger; and there are important works by Schongauer, Lucas van Leyden, Jan Schoreel, Justus Sustermans, Jan van der Meer, Gerard Terburg, George Romney, and François Clouet.

The Veronese room, on the next floor, takes its name from the splendid ceiling by the great master, representing the "Coronation of Hebe." Decoratively worthy of this are the sumptuous wall-hangings of old Spanish and Italian leather. On the gallery wall, at the entrance to the Veronese room, hangs a great Tintoretto portrait of a lady, which came from the Chigi collection after the famous Chigi

Botticelli, which hangs in the long gallery on the other side of the house, had been obtained at the cost of bringing the prince into a complication of difficulties with the Italian government.

Next is the Titian room, with its wonderful "Rape of Europa," one of the world's greatest Titians, painted for Philip II of Spain, going thence to the Orléans collection in France, and successively into two great English collections—the Berwick, and that of Lord Darnley at Cobham Hall. When Rubens painted the copy now in the Prado at Madrid, he wrote of it as, to him, the first picture in the world. Another famous Titian hangs opposite the portrait of Anne of Austria and her mother, the Empress Mary, sister of Philip II, whose fourth wife was his niece, here portrayed as a little girl. Here also hangs a great Velasquez, the full-length portrait of Philip IV of Spain, painted for the Marquis of Seganes and afterward belonging to the Count of Altamira. Another of the most treasured paintings in this room is the precious Giorgione standing on a table, a "Head of Christ." A painting by Giorgione is a rarity anywhere, and it seems little less than marvelous to find so fine an example of his art on this side the Atlantic. This painting came from the Casa Loschi in Vicenza, and was the greatest attraction that drew people to that city.

The works mentioned are only a few of the pictures in this magnificent collection. On every hand there are choice examples of celebrated masters—men like Filippo Lippi, Squarcione, Mantegna, Fra Angelico, Pinturicchio, Crivelli, Pessalino, Peruzzi, Masaccio, Francesco Guardi, the Bonifazio, Correggio, Moroni, Catena, and Bordone.

The stories of these pictures, the wanderings and the adventures of many of them, would make fascinating relations, could they be told. Some that are known may not be told. But it can be said that the precious "Madonna, Child, and Saints," by Mantegna, which was long treasured in the Prado at Madrid, was taken by Isabella II of Spain to Paris when she was de-throned and exiled.

That the stories have not all been revealed may be inferred from what has lately been discovered concerning one of the important paintings in the Titian room. This is the portrait of a sculptor holding



From the painting by Giorgione. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. From a photograph, copyright, 1903, by Thomas E. Marr

HEAD OF CHRIST (IN THE TITIAN ROOM)

a drawing of a marble group in one hand. With his long beard, the man has a general resemblance to Michelangelo. The picture has long been designated as a portrait of that master, the name of the painter given as Sebastiano Luciani, known as Del Piombo. But Professor Charles Eliot Norton, who naturally has taken the deepest interest in Fenway Court, on examining this painting, said that it did not seem as if the portrait could be that of Michelangelo. Some time afterward Mrs. Gardner, who had been reading a book about the sculptor Bandinelli, in showing some friends about the house, spoke of this picture as a portrait of Bandinelli. But when her attention was called to the title she corrected herself. Reading farther in the book she had taken up, she came upon a statement that Bandinelli had been honored with the Spanish Order of Santiago. Then it was noted that the order worn by the sculptor in the picture was that of Santiago. Finally the picture was taken down to have some needed work done upon it. When removed from the frame, a paper was found to the effect that it was a portrait of Bandinelli by Andrea del Sarto. When this was told to Professor Norton, he looked up the works of Bandinelli, and found, among representations of his works, a picture of the very group represented in this painting.

The paintings are only a portion of the treasures of art enshrined in Fenway Court. Important as they are, the house by no means exists for the pictures. It may be said that they exist for the house as well, and take their due place among the other works of art that, while sharing the attention, also enhance the effect of the paintings, just as the paintings likewise enhance the beauty of the sculptures, the carvings, the cases of laces, embroidery, rare books, and many other beautiful things disposed about the rooms and galleries.

The extraordinary distinction of effect produced by the arrangement of the three galleries is doubtless due in no small degree to the coloring chosen for their walls. The hue is so seldom employed in decorative work that at first, for many, the effect of strangeness is overpowering. It

is a blue of remarkable strength and depth, and it has the quality of giving everything for which it forms a background its full individual value, keeping neighboring objects well apart and preventing interferences. Indeed, its function seems to be not unlike that of the blue of the sky in landscape. Its adoption for this purpose came from the fact that in an old palace in Florence occupied by a certain dealer in antiquities the walls are of this color, with the result of making everything, whatever its character, show to the best possible advantage. It is a peculiar blue, conveying an impression of a luminous depth underlying the surface opacity. Its quality grows upon the beholder with the appreciation of its excellent service.

In the long gallery there are several beautiful old Italian terra-cottas. Among them, a "Madonna and Child" of the fifteenth century has an exquisite charm. There is also a "Deposition from the Cross," by Luca della Robbia, and a lovely relief of angels by Andrea della Robbia.

With all the richness of adornment, there is no sense of lavishness, no effect of superabounding beauty. One feels the discriminating touch that has been laid upon everything, the artistic discretion by which each feature, large or small, seems by some nice affinity to have adjusted itself amid the surroundings. With all its palatial quality, Fenway Court seems eminently a home, made to be lived in rather than to be shown, seen, and admired. It has the homelike attributes that are always manifest in a house that expresses the person who shaped its making. Everything finds its disposition in response to the prime purpose of unceasing enjoyment from within, as it were,—that is, from the household side,—and not for the sake of admiration from casual or formal guests. Therefore, while Fenway Court is one of the most beautiful sights in America, its beauty is far from spectacular: its charm has the intimacy that proceeds from the consummate expression of a temperament for which the love of the beautiful is a supreme joy.



# THE LATEST NEWS FROM LHASA

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL ADVENTURE IN TIBET

BY THE REV. EKAI KAWAGUCHI

Buddhist Priest of the Zen Sect, Japan

INTRODUCTION BY MISS SCIDMORE

THE Rev. Ekai Kawaguchi, a priest of the Zen sect of Buddhists, now thirty-eight years of age, was born in Sakai, near Osaka, studied at the Temple of the Five Hundred Rakan in Tokio, and prosecuted his Sanskrit studies under the Rev. Bunyu Nanjio of the Imperial University. He entered the priesthood at the age of twenty-five and was attached to the Obaku Temple at Uji. After seven years in holy orders he started on his journey to Tibet, from which he has but just returned to be acclaimed and honored by his countrymen throughout Japan.

A Kioto admirer put his Maruyama villa at the disposal of Dr. Kawaguchi, that he might escape a little of the lionizing incident upon his first weeks in Japan and reserve to himself time for his literary occupations. I found him there at the Sui Ko Kan, or Villa of Verdure and Rose-color, on the hillside high above the Yasaka Pagoda. A full and powerful voice was heard vigorously declaiming as we ascended the slope,—the great traveler himself dictating to his stenographer,—but, instead of the broad-chested giant one might expect to possess such lung-power, there appeared a slender, delicately built priest in white robes, with the nobly rounded head and the fine features of the highest type of the intellectual Japanese. In the pavilion overhanging the green garden, with a lakelet framed in fire-red azaleas, Dr. Kawaguchi talked of Tibet, first through an interpreter and then for himself in English, and quickly impressed me with his sincerity, simplicity, and entire frankness. With no further intention than the one he promptly discloses,—to prosecute studies in Buddhism,—he has made the most remarkable and successful journey through Tibet and maintained a residence in Lhasa for two years, living nearly all the time in the house of a Tibetan official.

As the most successful of British travelers in Tibet has said: "What patience! What patience! A year and a half in study in India! A year's wandering over western Tibet! One hundred days spent in paying official calls in Shigatze! Where is the European with the patience to do that? And his free wandering through Nepal, a country as absolutely closed as Tibet itself, is even more tantalizing to us who have tried and failed."

It is an engaging picture that the traveler draws of the strenuous young Dalai Lama endeavoring to reform the civil service of Tibet and retrieve the government offices from the hands of the spoilsmen, and of the Russian advance up over "the Roof of the World," first by priestly lamas as treaty negotiators bringing obsolete American rifles as gifts, and now by corps of surveyors and engineers, to repel whose free hands the Dalai Lama has recently appealed to the Emperor of China.

NIKKO, September 8, 1903.

*Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.*



From a photograph by Zaida Ben Yusuf

REV. EKAI KAWAGUCHI, IN TIBETAN COSTUME

## EKAI KAWAGUCHI'S NARRATIVE

### THE JOURNEY THROUGH NEPAL

AUTOGRAPH  
SIGNATURE OF  
THE TRAVELER

My sole object in going to Tibet was to complete my studies of Buddhism. Complete editions of the Buddhist Scriptures were brought to Japan in the early centuries, but being in Chinese, the texts in many places admit of different interpretations according to the individual writers. There is a general belief, too, that these Chinese translations are less trustworthy than the Tibetan texts. Furthermore, I had reason to believe that a Sanskrit edition of the Mahayana esoteric scripture existed in Tibet, and I regarded the study of it as indispensable to a full understanding of the Buddhist doctrines. These inducements led me to undertake the journey, and I left Japan on the 26th of June, 1897.

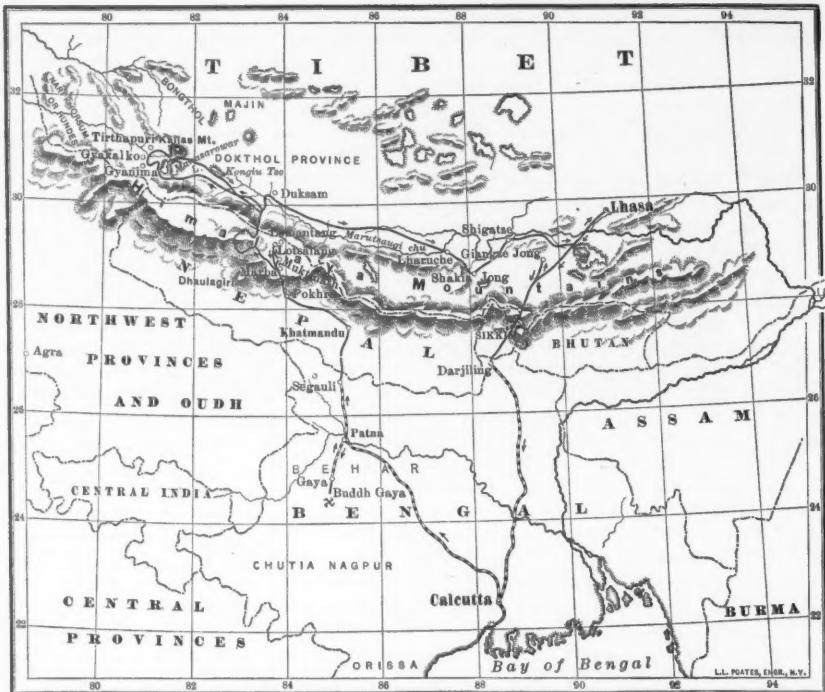
I went directly to Calcutta and to Darjiling, in the Himalaya Mountains, entered the high school there, and set myself to work studying the Tibetan language. I secured a room in the house of Shahdung, the head lama of the school, and this furnished me further opportunity to acquire the popular side of the Tibetan tongue. In sixteen months I had sufficiently mastered the language for my purpose, and I left Darjiling for the "sealed country." After passing from Calcutta to Buddh Gaya, to visit the venerable temple of my faith and the sacred Bo-tree, I proceeded to Nepal, and crossed its guarded frontier without difficulty. Had I gone directly from Darjiling into Nepal, the Tibetans in Darjiling would have suspected me of trying to trespass into their country. Wearing the apparel of a Tibetan lama, I passed for a Chinese student on a pilgrimage through Tibet, and crossing the frontier on January 5, 1899, reached Khatmandu one month later. I spent a month in that capital, and devoted my time to discovering some secret and safe way of smuggling myself into Tibet. Four highways radiate from Khatmandu leading to Tibet. These are the Nyalam Pass, the

Kilung Pass, the Shar Kongbu Pass, and the Walung Road. I found out that Tibetan vigilance was such that it was out of the question for a foreigner to attempt to reach the interior of that country by any of these public roads. I left the capital of Nepal for the Lo Pass, traveling first northwesterly among the Himalayas to Pokhra, in the most fertile and picturesque district of Nepal. To its north is the snow-capped Machipura, or Fish-tailed Peak; Seti Gangha, or White River, winds on the southeastern edge of the city, while paddy-fields extend close to the foot of the mountains.

I spent a week in Pokhra, and then, after four days amid ice and frost, arrived at Tukje, a prosperous trading town where the Tibetans inhabiting the northern slope of the Himalayas come with their marsh-salt and wool to barter for wheat, barley, rice, and Indo-British coins brought by the Palpo and Gurkha tribes who populate the southern side of the great mountains. At Tukje, misfortune stole a march on me by the discovery that, three months previously, the Tibetan government had newly stationed frontier guards at the Lo Pass and closed that gate to foreigners. Undaunted, however, I made pilgrimage through places sacred to Buddha in Muktinath and wandered to the mid-mountain village of Tsadang, in the Lo district, which is only eighteen miles from the Tibetan frontier. It is a small village of twenty-eight families, but there I met a man of great learning—Serab Gyartsan, a Manchu of fifty years of age, a profound Buddhist scholar, with the degree of doctor conferred on him by the Sera University in Lhasa. I spent one year under his tutorage, which gave me much penetration into Tibetan Buddhism and the esoteric doctrine. That period of time also gave me opportunity to make friends with the local inhabitants, through whom I came to learn a secret way to enter Tibet across the roadless border.

### ON TIBETAN SOIL

I RETRACED my steps to Marba village, on the eastern slope of the snow-covered peak of Dhaulagiri, to reach the secret pathway



MAP OF EKAI KAWAGUCHI'S ROUTE TO LHASA

into Tibet. This path across snow-fields is passable only during the months of June, July, and August. Passing Torba village, among the Dhaulagiri, at an elevation of nearly twenty thousand feet, I set my foot on Tibetan soil July 4, 1900, on the slope of a snowy mountain bordering the province of Hortosho, in the great northwest plain of Tibet. Three years and eight days had been spent in preparation for this moment.

Proceeding northwestward for fifty-six miles across Hortosho province, one reaches the large river Kyangchu, which rises in the Himalayas, flows southeast to the Brahmaputra, and is not marked on any map or atlas that I can find. Crossing that river, and still continuing to the northwest for forty-two miles, I reached Marutsa-gi-chu, which the natives call the mightiest river of Tibet and in which the great Brahmaputra has its source. I crossed the river, entered the province of Kong-gsu, and went northwest to Lake Manasarowar and Raskas Tal, and beyond them to Gyantse, a summer trading-post which

marked the western limit of my wanderings in Tibet. Eight miles northeast is another market town, Gyakalo, and in July and August each year Tibetan traders and Indian merchants meet here. The wild, mountain-walled plain is dotted with from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy tents of great dimensions, and brisk barter is carried on. The Tibetans sell wool, hides, yak-tails, marsh-salt, sheep, goats, etc., in exchange for barley, rice, tea, sugar, dried peaches, raisins, woollen cloth, cotton prints, coral, jade, and turquoise. The Tibetan laws strictly forbid the sale of yaks to foreigners. Sometimes Indian and Tibetan silver coins are used. The only Tibetan coin has a value of 24 sen, Japanese coin (12 cents, United States). Everywhere in Tibet three Tibetan silver coins are given for one Indian rupee, save at the two trading-posts last mentioned, where the rupee passes for two and a half Tibetan pieces.

Fifty-two miles east of this valley is Preta Puli, a sacred place of ancient renown, and twenty-eight miles southeast is the Mount

Kailas, which is the Himalaya of the Himalayas. The natives call it Kang Teese, which signifies their deep reverence toward it as "the father of all the Himalayas." At the foot of its northwest slope is the Raskas Tal, and on its southern side the town of Darchen on the coast of Lake Manasarowar. Most of the maps and atlases now in use make it appear that Langchen Kaubab (river Sutlej) flows from the Raskas Tal. I went entirely around the lake and failed to discover any connection between the lake and the river. A native, well versed in the topography of the country, with whom I traveled for a while, told me that he had traced the course of that river up to a fountain gushing from a crevice in a rock beside the temple Danchu Gonpa, northwest of Mount Kailas. Some maps show a river connecting Manasarowar with Raskas Tal, but there is no such stream. Once in ten years or so an unusual flood causes the overflow of Raskas Tal to reach Manasarowar.

#### HARDSHIPS OF THE JOURNEY

FROM Darchen I went to Tockchen, in the province of Konggen, and then, avoiding the highways, crossed that province, twice recrossed the Brahmaputra, and traversed the province of Hortosh, rejoining the highway at Toksum Tasam and reaching Tadum on November 1. In all this roundabout wandering I had carried all my luggage on my back, and that made the journey a veritable torture to me. Many a time I injured my feet seriously while jogging over rugged and precipitous places. More than once I was carried away by the strong currents of ice-cold water while wading across large rivers. At one time I gave myself up for lost, when I awoke to find myself buried in deep snow which had fallen in the night, and too numb to move from the cold and exhaustion which had caused me to fall asleep in spite of myself. Twice I was set upon by highwaymen, who, finding that I carried only books and a few necessaries, let me go unrobbed; but the third time the robbers took everything from me save my books. For three days I had no food, and when too weak to walk any more I sank down to die. Far away I saw the rider of a horse and beckoned to him. He took from his coat cheese and sugar; he gave

me tea, and I revived. Besides the suffering from hunger and cold, the glittering seas of snow through which I came brought on a painful disease of the eye. On one occasion I was attacked by a herd of wild Tibetan dogs, and was bitten by a ferocious one. I also found it a frightful thing to sink deep in almost bottomless quagmires.

At Tadum I joined a company of Tibetan merchant-priests hailing from Lutok. My luggage was carried for me for three hundred and thirty-two miles to Lharuche, a barter-station for the nomadic people of the northeast plain and central Tibet. It lies on the southern bank of the Brahmaputra and is wrongly marked Tanglarche on many maps. It is near the Chang Tang, or north plain of non-arable land.

The pastoral people of the Chang Tang are of two tribes. One tribe possess settled homesteads and send their cattle out to distant pastures; the others are regular nomads, who live by moving from place to place in search of green grasses, and in their migrations their yaks carry their tents and household furniture. They bind themselves to emigrate to fixed spots during certain periods of the year. Their tents are made of cloth woven from yaks' wool. They raise sheep, goats, and horses as well as yaks, and from April to October these domesticated animals feed on fresh grass. For the rest of the year they subsist on dry grasses and their roots, and when snow falls heavily they often die from starvation.

I left Lharuche at the end of November, and, after calling at the large temple of Shakia, covered the ninety-seven miles to Tashi Lhunpo, a grand temple in the city of Shigatze, in eleven days. I spent more than one hundred days—the months of December, January, and February—in calling on the local scholars, high priests, and savants of Shigatze, which is situated one hundred and seventy-five miles from Lhasa.

I mention here one thing about which I felt rather curious just before my entry into Lhasa. Some of the geographers represent a river flowing out of Lake Yamdo and emptying into the Brahmaputra. My exploration showed me that there was no such river, but that one had its source in a mountain which rises to the west of a post town called Yahse, three miles west of Lake Yamdo. There is a small stream which may be traced to a fountain which

wells out from a height on the east of Yahse and flows into the Yamdo. The town of Naum had undergone a change since the visit of Sarat Chandra Das of India. The town was wiped out of existence by an inundation from the river Kichu in July, 1877, and the inhabitants removed to a site on a mountain-side west of their former village.

#### ARRIVAL IN LHASA

I TRAVELED two thousand four hundred and ninety miles from Darjiling to Lhasa, and on the 21st of March, 1900, I was provisionally admitted into the university and temple of Sera. A month later, after passing the prescribed examinations, I was allowed to attend and study in the catechism department of that university. While there I came to be known as the "Sera i Amchi," or doctor of Sera, my attempt at the rôle of Chinese physician having proved successful on several occasions. My renown as a healer opened the doors of many great houses of Lhasa to me. Among the grandees whom I met in this way was the ex-Minister of the Treasury, Chamba Choe San, who received me with special favor. My acquaintance with the ex-minister ripened into a close friendship, and I went to live in his house. This gave me opportunity to escape from the busy life of an amateur doctor with a large general practice, which left me no time to pursue my studies. In the quiet of Chamba Choe's home I could engage in my religious researches, and through him have access to the libraries of many temples.

#### AN AUDIENCE WITH THE DALAI LAMA

I WAS summoned to a first audience with the Dalai Lama on September 13, 1900, being taken to the Tse Potala palace by the court doctor, who had offered me the position of assistant court doctor to him. My successful treatment of several distinguished patients had made me known within the palace walls, and the ruler wished to see and talk with the new doctor. The buildings are grouped in imposing mass on a hill to the northwest of the city, and from the upper terraces of the palace one sweeps the great plain, surrounded by mountains and marked with clusters of yellow-roofed temples. I was conducted through many rooms with richly decorated

ceilings and walls in Chinese style, and reaching the presence, prostrated myself three times before his Sublimity the Dalai Lama of Tibet. I remained standing through the rest of the audience until I knelt to receive his blessing, by the placing of his hand upon my head, before withdrawing. He is a young man, now twenty-eight years of age, with a fine, intelligent countenance. He was seated in a chair, wearing the yellow Tatar hood or priest's cowl, and robes of yellow silk and red wool, with many under-robés of party-colored silks. He held his rosary of bodhi-tree beads (fruit of the pipul or bo-tree) in his left hand. Although the Dalai Lama possesses incredible stores of gold and jewels, and rosaries of every precious material, he carried only this simple rosary of the priests on each occasion of my seeing him. The attendants brought tea in handsomely carved silver tea-pots, and extending my wooden tea-cup, which every one in Tibet carries with him, I drank in his presence. "You must cure my priests," was his frequent remark; but we discussed many other things.

#### "HIS SUBLIMITY" AS A RULER

His Sublimity is by nature a man of superior courage and excellent qualities, while possessed of a profound knowledge of Buddhism. He is also a man of great political talents and resources, as his doings attest. He was not raised to the throne by the usual ballot method. While an infant he was brought to Lhasa with two other babes, all of whom were regarded as incarnations of the Dalai Lama. Subsequently the Regent Lama and ministers of state of that time had reason to consider that two of the infants were devils incarnate, and the present pope the only genuine incarnation of the Dalai Lama. They obtained the recognition of the Chinese amban, or resident minister in Tibet, to this theory, and succeeded in placing the boy on the throne without resource to balloting on the three candidates. Since coming of age he has taken the government wholly into his own hands, and is endeavoring to reform the civil service by making appointments to office according to the personal merits of candidates, and to put a stop to the bribery, corruption, and favoritism at court. Few dalai lamas have lived to

actually rule, the corrupt ministers poisoning each one before he came of age and setting another infant incarnation in his place. The Dalai Lama has lately concluded a secret treaty with Russia, and an exchange of presents was made with the Czar. The emissary of the Czar was a Burriat Mongol lama, whose people have always been free to come and go, visit and make pilgrimages about Lhasa. Working through the three tutors of the Dalai Lama, he was received and treated with in 1900. Three hundred camel-loads of presents arrived from Russia in 1902, and I saw some of the new rifles which then came. Formerly the old fuse-gun was the only firearm in use in Tibet, and Tibetans high and low were astounded at the quality of these muskets and knew no bounds in their admiration of Russian mechanical skill. As a matter of fact, the rifles in question were of American manufacture, and their range was, at the most, only five hundred meters. I saw the actual things myself at the time.

Among other gifts sent by the Czar to the Dalai Lama was a complete set of the vestments of a bishop of the Russian-Greek Church—cloth-of-gold garments embroidered with precious stones, and a tall gold cap sewed with pearls. The Dalai Lama did not know that the Russians had a religion different from the Tibetan. He believed the Russians, like the Burriat Mongols, were all Buddhists, and the Czar a great Bodhisattva possessed of mystic powers. He was pleased with this gift of rich clothing and sometimes wore it.

#### PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDINGS

In the center of the city of Lhasa is the great temple dedicated to the worship of Shakya Muni Buddha. It is a three-storied structure in Chinese style, a half-mile in circumference, with four gilded roofs or pavilions above the great roof. It contains a gilded statue of the Shakya Muni Buddha, which was brought to Lhasa by the Princess Wan-Cheng, a daughter of the Emperor Tai-Tsung of the Tang dynasty, who gave her in marriage to King Songtsan Gampo of Tibet about 643 A.D. It was originally presented by India to the imperial court of China. It wears a crown or head-dress of gold strung with jewels, and is sheltered by a gilded canopy of great dimensions. At the services in this temple

the priests read and chant the Scriptures in chorus, with loud accompaniment of gongs, bells, and cymbals. Lights burn before the image, fed with melted butter, and all the books, pictures, hangings, and vestments are dirty with this butter.

The great structure adjoining this temple contains the Labian Chenbo, or Department of the Treasury, the Lhasa law-courts, the audience-chamber of the Dalai Lama, temple kitchens, and store-rooms where a great treasure of gold and precious stones has accumulated.

The broad way circumscribing this Shakya temple is called Balkor (pronounced *pal'kol*) and forms the busiest part of Lhasa, being lined with shops and roadside traders. Kams, Chinese, Kashmirs, Nepalese, and occasionally Mongols make up this company of traders. Both men and women are enthusiastic traders in Tibet, and especially striking is the sight of Buddhist priests selling divers merchandise at roadside stalls, with the sleeves of their clerical robes rolled high up their arms.

The buildings of Lhasa city are of one and two stories, flat-roofed, built of stone or sunburned bricks, with cement or clay and gravel roof. An earthen chimney opens from the kitchen. High-class dwellings have a large skylight covered with a secondary roof two or three feet above the main roof. Paper and horn windows admit more light, and the interior walls are richly decorated. The floors are of earth, sometimes covered with cement, and cushions are laid on the ground for seats. Chinese tea-shelves, tables, and chairs are much esteemed, and there is always a miniature shrine for the worship of Buddha, or a niche with a full set of ritualistic belongings for that purpose.

#### IN THE STREETS

THE streets are never repaired, and, except for a slight cleaning in January and March of the Tibetan calendar, are dreadfully dirty. Except in the Balkor, the streets are full of human excretions, and there is not a public lavatory in Lhasa, nor any conveniences in the houses, their occupants making free use of the public streets instead.

A seemly street, comparatively speaking, is the boulevard called Ringkor, encircling the city. Buddhist pilgrims pass over this

sacred way with "a step and a bow." Each clasps his hands in prayer above his head, lowers them to the mouth, to the breast, and prostrates himself face downward, with the clasped hands extended in advance. He marks the place where the hands rest, and rising, steps to that spot, prostrates himself, and rises again. In this way he measures in four days the distance he could walk in three hours, the most contrite pilgrims often marking each such step with coins or precious stones left in the roadway. I once heard such a repentant pilgrim, a Kam, praying in this way: "Ah, Kalimbo Tia, Shakya Muni Buddha, other Buddhas, and saints of the three worlds and ten quarters! I confess here that many a time have I killed traveling strangers; oft have I committed robberies; the wives of other people have I appropriated; quarrels and incidental thrashings of others have I indulged in time out of number; and hosts of other grave crimes and dark sins am I guilty of. All these I confess unto thee, here on this slope. Clearly and unmistakably have I made this confession, and I believe I am now absolved of my transgressions. And (now while I am at it) I confess here also to the homicides, robberies, the appropriations of other men's wives, beating of others, etc., that I may perpetrate in the future."

#### THE POLICY OF THE CLOSED DOOR

THE *raison d'être* of the Tibetan government is the preservation and maintenance of Buddhism. So the policy of the closed door and seclusion was originally adopted for the same reason. But this policy has now undergone a change in character, and has become a vital principle of national preservation—vital as considered by Tibetans. Several foreigners, Europeans, have entered Lhasa since the expulsion of the French priests Huc and Gabet in 1846. From what I heard, I think they were Christian (Romanist) priests in disguise; but instead of being sent away, they were cared for, and given much good food, in which was poison. My host, Chamba Choe, had served many years as governor

of Lhasa before he became Finance Minister, and he told me that twice he had to go out and turn back foreigners with foreign women who were trying to enter Lhasa. Once two foreigners and a foreign woman came within a day's journey of Lhasa, and they were the most difficult to deal with. "These foreigners were very good and noble, but I could not say, 'Welcome,'" was this governor's feeling.<sup>1</sup> Although they were permitted to send into Lhasa and buy food, they were not poised.

#### THE RELIGIONS OF TIBET

THE recognized religions of Tibet are the Bon (pronounced *pon*), or Buddhism of the old school, and that of the new school. Except for the offering of sacrifices, the Bon is much like esoteric Buddhism. The old-school Buddhism countenances among its priests marriage, the drinking of intoxicants, eating meat, dancing, and singing, and teaches that these pleasures are indispensable for attaining esoteric mental-equilibrium. Among the priests of the Zokchenba, Karjukba, Sakyawa, and Zubka sects, who belong to the old school, there are some who strictly maintain the anti-temptation commandments and devote themselves to years of hard study. The student priest may secure the degree *gésé* (master) only after twenty years of study, and after as many more years of training and putting into practice the tenets of esoteric teaching he may be granted the degree or rank of Bodhisattva. One of these holy men is Tshrimpo Che of the Lama Gympa order. One holy man in Lhasa and another in Shigatze are renowned through Tibet for the mystic powers they have acquired after a novitiate of a lifetime. Another type of priest places the greatest importance on chanting the Scripture and observing rituals alone; and the *Tony sapa*, or street priests, roam about praying for happiness and chanting to dispel all evil. There are also the *Tabto*, or *Soshi bozu*, as they might be called in Japanese, priestly roughs in English. They constitute one third of the clerical population of Tibet. Their occupation consists in training them-

<sup>1</sup> This party of two foreign men and a foreign woman was undoubtedly that of Mr. and Mrs. St. George Littledale, who reached a point forty-five miles from Lhasa in 1895, the nearest attained by a foreigner since 1846. They were in treaty

with the Lhasa officials for some time, and sent to Lhasa regularly for supplies, but finally retired. The only published account is that by Mr. Littledale, in the "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society," London, 1896.

selves in the arts of stone-throwing, high-jumping, tests of bodily strength, wrestling, and singing wild songs. Their daily religious duties are comprised in reading the Scriptures, and they have no scholarly attainments. The six millions of Tibetans are expected to support 431,242 priests of the new school of Buddhism, and among these are a thousand reincarnated lamas, who are given a special education, in consequence of which they are generally men of great scholarship and praiseworthy behavior, and deserving of the general respect and reverence they enjoy.

The government employs one hundred and sixty-five official priests of royal appointment, and the same number of lay officials, also of royal appointment. Four grand secretaries are chosen out of these official clergy, and also the same number of ministers-president out of the lay officials. The departments of the Royal Household, Religious Affairs, War, and Treasury all have their own ministers, some departments having one, two, or three associate ministers subordinate to the one longest in office. At present one of the four ministers-president is a priest named Tehkan.

#### THE POPULATION

THE population of Lhasa, estimated at 100,000, cannot exceed 70,000, and the number of people in clerical orders is not as great as is claimed. The Brebun temple contains 7700 priests and students, the grand temple of Sera 5500, and the great Goden temple 3300. These represent the regulation numbers allotted to these larger temples, but in fact the numbers vary from time to time. Among the inhabitants of Lhasa, Tibetans are in greatest number; then follow Kams, Chinese, Nepalese, and Kashmiris. Tibetans and Kams use a tongue of the same origin, but the two peoples are markedly different in facial appearance, bodily construction, and general characteristics. Tibetans are extremely filthy in their habits, and for this reason they consider even the Chinese a very cleanly people.

#### CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE

AT present in Lhasa many observe the principle of one man, one wife. Polyandry

is prevalent among the higher class, while free and unceremonious union is quite common among the lower. Among the upper class the matrimonial rights belong to parents, who may exercise them at will. Still, the right of conducting the affairs of a family is left entirely to the mistress of the household.

The citizens of Lhasa are the most affable in disposition and polished in manner and speech of all Tibetans. They are very vindictive and revengeful, concealing anger, however, until there is opportunity to wreak vengeance to their heart's content. Both sexes are very extravagant in dress, and both decorate the ear-lobes with turquoise and gold trinkets. The women wear coral and turquoise ornaments in their hair, and also pearl- and amber-set head-gear. Their other ornaments are gold neck-rings, rings of silver on the right arm and of conch-shell on the left, gold finger-rings, etc. Government officials ordinarily wear silk or wool cloth of maroon color, but on ceremonial occasions the color is pure yellow. The more pretentious people and many of the common people wear maroon color usually, but the lower classes wear gray-colored sheep's-wool cloth of rough native make. Some wear shoes of Chinese pattern, but the majority wear those of native style covered with sheep's-wool cloth.

Human bodies are generally thrown away to feed bald-headed eagles and dogs. Some few are consigned to water and to fire, but cremation is most rare. The remains of those dying of smallpox are buried underground. The smallpox epidemic of 1900 played great havoc in the population of central Tibet, and more than six thousand are known to have died; but disastrous as was the effect of this disease, it in no way interfered with the swelling of the population of Tibet. Again, while the system of polyandry is keeping down population, the Tibetan government is worrying itself over its steady increase. It is paradoxical that in a country where polyandry is countenanced, Tibetan law forbids the marriage of cousins, and transgressors against this law are regarded as criminals.

#### AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE

AGRICULTURE is in an infant stage in Tibet, and although there is a large area of cul-

tivated land, the crops are very small. No fertilizers are used, and when the land yields a crop five times the quantity of the seeds sown, it is considered a good year.

Commerce, on the other hand, is in a comparatively well-developed state, as government officials, farmers, and even priests all go in for business in Tibet. Some merchants conduct large import and export business with China and India, and all shopkeepers contrive to attract attention to their goods. Tibetan artisans and mechanics are in a very backward stage. The art that has attained a high degree of development is that of tailoring and dress-making. Some artistic skill is observed among smithies, who are generally Pal-pose, and also among jewelers. Wages of such workmen in Lhasa average 16 sen a day, with board, for inferior workers and 24 sen a day for those of higher class.

#### FOOD

THE city people are great meat-eaters; the flesh of the yak is most commonly consumed, and after that mutton, goat's flesh, and beef receive favor. Country people seldom eat the meat which they raise to sell, and it is equally a treat for them to have fish or pork, or the luxury of green vegetables, which are all consumed in the city. Rich and poor subsist chiefly on warm baked wheat flour and tea—Chinese or Indian tea rubbed in with butter and salt. They manufacture a distilled spirit, but a home-brewed beer is the chief beverage. No tax or excise duty is levied on intoxicants or their manufacture in Tibet.

Eating- and drinking-houses are largely run by Chinese, and they also keep shops where a specialty is made of macaroni. Tibetans are in a way hospitable and give many feasts. My first real Tibetan feast occurred in Darjiling, to which were also invited Dr. Yenryo Inouye (the Japanese "Borderland" philosopher) and Kang Yu Wei, the Chinese reformer and scholar. Our Tibetan host expressed his respect for us and appreciation of our remarks by rising to his feet and extending his tongue to its full length. The long Tibetan winter evenings are marked by many such feasts, dimly illuminated by oil- and butter-fed lamps. The matches used in Lhasa are imported chiefly from Japan.

#### A HASTY DEPARTURE

INFORMATION having reached me that the fact of my being a Japanese, and therefore a trespasser in the country, had become known to the Tibetan government, I left secretly on May 29, 1902, for Gyangche city, having passed two years and almost two months in the Forbidden City. From Gyangche I took the public road by way of Phari Jong, and after eventlessly coming past five challenge-gates, I arrived safe at Kalempon, June 19. The two horse-loads of luggage which I had despatched from Lhasa previous to my own departure arrived intact, containing my copy of the history of Buddhism, other scriptures, and a secret collection of Tibetan books. In any other country the woodcut edition of the Buddhist Scriptures is most difficult to secure. Sanskrit editions of Buddhistic literature are extensively in existence in Tibet, but these I could not contrive to bring back with me. Leaving Kalempon July 2, I was in Darjiling the next day, and for some months lay there ill of malarial fever. During that time I met many Tibetan merchants fresh from Lhasa, who told me that after the departure of the Sera i Amchi (as I was called) the Tibetan government threw into prison several persons who had been on intimate terms with me, a part of Sera University was closed, and the Minister of Finance was put on trial, all on account of my having been harbored in Lhasa and having escaped. When I found that these reports were true, I hastened to Calcutta and Delhi, where I arrived December 23, 1902. I knew that our Lieutenant-General Oku was present at Delhi at King Edward's coronation durbar, and also the King of Nepal. I wanted General Oku to undertake for me the conveyance to the King of Nepal of a letter of appeal which recited my adventures in Tibet, and begged him to mediate with the Dalai Lama for the release of those who were suffering for my sake and in my place in Tibet. Unfortunately, I failed in this attempt. Full of disappointment and with troubled mind, I returned to Calcutta, and left for Nepal January 10, 1903. There I was more fortunate. In Khatmandu I secured the kindly services of his Excellency Chandra Samchal, who virtually rules the country as its Prime Minister, and who

caused my letter to be forwarded to the Dalai Lama. The Lama listened to my epistolary prayers and granted the release of my Tibetan friends and benefactors. That was not all, for Minister Chandra presented me with a set of valuable Buddhist Scriptures in Sanskrit, consisting of forty volumes, which I have brought home with me.

I reached Calcutta again on March 22,

and, sailing from Bombay, I was landed at Kobe pier May 20, 1903, safely returned to my native country after an absence of six years.

It is my intention to revisit Nepal in the course of the year 1904, with the main object of securing more collections of Buddhist Scriptures in Sanskrit, and also the Tibetan edition of the Tripitaka.



## WEE MACGREGOR

NEW YEAR'S EVE AT GRAN'PAW PURDIE'S

BY J. J. BELL

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. WILLIAMS



HE little parlor of the old people's modest abode at Rothesay was a picture of coziness, and Grandfather Purdie and his spouse were hospitality and kindness personified. The Robinson family had just arrived from Glasgow, and, after a chilly though not unpleasant journey, were enjoying the comforts of the tea-table, Macgregor's appetite being, as usual, remarkably keen, especially for the luxuries.

"Macgregor," said his careful mother in a whisper, "ye're no' to pit jeely on yer first piece."

The boy let the spoon slip back into the jelly-dish, and, looking disappointed, applied himself to his bread and butter, while his father winked at Lizzie, as much as to say that she might let the youngster have his own way, seeing that this was a special occasion.

Lizzie, however, ignored the signal, and proceeded to attend to her small daughter Jeannie, who was gulping her portion of milk and hot water rather too eagerly for safety. "Canny, ma dearie, or ye'll choke yersel'," she said, removing the mug gently, and giving the child a finger of bread and butter.

"Want jeely," said wee Jeannie.

"Ye'll get jeely in a wee whiley," returned the mother. "See, eat yer nice piece."

"Want jeely."

"Ah, but it's no' time fer jeely yet, ma daurlin'."

"Want jeely," repeated Jeannie, whose young mind was above arguments.

"Tits! Lizzie," interposed the grandfather, "gi'e the wean jeely if she wants it. Ye needna be that strict on Hogmany," he added, smiling.

"Weel, weel," she returned, "maybe I needna, fayther."

"Here the jeely, maw," said Macgregor, passing the dish to her, his expression a mixture of intense expectation and virtuous resignation.

Mrs. Robinson took a spoonful, laid it on her plate, and spread some of it on her daughter's bread and butter.

"Are ye no' fer ony yersel', mamannie?" Mr. Purdie asked his grandson.

Macgregor glanced at his mother, and she, after a moment's hesitation, passed him the dish. "Deed, fayther," she said laughingly to the old man, "ye w'u'd spile ony wean! But I mind fine when ye w'u'd-na let me tak' jeely on ma first piece."

"Dae ye, ma dochter? Weel, weel, ye needna gang an' veesit the sins o' yer



Drawn by C. D. Williams. Halftone plate engraved by S. Davis  
“MACGREGOR GETS HELPT FIRST FER BEIN’ THE YOUNGEST”

parents on yer children," he retorted, with a chuckle, "especially on the last nicht o' the auld year."

"Deed, no!" exclaimed old Mrs. Purdie, from the other end of the table, where she smiled very happily and often, but seldom spoke.

So Macgregor tucked into the jelly and other good things till Mr. Purdie could not help saying:

"Mind an' leave room fer yer supper, laddie."

"Are we gaun to get supper ferby?" exclaimed the boy, in gratified surprise.

"Na, na," said Lizzie. "Yer gran'paw's jist jokin'. Ye maun gang early to yer bed the nicht, an' ha'e a fine day ootby the morn—if it's no' ower cauld or wat."

"I dinna want to gang to ma bed early, maw. I want to bring in the New Year."

"Oh, ye're ower wee to sit up sae late, dearie."

"I'm no', maw! Wullie Thomson's maw is gaun to let him sit up, an' he's faur wee-er nor me."

His mother shook her head. "I canna help whit Mistress Thomson lets Wullie dae. Maybe that's whit mak's him peely-wally: sittin' up late is na guid fer laddies."

"But Wullie ay gangs earlier to his bed nor me, maw," Macgregor persisted.

Lizzie was at a loss, and her husband said boldly:

"Let Macgregor bring in the New Year, wumman."

"An' let him ha'e his supper like the rest o' us," added Mr. Purdie.

"Jist that," said Mrs. Purdie, beaming across the table.

Mrs. Robinson laughed ruefully. "Ye're a' ag'in' me, so I suppose Macgregor'll ha'e to get his ain way. But I dinna believe in late suppers fer weans, an' I doot Macgregor'll be needin' to get ile i' the mornin'."

"I'll tak' the ile, maw," said Macgregor so eagerly that everybody laughed except his mother and sister, the latter being otherwise engaged with another long drink.

Lizzie was only human, and a sharp rejoinder was at her lips, when Mr. Purdie, who had taken off his spectacles for the purpose of wiping them, let them drop, in the most innocent manner imaginable, into his second cup of tea. The laugh was now against him, and he took it with the utmost good humor.

Macgregor was particularly delighted at the little mishap, and there is no saying how long he would have laughed had not a crumb of cake gone down the wrong way and changed his mirth to a fit of coughing so severe that his mother fell to thumping him on the back, while the others of the party sat aghast, Mr. Purdie inwardly reproaching himself for the trouble he felt he had caused.

"Ye s'u'dna lauch wi' cake in yer mooth, dearie," said Lizzie, when her son, much to her relief, was sitting panting with a very red countenance and tearful eyes, but "out of danger."

"I—I didna ken gran'paw wis gaun to drap his spec's in his—his tea," said Macgregor, and his excuse was surely one of justification.

"Deed, it wis a' ma fau'," said the old man, regretfully. "I s'u'dna ha'e tried to—I mean it wis a daft-like thing to dae."

And Mr. Purdie put on his spectacles, a proceeding which threw his grandson into a fresh fit of laughter; for, in his confusion, he had omitted to dry them, and two brown tears ran down the ancient cheeks. He took them off, laughing as heartily as any one, and Macgregor, recovering himself, fumbled in his breast pocket, and said:

"Ha'e, gran'paw. I'll len' ye ma hanky."

But Mr. Purdie was already wiping his face with a huge old-fashioned colored handkerchief. "Thenk ye, thenk ye, ma mannie," he said, touched by his grandson's attention. "I'll no' spile yer braw white hanky."

"I w'u'dna like to ha'e a rid yin like yours," agreeably remarked Macgregor, returning his white square to his pocket.

Fortunately his mother did not hear the remark, and presently the party rose from the table and gathered about the fire, where the elders sat chatting for an hour, at the end of which Mrs. Robinson decided to put the drowsy Jeannie to bed, and Mrs. Purdie set about clearing the tea-things preparatory to looking after supper.

Mr. Purdie and his son-in-law set their pipes a-going, and Macgregor sat between them, feeling very manly indeed, and very uncomfortable, too (though he would never have admitted that), for he sat just on the slippery edge of a horsehair-covered chair in order that his toes might

touch the floor. It would have been so undignified to have dangled his legs.

"W'u'd ye no' like to sit on the hassock, ma mannie?" said his grandfather, kindly, producing from under his easy-chair a well-worn, carpet-covered footstool.

"Naw," the boy returned scornfully. "I'm fine here." With a view to showing how "fine" he was, he endeavored to fling one leg over the other, as he noticed his father doing at the moment; but, as luck would have it, he slid from his perch and fell with a mild thud on the hearth-rug.

"Are ye hurt?" the twain exclaimed, his father rising hastily.

"Naw; I'm no' that easy hurt," muttered Macgregor, with a ruddy countenance, and a tear of mortification in each eye, as he resumed his chair.

Grandfather Purdie was going to suggest the hassock a second time, but John, with a wink, whispered: "Jist let him tak' his ain way. He disna like ye to think he's no' a big laddie, ye ken."

"Deed, aye," said the old man, understanding at once. He and John conversed for perhaps ten minutes, and then they were interrupted by Macgregor, who, beginning to find it dull, started whistling in a peculiar hissing fashion, which would have been extremely irritating to any one but his present companions.

"Are ye wearyin', Macgregor?" asked Mr. Purdie.

Macgregor replied:

"Dae a recite, gran'paw."

"Haud yer tongue, Macgregor," said John, most gently, wishing his wife could have heard him exercising the authority which he had promised her he would exercise over the youngster during the visit.

But Mr. Purdie genially replied:

"An' whit w'u'd ye like me to recite, ma mannie? Ye'll be wantin' somethin' new, I'm thinkin'. Eh? Aweel, here a bit I cut oot o' a paper, thinkin' ye might like it. But I'll ha'e to read it, fer ma mem'ry's no' as guid as it used to be." As a matter of fact, Mr. Purdie had been practising the reading assiduously for three weeks, in view of his grandson's visit.

He adjusted his spectacles, cleared his throat, and began reading in his old-fashioned, impressive manner.

But the story did not appeal to Macgregor. He listened patiently enough during the first half, shuffled uneasily dur-

ing the remainder, and at the conclusion remarked:

"It's no' as nice as yer ither recites, gran'paw."

"I'm vexed ye didna like it," said the old man, trying to conceal his disappointment.

"I'm shair Macgregor liket it fine," interposed John. "But, ye see, he kens the auld stories best."

"Aye," said the boy. "But dae yin aboot folk gettin' kilt. Dae thon yin aboot the man that drooned the ither man, an' then got rabbit by the ghost. Thon's an awfu' nice yin," he added, with a slight shudder.

"Na, na; that's no' a story fer Hogmanay, dearie."

"Aw, aye, gran'paw," said Macgregor, leaving his perch, and standing persuasively at Mr. Purdie's knee. "An' then dae the yin aboot the skeletin in the boax, an' the yin aboot the—"

Mr. Purdie smilingly shook his head, but was eventually persuaded to get out his old recitation-book. He did not read all the extreme horrors requested, but he read many pieces familiar, and therefore acceptable, to Macgregor, until, as hoarse as a raven, he laid the book aside.

"Dae anither, gran'paw!" begged the youngster, to whom the hoarseness had been but extra enjoyment.

John, however, did his duty, and the old man was permitted a short season of rest.

And before long Mrs. Purdie and Lizzie, who had both been very busy in the kitchen, appeared, and proceeded to lay the table for supper.

Macgregor kept silence awhile, but at last, Lizzie being alone, out burst the question:

"Whit are we to get, maw?"

His mother bit her lip and pretended not to hear him.

"Maw, whit's that nice smell?" he whispered.

"It'll be naethin' fer you, if ye dinna haud yer tongue," she replied severely in an undertone.

He held his peace for a couple of minutes. Then, in a tone of the tenderest inquiry:

"Is't a pie, maw?"

Lizzie replied with a look of solemn warning.



Drawn by C. D. Williams

"MACGREGOR WAS CONTENT TO SIT ON THE HASSOCK"

"Am I to get lemonade, maw?"

"John," she cried desperately, "can ye no' gi'e Macgregor somethin' to keep him quate?"

"He's no' makin' a noise, is he?" said John, who had dropped into a chat with his father-in-law. "Whit is 't ye're wantin', ma laddie?"

"I wis just speirin' whit we wis gaun to get to—"

Macgregor's reply was interrupted by his mother exclaiming:

"Whisht! Another word, an' ye'll gang to yer bed this vera meenit!"

"Macgregor," said Mr. Purdie, "here, an' I'll gi'e ye a guess. If a herrin' an' a hauf cost three bawbees, hoo mony w'u'd ye get fer eleevenpence?"

"Ach, that's an auld yin! I ken it fine. Gi'e's another, gran'paw."

"Ye s'u'dna speak to yer gran'paw like that," said Lizzie.

"Whit way, maw?"

But Lizzie left the room, feeling affronted, and joined her mother in the kitchen.

"Gi'e's another, gran'paw," said Macgregor.

Mr. Purdie scratched his old head. "Dod, I doot I canna mind ony mair. John, gi'e Macgregor a guess," he said, appealing to his son-in-law.

"I ken a' paw's guesses," said Macgregor before his parent could open his mouth.

But just then arrived relief for the elders. Old Mrs. Purdie entered, smiling. "Are ye a' ready fer yer suppers?"

"Aye," replied Macgregor so promptly that the assents of the others were mere echoes.

"Weel, ma dearie," said his grandmother, "come awa' wi' me an' help to cairry the plates."

He followed her to the kitchen, and there cried in triumph:

"I kent it wis a pie!"

"Aw, Macgregor!" sighed his mother, reproachfully.

A few minutes later there was not a cheerier little year-end party in Scotland. Perhaps the old people missed their son Robert, the grocer in Glasgow, to assist in bringing in the New Year, but they knew he would arrive with his wife early the next day, and they pretended not to hear when Macgregor whispered to his father:

"I 'm awfu' gled Aunt Purdie 's no' here." For, as those who have met her know, Aunt Purdie was inclined to play the grand lady with her plain relatives, and also to treat Macgregor even more sternly than was necessary.

Grandfather Purdie laughed to his spouse across the table, as he flourished a large knife and fork. "This 'll no' be yer first Hogmanay pie, auld wife," he cried.

She smiled. "Ask a blessin', auld man," she said softly.

"Dod, I near fergot!" he muttered apologetically, laying down the knife and fork; and, resting his right elbow on the table, he cover'd his eyes with his wrinkled hand.

"MACGREGOR gets helpit first fer bein' the youngest," he said presently.

"Dinna gi'e him a' that gravy, fayther," said Lizzie.

"But I like the gravy, maw," protested the boy.

"Aye; but I 'm feart ye mak' a splutter on yer gran'maw's fine braw table-cloth."

"I 'll be rale canny, maw."

"Weel, weel, see an' no' mak' a mess."

It was a plenteous repast, seasoned throughout with benevolence and merriment. Mr. Purdie told stories and chuckled; Mrs. Purdie listened and beamed; John laughed and winked pleasantly at his wife; and Lizzie, having somehow relaxed her watchfulness over her son, enjoyed herself more than she usually did in company.

And what if Macgregor ate and drank more heartily than was perhaps good for him? What if he did splutter some gravy on the cloth? What if he boasted rather often about sitting up to welcome the New Year? What if he insisted on pouring half his lemonade into Mr. Purdie's tumbler, which contained a very little whisky, and

so touched the old man that the latter drank the sweet mixture, though he loathed it? What if he nearly wrecked the whole feast by sliding off his chair under the table and all but clutching the cloth in his descent? What if—

But no matter; the feast ended as happily as it began, and once more there was a gathering by the hearth to while away the two hours that remained to the old year.

But now Macgregor was content to sit on the hassock while his grandfather gave one more reading. When the reading was ended he did not demand another, and before long the elders paused in their grown-up chat, and nodded, smiling, to the hearth-rug, where the boy, having slipped from the hassock, had fallen sound asleep.

"Puir daurlin'!" said the grandmother, gently.

"He 'll be wearit wi' the journey, nae doot," said Mr. Purdie.

Lizzie remembered that she had forgotten to bring the family bottle of castor-oil, but looked sympathetically on the sleeper.

"John," she said, "w'u'd ye no' pit him ower on the sofa?"

"Deed, aye," replied John, and Macgregor, without protest, allowed himself to be carried to the temporary couch.

THE old couple and the young talked and talked and talked, sadly, gladly, of days gone by and of days to come, sighing or laughing quickly, but sympathizing always. Now and then there fell a silence, and they would glance separately at the sleeper, and back to one another, smiling gently, Lizzie as gently as any. What would they do without him?

"Mercy me!" cried Lizzie, pointing suddenly. "It 's twal' o'clock!"

The long hand of the old clock in the corner was only a minute from the hour.

"I maun wauken Macgregor," said John. "He w'u'd be sair disapp'nted if—"

"Aye; he maun hear the 'oor strikin'," said Mr. Purdie, starting up. "Haste ye, an' wauken him, John."

But the boy was sleeping very sound.

"Macgregor, Macgregor, the New Year 's comin' in!"

Macgregor grunted drowsily.

"He w'u'dna forgi'e us if we let him

sleep past the time," said Lizzie, and she joined her husband in attempting to rouse the boy.

Sounds rose in the street, and a voice bawled, "A guid New Year to aye an' a'!"

"Whit a peety! He 'll be ower late," sighed Mrs. Purdie, as she joined the parents.

The jovial sounds from the street increased. A church clock boomed midnight.

"It 's ower late," sighed Mrs. Purdie, John, and Lizzie together as Macgregor at last sat up blinking.

"Is 't the New Year?" he asked.

"Aye, but—but—"

A chuckle came from Grandfather Purdie. "Na; it 's no' ower late. It wants near hauf a meenit to twal." And he pointed to the face of the old clock in front of which he was standing.

Macgregor rubbed his eyes and gazed.

"Listen," said Mr. Purdie. "D' ye hear the auld year tickin' awa'? Noo it 's jist gaun to strike!"

"A guid New Year!" cried everybody to everybody else, and much hand-shaking and kissing ensued.

"Did ye like bringin' in the New Year, ma mannie?" inquired the old man a little later.

Macgregor, now fairly wide awake, replied:

"Aye, fine! But did the New Year come oot the clock, gran'paw?"

"Eh?"

"Whit way is the wee door o' the clock open, gran'paw?"

Mr. Purdie stared helplessly. "I thocht I had shut it," he muttered feebly.

"Whit way—" began the boy again.

"Macgregor, come to yer bed, dearie," Lizzie interrupted.

"But whit way—"

"No' anither word! Ye maun ha'e a guid sleep noo, an' be ready fer yer presents in the mornin'." And she led him away.

"I wis near catched that time," said Grandfather Purdie to himself. "I w'u'dna ha'e liket onybody to ha'e seen me haudin' the pendulum."

Mrs. Purdie and John were talking together by the fire, and he went over to the clock and cautiously closed its door.

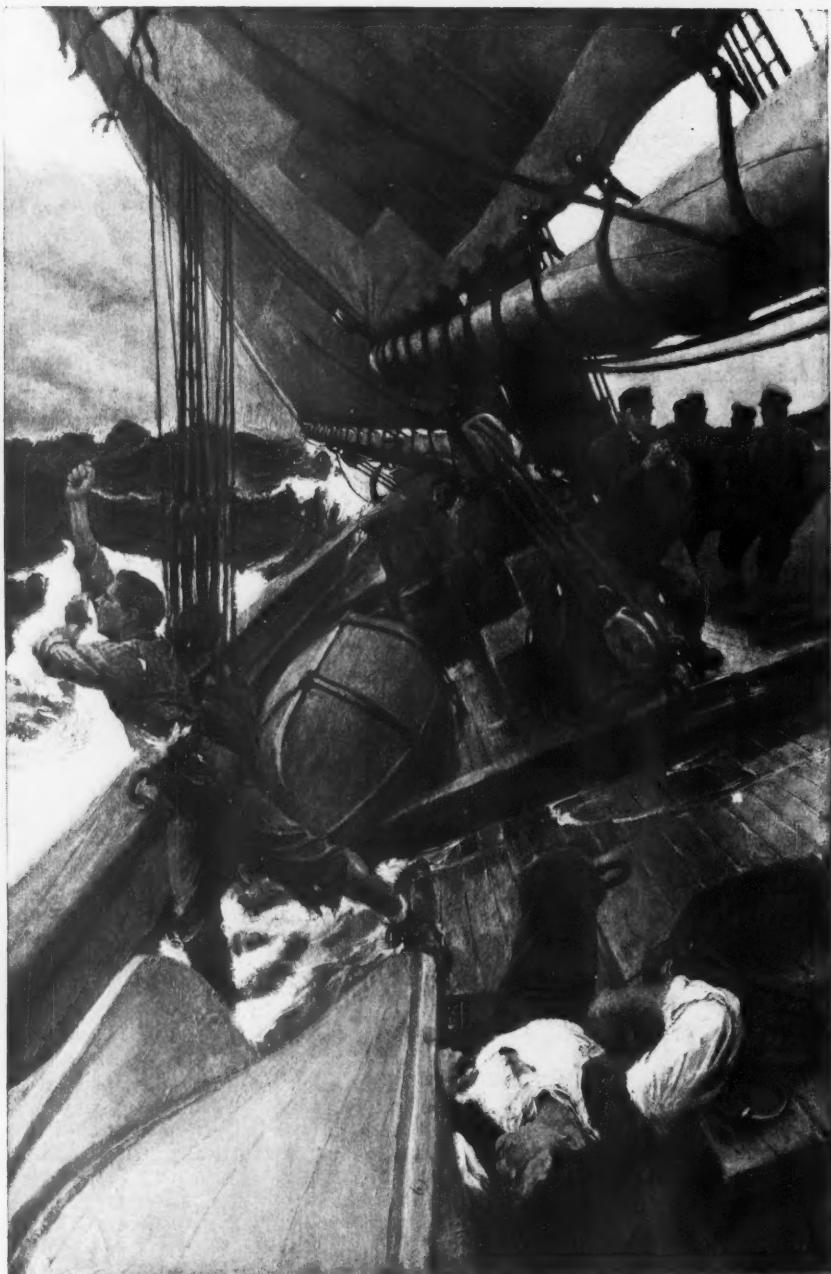
"Aye, aye, John," Mrs. Purdie was saying a little sadly, as he joined them, "anither year by! Time waits on nane o' us."

John shook his head solemnly, but as the old woman continued gazing into the failing fire, he turned and winked gaily but sympathetically at his father-in-law.

HE WENT OVER TO THE CLOCK AND CAUTIOUSLY CLOSED ITS DOOR

Drawn by C. D. Williams





Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"AHoy! TAKE ME ASHORE! A THOUSAND DOLLARS IF YOU TAKE ME ASHORE!"

# THE SEA-WOLF

BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The God of his Fathers," etc.



SCARCELY know where to begin, though I sometimes facetiously place the cause of it all to Charley Furuseth's credit. He kept a summer cottage in Mill Valley, under the shadow of Mount Tamalpais, and never occupied it except when he loafed through the winter months and read Nietzsche and Schopenhauer to rest his brain. When summer came on, he elected to sweat out a hot and dusty existence in the city and to toil incessantly. Had it not been my custom to run up to see him every Saturday afternoon and to stop over till Monday morning, this particular January Monday morning would not have found me afloat on San Francisco Bay.

Not but that I was afloat in a safe craft, for the *Martinez* was a new ferry-steamer, making her fourth or fifth trip on the run between Sausalito and San Francisco. The danger lay in the heavy fog which blanketed the bay, and of which, as a landsman, I had little apprehension. In fact, I remember the placid exaltation with which I took up my position on the forward upper deck, directly beneath the pilot-house, and allowed the mystery of the fog to lay hold of my imagination. A fresh breeze was blowing, and for a time I was alone in the moist obscurity; yet not alone, for I was dimly conscious of the presence of the pilot, and of what I took to be the captain, in the glass house above my head.

I remember thinking how comfortable it was, this division of labor which made it unnecessary for me to study fogs, winds, tides, and navigation in order to visit my friend who lived across an arm of the sea. It was good that men should be specialists, I mused. The peculiar knowledge of the pilot and captain sufficed for many thousands of people who knew no more of the

sea and navigation than I knew. On the other hand, instead of having to devote my energy to the learning of a multitude of things, I concentrated it upon a few particular things, such as, for instance, the analysis of Poe's place in American literature, an essay of mine, by the way, in the current "Atlantic." Coming aboard, as I passed through the cabin, I had noticed with greedy eyes a stout gentleman reading the "Atlantic," which was open at my very essay. And there it was again, the division of labor, the special knowledge of the pilot and captain which permitted the stout gentleman to read my special knowledge on Poe while they carried him safely from Sausalito to San Francisco.

A red-faced man, slamming the cabin door behind him and stumping out on the deck, interrupted my reflections, though I made a mental note of the topic for use in a projected essay which I had thought of calling "The Necessity for Freedom: A Plea for the Artist." The red-faced man shot a glance up at the pilot-house, gazed around at the fog, stumped across the deck and back (he evidently had artificial legs), and stood still by my side, legs wide apart and with an expression of keen enjoyment on his face. I was not wrong when I decided that his days had been spent on the sea.

"It's nasty weather like this here that turns heads gray before their time," he said, with a nod toward the pilot-house.

"I had not thought there was any particular strain," I answered. "It seems as simple as a-b-c. They know the direction by compass, the distance, and the speed. I should not call it anything more than mathematical certainty."

"Strain!" he snorted. "Simple as a-b-c! Mathematical certainty!" He seemed to brace himself up and lean backward against

the air as he stared at me. "How about this here tide that 's rushin' out through the Golden Gate?" he demanded, or belloved, rather. "How fast is she ebbin'? What 's the drift, eh? Listen to that, will you! A bell-buoy, and we 're atop of it! See 'em alterin' the course!"

From out of the fog came the mournful tolling of a bell, and I could see the pilot turning the wheel with great rapidity. The bell, which had seemed straight ahead, was now sounding from the side. Our own whistle was blowing hoarsely, and from time to time the sound of other whistles came to us from out of the fog.

"That 's a ferry-boat of some sort," the newcomer said, indicating a whistle off to the right. "And there! D' ye hear that? Blown by mouth. Some scow schooner, most likely. Better watch out, Mr. Schooner-man. Ah, I thought so."

The unseen ferry-boat was blowing blast after blast, and the mouth-blown horn was tooting in terror-stricken fashion.

"And now they 're payin' their respects to each other and tryin' to get clear," the red-faced man went on, as the hurried whistling ceased.

His face was shining, his eyes flashing with excitement, as he translated into articulate language the speech of the horns and sirens. "That 's a steam-siren a-goin' it over there to the left. And you hear that fellow with a frog in his throat—a steam-schooner, as near as I can judge, crawlin' in from the Heads against the tide."

A shrill little whistle, piping as if gone mad, came from directly ahead and from very near at hand. Gongs sounded on the *Martinez*. Our paddle-wheels stopped, their pulsing beat died away, and then they started again. The shrill little whistle, like the chirping of a cricket amid the cries of great beasts, shot through the fog from more to the side and swiftly grew faint and fainter. I looked to my companion for enlightenment.

"One of them daredevil launches," he said. "I almost wish we 'd sunk him, the little rip! They 're the cause of more trouble. And what good are they? Any jackass gets aboard one and thinks he can run it, blowin' his whistle to beat the band and tellin' the rest of the world to look out for him because he 's comin' and can't look out for himself. Because he 's comin'!

And you 've got to look out, too. Right of way! Common decency! They don't know the meanin' of it!"

I felt quite amused at his unwarranted choler, and while he stumped moodily up and down I fell to dwelling upon the romance of the fog. And romantic it certainly was—the fog, like the gray shadow of infinite mystery, brooding over the whirling speck of earth; and men, mere motes of light and sparkle, cursed with an insane relish for work, riding their steeds of wood and steel through the heart of the mystery, groping their way blindly through the unseen, and clamoring and clangin' in confident speech the while their hearts are heavy with incertitude and fear.

The voice of my companion brought me back to myself with a laugh. I, too, had been groping and floundering, the while I thought I rode clear-eyed through the mystery.

"Hello! Somebody comin' our way," he was saying. "And d' ye hear that? He 's comin' fast. Walkin' right along. Guess he don't hear us yet. Wind 's in wrong direction."

The fresh breeze was blowing right down upon us, and I could hear the whistle plainly, off to one side and a little ahead.

"Ferry-boat?" I asked.

He nodded, then added: "Or he would n't be keepin' up such a clip." He gave a short chuckle. "They 're gettin' anxious up there."

I glanced up. The captain had thrust his head and shoulders out of the pilot-house and was staring intently into the fog, as though by sheer force of will he could penetrate it. His face was anxious, as was the face of my companion, who had stumped over to the rail and was gazing with a like intentness in the direction of the invisible danger.

Then everything happened, and with inconceivable rapidity. The fog seemed to break away as though split by a wedge, and the bow of a steamboat emerged, trailing fog-wreaths on each side like seaweed on the snout of Leviathan. I could see the pilot-house and a white-bearded man leaning partly out of it, on his elbows. He was clad in a blue uniform, and I remember noting how trim and quiet he was. His quietness, under the circumstances, was terrible. He accepted Destiny, marched hand in hand with it, and coolly

measured the stroke. As he leaned there, he ran a calm and speculative eye over us, as though to determine the precise point of the collision, and took no notice whatever when our pilot, white with rage, shouted, "Now you've done it!"

"Grab hold of something and hang on!" the red-faced man said to me. All his bluster had gone, and he seemed to have caught the contagion of preternatural calm. "And listen to the women scream," he said grimly, almost bitterly, I thought, as though he had been through the experience before.

The vessels came together before I could follow his advice. We must have been struck squarely amidships, for I saw nothing, the strange steamboat having passed beyond my line of vision. The *Martinez* heeled over sharply, and there was a crashing and rending of timber. I was thrown flat on the wet deck, and before I could scramble to my feet I heard the screams of the women. This it was, I am certain,—the most indescribable of blood-curdling sounds,—that threw me into a panic. I remembered the life-preservers stored in the cabin, but was met at the door and swept backward by a wild rush of men and women. What happened in the next few minutes I do not recollect, though I have a clear remembrance of pulling down life-preservers from the overhead racks while the red-faced man fastened them about the bodies of an hysterical group of women. This memory is as distinct and sharp as that of any picture I have seen. It is a picture, and I can see it now—the jagged edges of the hole in the side of the cabin, through which the gray fog swirled and eddied; the empty upholstered seats, littered with all the evidences of sudden flight, such as packages, hand-satchels, umbrellas, and wraps; the stout gentleman who had been reading my essay, incased in cork and canvas, the magazine still in his hand, and asking me with monotonous insistence if I thought there was any danger; the red-faced man stumping gallantly around on his artificial legs and buckling life-preservers on all comers; and, finally, the screaming bedlam of women.

This it was, the screaming of the women, that most tried my nerves. It must have tried, too, the nerves of the red-faced man, for I have another picture which will never

fade from my mind. The stout gentleman is stuffing the magazine into his overcoat pocket and looking on curiously. A tangled mass of women, with drawn, white faces and open mouths, is shrieking like a chorus of lost souls; and the red-faced man, his face now purplish with wrath, and with arms extended overhead, as in the act of hurling thunderbolts, is shouting, "Shut up! Oh, shut up!"

I remember the scene impelled me to sudden laughter, and in the next instant I realized that I was becoming hysterical myself; for these were women, of my own kind, like my mother and sisters, with the fear of death upon them and unwilling to die. And I remember that the sounds they made reminded me of the squealing of pigs under the knife of the butcher, and I was struck with horror at the vividness of the analogy. These women, capable of the most sublime emotions, of the tenderest sympathies, were open-mouthed and screaming. They wanted to live; they were helpless, like rats in a trap, and they screamed.

The horror of it drove me out on deck. I was feeling sick and squeamish, and sat down on a bench. In a hazy way I saw and heard men rushing and shouting as they strove to lower the boats. It was just as I had read descriptions of such scenes in books. The tackles jammed. Nothing worked. One boat lowered away with the plugs out, filled with women and children and then with water, and capsized. Another boat had been lowered by one end and still hung in the tackle by the other end where it had been abandoned. Nothing was to be seen of the strange steamboat which had caused the disaster, though I heard men saying that she would undoubtedly send boats to our assistance.

I descended to the lower deck. The *Martinez* was sinking fast, for the water was very near. Numbers of the passengers were leaping overboard. Others, in the water, were clamoring to be taken aboard again. No one heeded them. A cry arose that we were sinking. I was seized by the consequent panic, and went over the side in a surge of bodies. How I went over I do not know, though I did know, and instantly, why those in the water were so desirous of getting back on the steamer. The water was cold—so cold that it was painful. The pang, as I plunged into it,

was as quick and sharp as that of fire. It bit to the marrow. It was like the grip of death. I gasped with the anguish and shock of it, filling my lungs before the life-preserver popped me to the surface. The taste of the salt was strong in my mouth, and I was strangling with the acrid stuff in my throat and lungs.

But it was the cold that was most distressing. I felt that I could survive but a few minutes. People were struggling and floundering in the water about me. I could hear them crying out to one another. And I heard, also, the sound of oars. Evidently the strange steamboat had lowered its boats. As the time went by I marveled that I was still alive. I had no sensation whatever in my lower limbs, while a chilling numbness was wrapping about my heart and creeping into it. Small waves, with spiteful foaming crests, continually broke over me and into my mouth, sending me off into more strangling paroxysms.

The noises grew indistinct, though I heard a final and despairing chorus of screams in the distance and knew that the *Martinez* had gone down. Later,—how much later I have no knowledge,—I came to myself with a start of fear. I was alone. I could hear no calls or cries—only the sound of the waves, made weirdly hollow and reverberant by the fog. A panic in a crowd, which partakes of a sort of community of interest, is not so terrible as a panic when one is by oneself; and such a panic I now suffered. Whither was I drifting? The red-faced man had said that the tide was ebbing through the Golden Gate. Was I, then, being carried out to sea? And the life-preserver in which I floated? Was it not liable to go to pieces at any moment? I had heard of such things being made of paper and hollow rushes, which quickly became saturated and lost all buoyancy. I could not swim a stroke, and I was alone, floating, apparently, in the midst of a gray primordial vastness. I confess that a madness seized me, that I shrieked aloud as the women had shrieked, and beat the water with my numb hands.

How long this lasted I have no conception, for a blankness intervened, of which I remember no more than one remembers of troubled and painful sleep. When I aroused, it was as after centuries of time, and I saw, almost above me and emerging

from the fog, the bow of a vessel and three triangular sails, each shrewdly lapping the other and filled with wind. Where the bow cut the water there was a great foaming and gurgling, and I seemed directly in its path. I tried to cry out, but was too exhausted. The bow plunged down, just missing me and sending a swash of water clear over my head. Then the long black side of the vessel began slipping past, so near that I could have touched it with my hands. I tried to reach it, in a mad resolve to claw into the wood with my nails; but my arms were heavy and lifeless. Again I strove to call out, but made no sound.

The stern of the vessel shot by, dropping, as it did so, into a hollow between the waves; and I caught a glimpse of a man standing at a wheel, and of another man who seemed to be doing little else than smoke a cigar. I saw the smoke issuing from his lips as he slowly turned his head and glanced out over the water in my direction. It was a careless, unpremeditated glance, one of those haphazard things men do when they have no immediate call to do anything in particular, but act because they are alive and must do something.

But life and death were in that glance. I could see the vessel being swallowed up in the fog; I saw the back of the man at the wheel, and the head of the other man turning, slowly turning, as his gaze struck the water and casually lifted along it toward me. His face wore an absent expression, as of deep thought, and I became afraid that if his eyes did light upon me he would nevertheless not see me. But his eyes did light upon me, and looked squarely into mine; and he did see me, for he sprang to the wheel, thrusting the other man aside, and whirled it round and round, hand over hand, at the same time shouting orders of some sort. The vessel seemed to go off at a tangent to its former course and to leap almost instantly from view into the fog.

I felt myself slipping into unconsciousness, and tried with all the power of my will to fight above the suffocating blankness and darkness that was rising around me. A little later I heard the stroke of oars, growing nearer and nearer, and the calls of a man. When he was very near I heard him crying, in vexed fashion: "Why in —— don't you sing out?"

This meant me, I thought, and then the blankness and darkness rose over me.

## II

I SEEMED swinging in a mighty rhythm through orbit vastness. Sparkling points of light spluttered and shot past me. They were stars, I knew, and flaring comets, that peopled my flight among the suns. As I reached the limit of my swing and prepared to rush back on the counter-swing, a great gong struck, and thundered and reverberated through abysmal space. For an immeasurable period, quiescent, lapsed in the rippling of placid centuries, I enjoyed and pondered my tremendous flight.

But a change came over the face of the dream, for a dream I told myself it must be. My rhythm grew shorter and shorter. I was jerked from swing to counter-swing with irritating haste. I could scarcely catch my breath, so fiercely was I impelled through the heavens. The gong thundered more frequently and more furiously. I grew to await it with a nameless dread. Then it seemed as though I were being dragged over rasping sands, white and hot in the sun. This gave place to a sense of intolerable anguish. My skin was scorching in the torment of fire. The gong clanged and knelled. The sparkling points of light flashed past me in an interminable stream, as though the whole sidereal system were dropping into the void. I gasped, caught my breath painfully, and opened my eyes. Two men were kneeling beside me, working over me. My mighty rhythm was the lift and forward plunge of a ship on the sea. The terrific gong was a frying-pan, hanging on the wall, that rattled and clattered with each leap of the ship. The rasping, scorching sands were a man's hard hands chafing my naked chest. I squirmed under the pain of it and half lifted my head. My chest was raw and red, and I could see tiny blood-globules starting through the torn and inflamed cuticle.

"That'll do, Yonson," one of the men said. "Carn't yer see you've bloomin' well rubbed all the gent's skin orf?"

The man addressed as Yonson, a man of the heavy Scandinavian type, ceased chafing me and arose awkwardly to his feet. The man who had spoken to him was clearly a Cockney, with the clean lines

and weakly pretty, almost effeminate, face of the man who has absorbed the sound of Bow Bells with his mother's milk. A draggled muslin cap on his head, and a dirty gunny-sack about his slim hips, proclaimed him cook of the decidedly dirty ship's galley in which I found myself.

"An' 'ow yer feelin' now, sir?" he asked, with the subservient smirk which comes only of generations of tip-seeking ancestors.

For reply, I twisted weakly into a sitting posture, and was helped by Yonson to my feet. The rattle and bang of the frying-pan was grating horribly on my nerves. I could not collect my thoughts. Clutching the woodwork of the galley for support,—and I confess the grease with which it was scummed put my teeth on edge,—I reached across a hot cooking-range to the offending utensil, unhooked it, and wedged it securely into the coal-box.

The cook grinned at my exhibition of nerves, and thrust into my hand a steaming mug with an "'Ere, this 'll do yer good."

It was a nauseous mess,—ship's coffee, —but the heat of it was revivifying. Between gulps of the molten stuff I glanced down at my raw and bleeding chest and turned to the Scandinavian.

"Thank you, Mr. Yonson," I said; "but don't you think your measures were rather heroic?"

It was because he understood the reproof of my action, rather than of my words, that he held up his palm for inspection. It was remarkably calloused. I passed my hand over the horny projections, and my teeth went on edge once more from the horrible rasping sensation produced.

"My name is Johnson, not Yonson," he said in very good, though slow, English, with no more than a shade of accent to it.

There was mild protest in his pale-blue eyes, and, withal, a timid frankness and manliness that quite won me to him.

"Thank you, Mr. Johnson," I corrected, and reached out my hand for his.

He hesitated, awkward and bashful, shifted his weight from one leg to the other, then blunderingly gripped my hand in a hearty shake.

"Have you any dry clothes I may put on?" I asked the cook.

"Yes, sir," he answered, with cheerful

alacrity. "I'll run down an' tyke a look over my kit, if you've no objections, sir, to wearin' my things."

He dived out of the galley door, or glided, rather, with a swiftness and smoothness of gait that struck me as being not so much cat-like as oily. In fact, this oiliness, or greasiness, as I was later to learn, was probably the most salient expression of his personality.

"And where am I?" I asked Johnson, whom I took, and rightly, to be one of the sailors. "What vessel is this? And where is she bound?"

"Off the Farallones, heading about southwest," he answered slowly and methodically, as though groping for his best English, and rigidly observing the order of my queries. "The schooner *Ghost*; bound seal-hunting to Japan."

"And who is the captain? I must see him as soon as I am dressed."

Johnson looked puzzled and embarrassed. He hesitated while he groped in his vocabulary and framed a complete answer. "The cap'n is Wolf Larsen, or so men call him. I never heard his other name. But you better speak soft with him. He is mad this morning. The mate—"

But he did not finish. The cook had glided in.

"Better sling yer 'ook out of 'ere, Yonson," he said. "The Old Man'll be wantin' yer on deck, an' this ayn't no d'y to fall foul of 'im."

Johnson turned obediently to the door, at the same time, over the cook's shoulder, favoring me with an amazingly solemn and portentous wink, as though to emphasize his interrupted remark and the need for me to be soft-spoken with the captain.

Hanging over the cook's arm was a loose and crumpled array of evil-looking and sour-smelling garments.

"They was put aw'y wet, sir," he vouchsafed explanation. "But you'll ave to make them do while I dry yours out by the fire."

Clinging to the woodwork, staggering with the roll of the ship, and aided by the cook, I managed to slip into a rough woolen undershirt. On the instant my flesh was creeping and crawling from the harsh contact. He noticed my involuntary twitching and grimacing, and smirked:

"I only 'ope yer don't ever 'ave to get used to such as that in this life, 'cos you've

got a bloomin' soft skin, that you 'ave, more like a lydy's than any I know of. I was bloomin' well sure you was a gentleman as soon as I set eyes on yer."

I had taken a dislike to him at the first, and as he helped to dress me this dislike increased. There was something repulsive about his touch. I shrank from his hand; my flesh revolted. And between this and the smells arising from various pots boiling and bubbling on the galley fire, I was in haste to get out into the fresh air. Further, there was the need of seeing the captain about what arrangements could be made for getting me ashore.

A cheap cotton shirt, with frayed collar and a bosom discolored with what I took to be ancient blood-stains, was put on me amidst a running and apologetic fire of comment. A pair of workman's brogans incased my feet, and for trousers I was furnished with a pair of pale-blue, washed-out overalls, one leg of which was fully ten inches shorter than the other. The abbreviated leg looked as though the devil had there clutched for the Cockney's soul and missed the shadow for the substance.

"And whom have I to thank for this kindness?" I asked, when I stood completely arrayed, a tiny boy's cap on my head, and for coat a dirty, striped cotton jacket which ended at the small of my back, and the sleeves of which reached just below my elbows.

The cook drew himself up in smugly humble fashion, a deprecating smirk on his face. Out of my experience with stewards on the Atlantic liners at the end of the voyage, I could have sworn he was waiting for his tip. From my fuller knowledge of the creature I now know that the posture was unconscious. An hereditary servility, no doubt, was responsible.

"Mugridge, sir," he fawned, his effeminate features running into a greasy smile. "Thomas Mugridge, sir, an' at yer service."

"All right, Thomas," I said. "I shall not forget you—when my clothes are dry."

A soft light suffused his face, and his eyes glistened, as though somewhere in the depths of his being his ancestors had quickened and stirred with dim memories of tips received in former lives.

"Thank you, sir," he said very gratefully and very humbly indeed.

Precisely in the way that the door slid back, he slid aside, and I stepped out on

deck. I was still weak from my prolonged immersion. A puff of wind caught me, and I staggered across the moving deck to a corner of the cabin, to which I clung for support. The schooner, heeled over far out from the perpendicular, was bowing and plunging into the long Pacific roll. If she were heading southwest, as Johnson had said, the wind, then, I calculated, was blowing nearly from the south. The fog was gone, and in its place the sun sparkled crisply on the surface of the water. I turned to the east, where I knew California must lie, but could see nothing save low-lying fog-banks—the same fog, doubtless, that had brought about the disaster to the *Martinez* and placed me in my present situation. To the north, not far away, a group of naked rocks thrust above the sea, on one of which I could distinguish a lighthouse. In the southwest, and almost in our course, I saw the pyramidal loom of some vessel's sails.

Having completed my survey of the horizon, I turned to my more immediate surroundings. My first thought was that a man who had come through a collision and rubbed shoulders with death merited more attention than I received. Beyond a sailor at the wheel, who stared curiously across the top of the cabin, I attracted no notice whatever.

Everybody seemed interested in what was going on amidships. There, on a hatch, a large man was lying on his back. He was fully clothed, though his shirt was ripped open in front. Nothing was to be seen of his chest, however, for it was covered with a mass of black hair, in appearance like the furry coat of a dog. His face and neck were hidden beneath a black beard, intershot with gray, which would have been stiff and bushy had it not been limp and draggled and dripping with water. His eyes were closed, and he was apparently unconscious; but his mouth was wide open, his breast heaving as though from suffocation as he labored noisily for breath. A sailor, from time to time and quite methodically, as a matter of routine, dropped a canvas bucket into the ocean at the end of a rope, hauled it in hand under hand, and sluiced its contents over the prostrate man.

Pacing back and forth the length of the hatchway, and savagely chewing the end of a cigar, was the man whose casual

glance had rescued me from the sea. His height was probably five feet ten inches, or ten and a half; but my first impression or feel of the man was not of this, but of his strength. And yet, while he was of massive build, with broad shoulders and deep chest, I could not characterize his strength as massive. It was what might be termed a sinewy, knotty strength, of the kind we ascribe to lean and wiry men, but which, in him, because of his heavy build, partook more of the enlarged gorilla order. Not that in appearance he seemed in the least gorilla-like. What I am striving to express is this strength itself, more as a thing apart from his physical semblance. It was a strength we are wont to associate with things primitive, with wild animals and the creatures we imagine our tree-dwelling prototypes to have been—a strength savage, ferocious, alive in itself, the essence of life in that it is the potency of motion, the elemental stuff itself out of which the many forms of life have been molded.

Such was the impression of strength I gathered from this man who paced up and down. He was firmly planted on his legs; his feet struck the deck squarely and with surety: every movement of a muscle, from the heave of the shoulders to the tightening of the lips about the cigar, was decisive and seemed to come out of a strength that was excessive and overwhelming. In fact, though this strength pervaded every action of his, it seemed but the advertisement of a greater strength that lurked within, that lay dormant and no more than stirred from time to time, but which might arouse at any moment, terrible and compelling, like the rage of a lion or the wrath of a storm.

The cook stuck his head out of the galley door and grinned encouragingly at me, at the same time jerking his thumb in the direction of the man who paced up and down by the hatchway. Thus I was given to understand that he was the captain, the "Old Man," in the cook's vernacular, the person whom I must interview and put to the trouble of somehow getting me ashore. I had half started forward, to get over with what I was certain would be a stormy quarter of an hour, when a more violent suffocating paroxysm seized the unfortunate person who was lying on his back. He writhed about convulsively. The chin, with the damp black beard, pointed higher

in the air as the back muscles stiffened and the chest swelled in an unconscious and instinctive effort to get more air.

The captain, or Wolf Larsen, as men called him, ceased pacing, and gazed down at the dying man. So fierce had this final struggle become that the sailor paused in the act of flinging more water over him, and stared curiously, the canvas bucket partly tilted and dripping its contents to the deck. The dying man beat a tattoo on the hatch with his heels, straightened out his legs, stiffened in one great, tense effort, and rolled his head from side to side. Then the muscles relaxed, the head stopped rolling, and a sigh, as of profound relief, floated upward from his lips. The jaw dropped, the upper lip lifted, and two rows of tobacco-discolored teeth appeared. It seemed as though his features had frozen into a diabolical grin at the world he had left and outwitted.

Then a most surprising thing occurred. The captain broke loose upon the dead man like a thunderclap. Oaths rolled from his lips in a continuous stream. And they were not namby-pamby oaths, or mere expressions of indecency. Each word was a blasphemy, and there were many words. They crisped and crackled like electric sparks. I had never heard anything like it in my life, nor could I have conceived it possible. With a turn for literary expression myself, and a penchant for forcible figures and phrases, I appreciated as no other listener, I dare say, the peculiar vividness and strength and absolute blasphemy of his metaphors. The cause of it all, as near as I could make out, was that the man, who was mate, had gone on a debauch before leaving San Francisco, and then had the poor taste to die at the beginning of the voyage and leave Wolf Larsen short-handed.

It should be unnecessary to state, at least to my friends, that I was shocked. Oaths and vile language of any sort had always been unutterably repellent to me. I felt a wilting sensation, a sinking at the heart, and, I might just as well say, a giddiness. To me death had always been invested with solemnity and dignity. It had been peaceful in its occurrence, sacred in its ceremonial. But death in its more sordid and terrible aspects was a thing with which I had been unacquainted till now. As I say, while I appreciated the power

of the terrific denunciation that swept out of Wolf Larsen's mouth, I was inexplicably shocked. But the dead man continued to grin unconcernedly with a sardonic humor, a cynical mockery and defiance. He was master of the situation.

### III

WOLF LARSEN ceased swearing as suddenly as he had begun. He relighted his cigar and glanced around. His eyes chanced upon the cook.

"Well, Cooky?" he began, with a suaveness that was cold and of the temper of steel.

"Yes, sir," the cook eagerly interpolated, with appeasing and apologetic servility.

"Don't you think you've stretched that neck of yours just about enough? It's unhealthy, you know. The mate's gone, so I can't afford to lose you, too. You must be very, very careful of your health, Cooky. Understand?"

His last word, in striking contrast with the smoothness of his previous utterance, snapped like the lash of a whip. The cook quailed under it.

"Yes, sir," was the meek reply, as the offending head disappeared into the galley.

At this rebuke the rest of the crew became uninterested and fell to work at one task or another. A number of men, however, who were lounging about a companionway between the galley and the hatch, and who did not seem to be sailors, continued talking in low tones with one another. These, I afterward learned, were the hunters, the men who shot the seals, and a very superior breed to common sailor-folk.

"Johansen!" Wolf Larsen called out. A sailor stepped forward obediently. "Get your palm and needle and sew the beggar up. You'll find some old canvas in the sail-locker. Make it do."

"What'll I put on his feet, sir?" the man asked, after the customary "Aye, aye, sir."

"We'll see to that," Wolf Larsen answered, and elevated his voice in a call of "Cooky!"

Thomas Mugridge popped out of his galley like a jack-in-the-box.

"Go below and fill a sack with coal."

"Any of you fellows got a Bible or

prayer-book?" was the captain's next demand, this time of the hunters lounging about the companionway.

They shook their heads, and some one made a jocular remark which I did not catch, but which raised a general laugh.

Wolf Larsen made the same demand of the sailors. Bibles and prayer-books seemed scarce articles, but one of the men volunteered to pursue the quest among the watch below, returning in a minute with the information that "they ain't none."

The captain shrugged his shoulders. "Then we'll drop him over without any palavering, unless our clerical-looking castaway has the burial service at sea by heart."

By this time he had swung fully around and was facing me.

"You're a preacher, are n't you?" he asked.

The hunters—there were six of them—to a man turned and regarded me. I was painfully aware of my likeness to a scarecrow. A laugh went up at my appearance—a laugh that was not lessened or softened by the dead man stretched and grinning on the deck before us; a laugh that was as rough and harsh and frank as the sea itself; that arose out of coarse feelings and blunted sensibilities, from natures that knew neither courtesy nor gentleness.

Wolf Larsen did not laugh, though his gray eyes lighted with a slight glint of amusement; and in that moment, having stepped forward quite close to him, I received my first impression of the man himself—of the man as apart from his body and from the torrent of blasphemy I had heard. The face, with large features and strong lines, of the square order, yet well filled out, was apparently massive at first sight; but again, as with the body, the massiveness seemed to vanish and a conviction to grow of a tremendous and excessive mental or spiritual strength that lay behind, sleeping, in the deeps of his being. The jaw, the chin, the brow rising to a goodly height and swelling heavily above the eyes—these, while strong in themselves, unusually strong, seemed to speak an immense vigor or virility of spirit that lay behind and beyond and out of sight. There was no sounding such a spirit, no measuring, no determining of metes and bounds, or neatly classifying in some pigeonhole with others of similar type.

The eyes—and it was my destiny to know them well—were large and handsome, wide apart, as the true artist's are wide, sheltering under a heavy brow and arched over by thick black eyebrows. The eyes themselves were of that baffling protean gray which is never twice the same; which runs through many shades and colorings like intershot silk in sunshine; which is gray, dark and light, and greenish gray, and sometimes of the clear azure of the deep sea. They were eyes that masked the soul with a thousand guises, and that sometimes opened, at rare moments, and allowed it to rush up as though it were about to fare forth nakedly into the world on some wonderful adventure—eyes that could brood with the hopeless somberness of leaden skies; that could snap and crackle points of fire like those that sparkle from a whirling sword; that could grow chill as an arctic landscape, and yet again, that could warm and soften and be all adance with love-lights, intense and masculine, luring and compelling, which at the same time fascinate and dominate women till they surrender in a gladness of joy and of relief and sacrifice.

But to return. I told him that, unhappily for the burial service, I was not a preacher, when he sharply demanded:

"What do you do for a living?"

I confess I had never had such a question asked me before, nor had I ever canvassed it. I was quite taken aback, and, before I could find myself, had sillily stammered: "I am a gentleman."

His lip curled in a swift sneer.

"I have worked, I do work," I cried impetuously, as though he were my judge and I required vindication, and at the same time very much aware of my arrant idiocy in discussing the subject at all.

"For your living?"

There was something so imperative and masterful about him that I was quite beside myself—"rattled," as Furuseth would have termed it, like a quaking child before a stern schoolmaster.

"Who feeds you?" was his next question.

"I have an income," I answered stoutly, and could have bitten my tongue the next instant. "All of which, you will pardon my observing, has nothing whatsoever to do with what I wish to see you about."

But he disregarded my protest.

"Who earned it? Eh? I thought so. Your father. You stand on dead men's legs. You've never had any of your own. You could n't walk alone between two sunrises and hustle the meat for your belly for three meals. Let me see your hand."

His tremendous, dormant strength must have stirred swiftly and accurately, or I must have slept a moment, for before I knew it he had stepped two paces forward, gripped my right hand in his, and held it up for inspection. I tried to withdraw it, but his fingers tightened, without visible effort, till I thought mine would be crushed. It is hard to maintain one's dignity under such circumstances. I could not squirm or struggle like a school-boy. Nor could I attack such a creature, who had but to twist my arm to break it. Nothing remained but to stand still and accept the indignity. I had time to notice that the pockets of the dead man had been emptied on the deck and that his body and his grin had been wrapped from view in canvas, the folds of which the sailor Johansen was sewing together with coarse white twine, shoving the needle through with a leather contrivance fitted on the palm of his hand.

Wolf Larsen dropped my hand with a flint of disdain.

"Dead men's hands have kept it soft. Good for little else than dish-washing and scullion-work."

"I wish to be put ashore," I said firmly, for I now had myself in control. "I shall pay you whatever you judge your delay and trouble to be worth."

He looked at me curiously. Mockery shone in his eyes.

"I have a counter-proposition to make, and for the good of your soul. My mate's gone, and there 'll be a lot of promotion. A sailor comes aft to take mate's place, cabin-boy goes for'ard to take sailor's place, and you take the cabin-boy's place, sign the articles for the cruise, twenty dollars per month and found. Now, what do you say? And mind you, it's for your own soul's sake. It will be the making of you. You might learn in time to stand on your own legs and perhaps to toddle along a bit."

But I took no notice. The sails of the vessel I had seen off to the southwest had grown larger and plainer. They were of the same rig as the *Ghost's*, though the hull itself, I could see, was smaller. She was a

pretty sight, leaping and flying toward us, and evidently bound to pass at close range. The wind had been momentarily increasing, and the sun, after a few angry gleams, had disappeared. The sea had turned a dull leaden gray and grown rougher, and was now tossing foaming whitecaps to the sky. We were traveling faster and heeled farther over. Once, in a gust, the rail dipped under the sea, and the decks on that side were for the moment awash with water that made a couple of the hunters hastily lift their feet.

"That vessel will soon be passing us," I said, after a moment's pause. "As she is going in the opposite direction, she is very probably bound for San Francisco."

"Very probably," was Wolf Larsen's answer, as he turned partly away from me and cried out, "Cooky! Oh, Cooky!"

The Cockney popped out of the galley.

"Where's that boy? Tell him I want him."

"Yes, sir," and Thomas Mugridge fled swiftly aft and disappeared down another companionway near the wheel. A moment later he emerged, a heavy-set young fellow of eighteen or nineteen, with a glowering, villainous countenance, trailing at his heels.

"'Ere 'e is, sir," the cook said.

But Wolf Larsen ignored that worthy, turning at once to the cabin-boy.

"What's your name, boy?"

"George Leach, sir," came the sullen answer, and the boy's bearing showed clearly that he divined the reason for which he had been summoned.

"Not an Irish name," the captain snapped sharply. "O'Toole or McCarthy would suit your mug a — sight better.

"But let that go," he continued. "You may have very good reasons for forgetting your name, and I 'll like you none the worse for it as long as you toe the mark. Telegraph Hill, of course, is your port of entry. It sticks out all over your mug. Tough as they make them and twice as nasty. I know the kind. Well, you can make up your mind to have it taken out of you on this craft. Understand? Who shipped you, anyway?"

"McCready & Swanson."

"Sir!" Wolf Larsen thundered.

"McCready & Swanson, sir," the boy corrected, his eyes burning with a bitter light.

"Who got the advance money?"

"They did, sir."

"I thought as much. And devilish glad you were to let them have it. Could n't make yourself scarce too quick, with several gentlemen you may have heard of looking for you."

The boy metamorphosed into a savage on the instant. His body bunched together as though for a spring, and his face became as an infuriated beast's as he snarled, "It's a—"

"A what?" Wolf Larsen asked, a peculiar softness in his voice, as though he were overwhelmingly curious to hear the unspoken word.

The boy hesitated, then mastered his temper. "Nothin', sir. I take it back."

"And you have shown me I was right." This with a gratified smile. "How old are you?"

"Just turned sixteen, sir."

"A lie. You'll never see eighteen again. Big for your age at that, with muscles like a horse. Pack up your kit and go for'ard into the fo'c'sle. You're a boat-puller now. You're promoted; see?"

Without waiting for the boy's acceptance, the captain turned to the sailor who had just finished the gruesome task of sewing up the body. "Johansen, do you know anything about navigation?"

"No, sir."

"Well, never mind; you're mate just the same. Get your traps aft into the mate's berth."

"Aye, aye, sir," was the cheery response, as Johansen started forward.

In the meantime the erstwhile cabin-boy had not moved.

"What are you waiting for?" Wolf Larsen demanded.

"I did n't sign for boat-puller, sir," was the reply. "I signed for cabin-boy. An I don't want no boat-pullin' in mine."

"Pack up and go for'ard."

This time Wolf Larsen's command was thrillingly imperative. The boy glowered sullenly, but refused to move.

Then came another vague stirring of Wolf Larsen's tremendous strength. It was utterly unexpected, and it was over and done with between the ticks of two seconds. He had sprung fully six feet across the deck and driven his fist into the other's stomach. At the same moment, as though I had been struck myself, I felt a sickening shock in the pit of my stomach. I

instance this to show the sensitiveness of my nervous organization at the time and how unused I was to spectacles of brutality. The cabin-boy—and he weighed one hundred and sixty-five at the very least—crumpled up. His body wrapped limply about the fist like a wet rag about a stick. He lifted into the air, described a short curve, and struck the deck on his head and shoulders, where he lay and writhed about in agony.

"Well?" Larsen asked of me. "Have you made up your mind?"

I had glanced occasionally at the approaching schooner, and it was now almost abreast of us and not more than a couple of hundred yards away. It was a very trim and neat little craft. I could see a large black number on one of its sails, and I had seen pictures of pilot-boats.

"What vessel is that?" I asked.

"The pilot-boat *Lady Mine*," Wolf Larsen answered grimly. "Got rid of her pilots and running into San Francisco. She'll be there in five or six hours with this wind."

"Will you please signal it, then, so that I may be put ashore?"

"Sorry, but I've lost the signal-book overboard," he remarked, and the group of hunters grinned.

I debated a moment, looking him squarely in the eyes. I had seen the frightful treatment of the cabin-boy, and knew that I should very probably receive the same, if not worse. As I say, I debated with myself, and then I did what I consider the bravest act of my life. I ran to the side, waving my arms and shouting:

"*Lady Mine*, ahoy! Take me ashore! A thousand dollars if you take me ashore!"

I waited, watching two men who stood by the wheel, one of them steering. The other was lifting a megaphone to his lips. I did not turn my head, though I expected every moment a killing blow from the human brute behind me. At last, after what seemed centuries, unable longer to stand the strain, I looked around. He had not moved. He was standing in the same position, swaying easily to the roll of the ship and lighting a fresh cigar.

"What is the matter? Anything wrong?"

This was the cry from the *Lady Mine*. "Yes!" I shouted at the top of my

lungs. "Life or death! One thousand dollars if you take me ashore!"

"Too much 'Frisco tanglefoot for the health of my crew!" Wolf Larsen shouted after. "This one"—indicating me with his thumb—"fancies sea-serpents and monkeys just now."

The man on the *Lady Mine* laughed back through the megaphone. The pilot-boat plunged past.

"Give him —— for me!" came a final cry, and the two men waved their arms in farewell.

I leaned despairingly over the rail, watching the trim little schooner swiftly increasing the bleak sweep of ocean between us. And she would probably be in San Francisco in five or six hours! My head seemed bursting. There was an ache in my throat as though my heart were up in it. A curling wave struck the side and splashed salt spray on my lips. The wind puffed strongly, and the *Ghost* heeled far over, burying her lee rail. I could hear the water rushing down upon the deck.

When I turned around, a moment later, I saw the cabin-boy staggering to his feet. His face was ghastly white, twitching with suppressed pain. He looked very sick.

"Well, Leach, are you going for 'ard?" Wolf Larsen asked.

"Yes, sir," came the answer of a spirit cowed.

"And you?" I was asked.

"I'll give you a thousand—" I began, but was interrupted.

"Stow that! Are you going to take up your duties as cabin-boy? Or do I have to take you in hand?"

What was I to do? To be brutally beaten, to be killed perhaps, would not help my case. I looked steadily into the cruel gray eyes. They might have been granite for all the light and warmth of a human soul they contained. One may see the soul stir in some men's eyes, but his were bleak and cold and gray as the sea itself.

"Well?"

"Yes," I said.

"Say 'Yes, sir.'"

"Yes, sir," I corrected.

"What is your name?"

"Van Weyden, sir."

"First name?"

"Humphrey, sir—Humphrey Van Weyden."

"Age?"

"Thirty-five, sir."

"That 'll do. Go to the cook and learn your duties."

And thus it was that I passed into a state of involuntary servitude to Wolf Larsen. He was stronger than I, that was all. But it was very unreal at the time. It is no less unreal now that I look back upon it. It will always be to me as a monstrous, inconceivable thing, a horrible nightmare.

"Hold on; don't go yet."

I stopped obediently in my walk toward the galley.

"Johansen, call all hands. Now that we've everything cleaned up, we 'll have the funeral and get the decks cleared of useless lumber."

While Johansen was summoning the watch below, a couple of sailors, under the captain's direction, laid the canvas-swathed corpse upon a hatch-cover. On each side the deck, against the rail, and bottoms up, were lashed a number of small boats. Several men picked up the hatch-cover with its ghastly freight, carried it to the lee side, and rested it on the boats, the feet pointing overboard. To the feet was attached the sack of coal which the cook had fetched.

I had always conceived a burial at sea to be a very solemn and awe-inspiring event, but I was quickly disillusioned, by this burial at any rate. One of the hunters, a little dark-eyed man whom his mates called "Smoke," was telling stories, liberally interspersed with oaths and obscenities; and every minute or so the group of hunters gave mouth to a laughter that sounded to me like a chorus of wolves. The sailors trooped noisily aft, some of the watch below rubbing the sleep from their eyes, and talked in low tones together. There was an ominous and worried expression on their faces. It was evident that they did not like the outlook of a voyage under such a captain and begun so auspiciously. From time to time they stole glances at Wolf Larsen, and I could see that they were apprehensive of the man.

He stepped up to the hatch-cover, and all caps came off. I ran my eyes over them — twenty men all told, twenty-two, including the man at the wheel and myself. I was pardonably curious in my survey, for

it appeared my fate to be pent up with them on this miniature floating world for I knew not how many weeks or months. The sailors, in the main, were English and Scandinavian, and their faces seemed of the heavy, stolid order. The hunters, on the other hand, had stronger and more diversified faces, with hard lines and the marks of the free play of passions. Strange to say, and I noted it at once, Wolf Larsen's features showed no such evil stamp. There seemed nothing vicious in them. True, there were lines, but they were the lines of decision and firmness. It seemed, rather, a frank and open countenance, which frankness or openness was enhanced by the fact that he was smooth-shaven. I could hardly believe, until the next incident occurred, that it was the face of a man who could behave as he had behaved to the cabin-boy.

At this moment, as he opened his mouth to speak, puff after puff struck the schooner and pressed her side under. The wind shrieked a wild song through the rigging. Some of the hunters glanced anxiously aloft. The whole lee rail, where the dead man lay, was buried in the sea, and as the schooner lifted and righted, the water swept across the deck, wetting us above our shoe-tops. A shower of rain drove down upon us, each drop stinging like a hail-stone. As it passed, Wolf Larsen began to speak, the bareheaded men swaying in unison to the heave and lunge of the deck.

"I only remember one part of the service," he said, "and that is, 'And the body shall be cast into the sea.' So cast it in."

He ceased speaking. The men holding the hatch-cover seemed perplexed, puzzled no doubt by the briefness of the ceremony. He burst upon them in a fury.

"Lift up that end there! What the —'s the matter with you?"

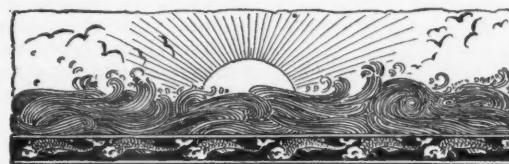
They elevated the end of the hatch-cover with pitiful haste, and, like a dog flung overside, the dead man slid feet first into the sea. The coal at his feet dragged him down. He was gone.

"Johansen," Wolf Larsen said briskly to the new mate, "keep all hands on deck now they're here. Get in the topsails and outer jibs. We're in for a sou'easter. Reef the jib and the mainsail, too, while you're about it."

In a moment the decks were in commotion, Johansen bellowing orders and the men pulling or letting go ropes of various sorts—all naturally confusing to a landsman such as myself. But it was the heartlessness of it that especially struck me. The dead man was an episode that was past, an incident that was dropped, in a canvas covering with a sack of coal, while the ship sped along and her work went on. Nobody had been affected. The hunters were laughing at a fresh story of Smoke's; the men pulling and hauling, and two of them climbing aloft; Wolf Larsen was studying the clouding sky to windward; and the dead man, buried sordidly, and sinking down, down—

Then it was that the cruelty of the sea, its relentless and awfulness, rushed upon me. Life had become cheap and tawdry, a beastly and inarticulate thing, a soulless stirring of the ooze and slime. I held on to the weather rail, close by the shrouds, and gazed out across the desolate foaming waves to the low-lying fog-banks that hid San Francisco and the California coast. Rain-squalls were driving in between, and I could scarcely see the fog. And this strange vessel, with its terrible men, pressed under by wind and sea and ever leaping up and out, as for very life, was heading away into the southwest, into the great and lonely Pacific expanse.

(To be continued)





## A MEMORABLE LETTER OF EDWIN BOOTH'S

BY CHARLOTTE F. BATES ROGÉ

THE following poem was written on the fly-leaf of a book sent to the great actor on the fiftieth anniversary of his birth. The fact is well known that on the night of November 13, 1833, there was a meteoric shower—a fitting accompaniment indeed for the life then ushered in.

TO EDWIN BOOTH  
1833-1883

SOLILOQUY [E. B. LOQUITUR]

A SHOWER of meteors, so they tell me, fell  
The night my mother called me first her  
son.

Yes, brilliant presage of a brilliant fame!  
For, to deny my place and power among  
men,

Were weakest affectation—facing Truth.  
But ah! the showered glories of my art  
Forever drop the agonies of pain,  
Dark, stony griefs—the aérolites of stars!  
My God! Thou knowest that the secret  
strength

Of all my mastery o'er the soul of man  
Is found in the great might of love and joy  
And woe in my own being. There have  
waged

All stormy passions which my Shakspere  
wrought  
Into those lives that I live over now.  
O Thou who mad'st me! Counting here  
to-night

The strokes of time, I feel the need of  
peace.  
Whatever joys and triumphs wait me yet,

I take them unreluctant; but my soul,  
Just now grown silent with life's mystery,  
Groeps in blind wonder, and with eager  
reach  
For the one Peace, whose other name is  
God.

*Charlotte Fiske Bates.*

Mr. Booth's letter of acknowledgment is one of many proofs that he had a quick and cordial appreciation of others' thought. He did not wait till the 14th to write a recognition: it was penned on the day.

"*Parker's, Boston,*  
"Nov. 13th, 1883.  
"Midnight.

"DEAR MADAM, Your charming gift reached me during my performance of 'Iago,' this evening. Before retiring for the night, I must thank you for your kind remembrance of my fiftieth anniversary, but for the poem you have dedicated to me I have no words to express my thanks. Here, alone, after the play, I have read the verses several times with added interest and a profound appreciation of their truth. They are, indeed, the expression of my feelings. How often during my eventful life have I in silence experienced what you have so eloquently spoken for me!

"With sincere acknowledgments and great respect,

"I am truly yours,  
"Edwin Booth.

"Miss C. F. Bates."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Now Mme. Rogé.

# OUR FRIEND, THE DOG

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Author of "The Blind," "The Intruder," "Pelléas and Mélisande," "The Bee," etc.

**I**HAVE lost, within these last few days, a little bulldog. He had just completed the sixth month of his brief existence. He had no history. His intelligent eyes opened to look out upon the world, to love mankind, then closed again on the cruel secrets of death.

The friend who presented me with him had given him, perhaps by antiphrasis, the startling name of Pelléas. Why rechristen him? For how can a poor dog, loving, devoted, faithful, disgrace the name of a man or an imaginary hero?

Pelléas had a great, bulging, powerful forehead, like that of Socrates or Verlaine; and under a little black nose, blunt as a churlish assent, a pair of large hanging and symmetrical chops, which made his head a sort of massive, obstinate, pensive, and three-cornered menace. He was beautiful after the manner of a beautiful, natural monster that has complied strictly with the laws of its species. And what a smile of attentive obligingness, of incorruptible innocence, of affectionate submission, of boundless gratitude and total self-abandonment lighted up, at the least caress, that adorable mask of ugliness! Whence exactly did that smile emanate? From the ingenuous and melting eyes? From the ears pricked up to catch the words of man? From the forehead that unwrinkled to appreciate and love, or from the stump of a tail that wriggled at the other end to testify to the intimate and impassioned joy that filled his small being, happy once more to encounter the hand or the glance of the god to whom he surrendered himself?

Pelléas was born in Paris, and I had taken him to the country. His bonny fat paws, shapeless and not yet stiffened, car-

ried slackly through the unexplored pathways of his new existence his huge and serious head, flat-nosed and, as it were, rendered heavy with thought.

For this thankless and rather sad head, like that of an overworked child, was beginning the overwhelming task that oppresses every brain at the start of life. He had, in less than five or six weeks, to get into his mind, taking shape within it, an image and a satisfactory conception of the universe. Man, aided by all the knowledge of his own elders and brothers, takes thirty or forty years to outline that conception; but the humble dog has to unravel it for himself in a few days: and yet, in the eyes of a god who should know all things, would it not have the same weight and the same value as our own?

It was a question, then, of studying the ground, which can be scratched and dug up and which sometimes reveals surprising things; of casting at the sky, which is uninteresting, for there is nothing there to eat, one glance which does away with it for good and all; of discovering the grass, the admirable and green grass, the springy and cool grass, a field for races and sports, a friendly and boundless bed, in which lies hidden the good and wholesome couch-grass. It was a question, also, of taking promiscuously a thousand urgent and curious observations. It was necessary, for instance, with no other guide than pain, to learn to calculate the height of objects from the top of which you can jump into space; to convince yourself that it is vain to pursue birds who fly away, and that you are unable to clamber up trees after the cats who defy you there; to distinguish between the sunny spots where it is delicious to sleep and the patches of shade in which you shiver; to remark with

stupefaction that the rain does not fall inside the houses, that water is cold, uninhabitable, and dangerous, while fire is beneficent at a distance, but terrible when you come too near; to observe that the meadows, the farm-yards, and sometimes the roads, are haunted by giant creatures with threatening horns: creatures good-natured, perhaps, and, at any rate, silent; creatures who allow you to sniff at them a little curiously without taking offense, but who keep their real thoughts to themselves. It was necessary to learn, as the result of painful and humiliating experiment, that you are not at liberty to obey all nature's laws without distinction in the dwelling of the gods; to recognize that the kitchen is the privileged and most agreeable spot in that divine dwelling, although you are hardly allowed to abide in it because of the cook, who is a considerable, but jealous power; to learn that doors are important and capricious violations, which sometimes lead to felicity, but which most often, hermetically closed, mute and stern, haughty and heartless, remain deaf to all entreaties; to admit, once and for all, that the essential good things of life, the indisputable blessings, generally imprisoned in pots and stew-pans, are almost always inaccessible; to know how to look at them with laboriously acquired indifference; and to practise to take no notice of them, saying to yourself that here are objects which are probably sacred, since merely to skim them with the tip of a respectful tongue is enough to let loose the unanimous anger of all the gods of the house.

And then, what is one to think of the table on which so many things happen that cannot be guessed; of the derisive chairs on which one is forbidden to sleep; of the plates and dishes that are empty by the time that one can get at them; of the lamp that drives away the dark? How many orders, dangers, prohibitions, problems, enigmas has one not to classify in one's overburdened memory! And how to reconcile all this with other laws, other enigmas, wider and more imperious, which one bears within one's self, within one's instinct, which spring up and develop from one hour to the other, which come from the depths of time and the race, invade the blood, the muscles, and the nerves, and suddenly assert themselves more irre-

sistibly and more powerfully than pain, the word of the master himself, or the fear of death?

Thus, for instance, to quote only one example, when the hour of sleep has struck for men, you have retired to your hole, surrounded by the darkness, the silence, and the formidable solitude of the night. All is asleep in the master's house. You feel yourself very small and weak in the presence of the mystery. You know that the gloom is peopled with foes who hover and lie in wait. You suspect the trees, the passing wind, and the moonbeams. You would like to hide, to suppress yourself by holding your breath. But still the watch must be kept; you must, at the least sound, issue from your retreat, face the invisible, and bluntly disturb the imposing silence of the earth, at the risk of bringing down the whispering evil or crime upon yourself alone. Whoever the enemy be, even if he be man,—that is to say, the very brother of the god whom it is your business to defend,—you must attack him blindly, fly at his throat, fasten your perhaps sacrilegious teeth into human flesh, disregard the spell of a hand and voice similar to those of your master, never be silent, never attempt to escape, never allow yourself to be tempted or bribed, and, lost in the night without help, prolong the heroic alarm to your last breath.

There is the great ancestral duty, the essential duty, stronger than death, which not even man's will and anger are able to check. All our humble history, linked with that of the dog in our first struggles against every breathing thing, tends to prevent his forgetting it. And when, in our safer dwelling-places of to-day, we happen to punish him for his untimely zeal, he throws us a glance of astonished reproach, as though to point out to us that we are in the wrong, and that, if we lose sight of the main clause in the treaty of alliance which he made with us at the time when we lived in caves, forests, and fens, he continues faithful to it in spite of us, and remains nearer to the eternal truth of life, which is full of snares and hostile forces.

But how much care and study is needed to succeed in fulfilling this duty! And how complicated it has become since the days of the silent caverns and the great deserted lakes! It was all so simple, then, so easy and so clear. The lonely hollow

opened upon the side of the hill, and all that approached, all that moved on the horizon of the plains or woods, was the unmistakable enemy. But to-day you can no longer tell. You have to acquaint yourself with a civilization of which you disapprove, to appear to understand a thousand incomprehensible things. Thus, it seems evident that henceforth the whole world no longer belongs to the master, that his property conforms to unaccountable limits. It becomes necessary, therefore, first of all to know exactly where the sacred domain begins and ends. Whom are you to suffer, whom to stop? There is the road by which every one, even the poor, has the right to pass. Why? You do not know; it is a fact which you deplore, but which you are bound to accept. Fortunately, on the other hand, here is the fair path which none may tread. This path is faithful to the sound traditions; it is not to be lost sight of; for by it enter into your daily existence the difficult problems of life.

Would you have an example? You are sleeping peacefully in a ray of the sun that covers the threshold of the kitchen with pearls. The earthenware pots are amusing themselves by elbowing and nudging one another on the edge of the shelves trimmed with paper lace-work. The copper stew-pans play at scattering spots of light over the smooth white walls. The motherly stove hums a soft tune and dandles three saucerpans blissfully dancing; and, from the little hole that lights up its inside, defies the good dog, who cannot approach, by constantly putting out at him its fiery tongue. The clock, bored in its oak case, before striking the august hour of meal-time, swings its great gilt navel to and fro; and the cunning flies tease your ears. On the glittering table lie a chicken, a hare, three partridges, beside other things which are called fruits,—peaches, melons, grapes,—and which are all good for nothing. The cook guts a big silver fish and throws the entrails (instead of giving them to you!) into the dust-bin. Ah, the dust-bin! Inexhaustible treasury, receptacle of windfalls, the jewel of the house! You shall have your share of it, an exquisite and surreptitious share, but it does not do to seem to know where it is. You are strictly forbidden to rummage in it. Man in this way prohibits many pleasant things, and life would be dull indeed and your days

empty if you had to obey all the orders of the pantry, the cellar, and the dining-room. Luckily, he is absent-minded and does not long remember the instructions which he lavishes. He is easily deceived. You achieve your ends and do as you please, provided you have the patience to await the hour. You are subject to man, and he is the one god; but you none the less have your own personal, exact, and imperturbable morality, which proclaims aloud that illicit acts become most lawful through the very fact that they are performed without the master's knowledge. Therefore let us close the watchful eye that has seen. Let us pretend to sleep and to dream of the moon.

Hark! A gentle tapping at the blue window that looks out on the garden! What is it? Nothing; a bough of hawthorn that has come to see what we are doing in the cool kitchen. Trees are inquisitive and often excited; but they do not count, one has nothing to say to them, they are irresponsible, they obey the wind, which has no principles. But what is that? I hear steps! Up, ears open, nose on the alert! It is the baker coming up to the rails, while the postman is opening a little gate in the hedge of lime-trees. They are friends; it is well; they bring something: you can greet them and wag your tail discreetly twice or thrice, with a patronizing smile.

Another alarm! What is it now? A carriage pulls up in front of the steps. The problem is a complex one. Before all, it is of consequence to heap copious insults on the horses, great, proud beasts, who make no reply. Meantime, you examine out of the corner of your eye the persons alighting. They are well clad and seem full of confidence. They are probably going to sit at the table of the gods. The proper thing is to bark without acrimony, with a shade of respect, so as to show that you are doing your duty, but that you are doing it with intelligence. Nevertheless, you cherish a lurking suspicion, and behind the guests' backs, stealthily, you sniff the air persistently and in a knowing way, to discern any hidden intentions.

But halting footsteps resound outside the kitchen. This time it is the poor man dragging his crutch, the unmistakable enemy, the hereditary enemy, the direct descendant of him who roamed outside the bone-crammed cave which you sud-

denly see again in your racial memory. Drunk with indignation, your bark broken, your teeth multiplied with hatred and rage, you are about to seize the irreconcilable adversary by the breeches, when the cook, armed with her broom, the ancillary and forsaken scepter, comes to protect the traitor, and you are obliged to go back to your hole, where, with eyes filled with impotent and slanting flames, you growl out frightful but futile curses, thinking within yourself that this is the end of all things, and that the human species has lost its notion of justice and injustice.

Is that all? Not yet; for the smallest life is made up of innumerable duties, and it is a long work to organize a happy existence upon the borderland of two such different worlds as the world of beasts and the world of men. How should we fare if we had to serve, while remaining within our own sphere, a divinity, not an imaginary one, like to ourselves, because the offspring of our own brain, but a god actually visible, ever present, ever active, and as foreign, as superior to our being as we are to the dog?

We now, to return to Pelléas, know pretty well what to do and how to behave on the master's premises. But the world does not end at the house-door, and beyond the walls and beyond the hedge there is a universe of which one has not the custody, where one is no longer at home, where relations are changed. How is one to stand in the street, in the fields, in the market-place, in the shops? In consequence of difficult and delicate observations, one understands that he must take no notice of passers-by; obey no calls but the master's; be polite, with indifference, to strangers who pet one. Next, he must conscientiously fulfil certain obligations of mysterious courtesy toward his brothers, the other dogs; respect chickens and ducks; not appear to remark the cakes at the pastry-cook's, which spread themselves insolently within reach of the tongue; show to the cats who, on the steps of the houses, provoke one by hideous grimaces, a silent contempt, but one that will not forget; and remember that it is lawful and even commendable to chase and strangle mice, rats, wild rabbits, and, generally speaking, all animals (one has to know them by secret marks) that have not yet made their peace with mankind.

All this and so much more! Was it surprising that Pelléas often appeared pensive in the face of those numberless problems, and that his humble and gentle look was often so profound and grave, laden with cares and full of unreadable questions?

Alas! he did not have time to finish the long and heavy task which nature lays upon the instinct that rises in order to approach a brighter region. An ill of a mysterious character, which seems specially to punish the only animal that succeeds in leaving the circle in which it is born, an indefinite ill that carries off hundreds of intelligent little dogs, came to put an end to the destiny and the happy education of Pelléas. And now all those efforts to achieve a little more light; all that ardor in loving, that courage in understanding; all that affectionate gaiety and innocent fawning; all those kind and devoted looks, which turned to man to ask for his assistance against unjust death; all those flickering gleams which came from the profound abyss of a world that is no longer ours; all those nearly human little habits lie sadly in the cold ground, under a flowering elder-tree, in a corner of the garden.

MAN loves the dog, but how much more ought he to love it if he considered, in the inflexible harmony of the laws of nature, the sole exception which is that love of a being that succeeds in piercing, in order to draw closer to us, the partitions, everywhere else impermeable, that separate the species! We are alone, absolutely alone on this chance planet; and, amid all the forms of life that surround us, not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us. A few creatures fear us, most are unaware of us, and not one loves us. In the world of plants, we have dumb and motionless slaves; but they serve us in spite of themselves. They simply endure our laws and our yoke. They are impotent prisoners, victims incapable of escaping, but silently rebellious; and, so soon as we lose sight of them, they hasten to betray us and return to their former wild and mischievous liberty. The rose and the corn, had they wings, would fly at our approach like the birds.

Among the animals, we number a few servants who have submitted only through indifference, cowardice, or stupidity: the uncertain and craven horse, who responds

only to pain and is attached to nothing; the passive and dejected ass, who stays with us only because he knows not what to do nor where to go, but who nevertheless, under the cudgel and the pack-saddle, retains the idea that lurks behind his ears; the cow and the ox, happy so long as they are eating, and docile because, for centuries, they have not had a thought of their own; the affrighted sheep, who knows no other master than terror; the hen, who is faithful to the poultry-yard because she finds more maize and wheat there than in the neighboring forest. I do not speak of the cat, to whom we are nothing more than a too large and uneatable prey, the ferocious cat, whose sidelong contempt tolerates us only as encumbering parasites in our own homes. She, at least, curses us in her mysterious heart; but all the others live beside us, as they might live beside a rock or a tree. They do not love us, do not know us, scarcely notice us. They are unaware of our life, our death, our departure, our return, our sadness, our joy, our smile. They do not even hear the sound of our voice, as soon as it no longer threatens them; and, when they look at us, it is with the distrustful bewilderment of the horse, in whose eye still hovers the infatuation of the elk or gazel that sees us for the first time, or with the dull stupor of the ruminants, who look upon us as a momentary and useless accident of the pasture.

For thousands of years they have been living at our side, as foreign to our thoughts, our affections, our habits, as though the least fraternal of the stars had dropped them only yesterday on our globe. In the boundless interval that separates man from all the other creatures, we have succeeded only, by dint of patience, in making them take two or three illusory steps. And if, to-morrow, leaving their feelings toward us untouched, nature were to give them the intelligence and the weapons wherewith to conquer us, I confess that I should distrust the hasty vengeance of the horse, the obstinate reprisals of the ass, and the maddened meekness of the sheep. I should shun the cat as I should shun the tiger; and even the good cow, solemn and somnolent, would inspire me with but a wary confidence. As for the hen, with her round, quick eye, as when discovering a slug or a worm, I am

sure that she would devour me without a thought.

Now, in this indifference and this total want of comprehension in which everything that surrounds us lives; in this incommunicable world, where everything has its object hermetically contained within itself, where every destiny is self-circumscribed, where there exist among the creatures no other relations than those of executioners and victims, eaters and eaten, where nothing is able to leave its steel-bound sphere, where death alone establishes cruel relations of cause and effect between neighboring lives, where not the smallest sympathy has ever made a conscious leap from one species to another, one animal alone, among all that breathes upon the earth, has succeeded in breaking through the prophetic circle, in escaping from itself to come bounding toward us, in definitely crossing the enormous zone of darkness, ice, and silence that isolates each category of existence in nature's unintelligible plan. This animal, our good familiar dog, simple and unsurprising as may to-day appear to us what he has done, in thus perceptibly drawing nearer to a world in which he was not born and for which he was not destined, has nevertheless performed one of the most unusual and improbable acts that we can find in the general history of life. When was this recognition of man by beast, this extraordinary passage from darkness to light, effected? Did we seek out the poodle, the sheep-dog, or the mastiff from among the wolves and the jackals, or did he come spontaneously to us? We cannot tell. So far as our human annals stretch, he is at our side, as at present; but what are human annals in comparison with the times of which we have no witness? The fact remains that he is there in our houses, as ancient, as rightly placed, as perfectly adapted to our habits as though he had appeared on this earth, such as he now is, at the same time as ourselves. We have not to gain his confidence or his friendship: he is born our friend; while his eyes are still closed, already he believes in us; even before his birth, he has given himself to man. But the word "friend" does not exactly depict his affectionate worship. He loves us and reveres us as though we had drawn him out of nothing. He is, before all, our creature full of gratitude, and more devoted

than the apple of our eye. He is our intimate and impassioned slave, whom nothing discourages, whom nothing repels, whose ardent trust and love nothing can impair. He has solved, in an admirable and touching manner, the terrifying problem which human wisdom would have to solve if a divine race came to occupy our globe. He has loyally, religiously, irrevocably recognized man's superiority, and has surrendered himself to him body and soul, without afterthought, without any intention to go back, reserving of his independence, his instinct, and his character only the small part indispensable to the continuation of the life prescribed by nature. With an unquestioning certainty, an unconstraint, and a simplicity that surprise us a little, deeming us better and more powerful than all that exists, he betrays, for our benefit, the whole of the animal kingdom to which he belongs, and, without scruple, denies his race, his kin, his mother, and his young.

But he loves us not only in his consciousness and his intelligence: the very instinct of his race, the entire unconsciousness of his species, it appears, think only of us, dream only of being useful to us. To serve us better, to adapt himself better to our different needs, he has adopted every shape and been able infinitely to vary the faculties, the aptitudes which he places at our disposal. Is he to aid us in the pursuit of game in the plains? His legs lengthen inordinately, his muzzle tapers, his lungs widen, he becomes swifter than the deer. Does our prey hide under wood? The docile genius of the species, forestalling our desires, presents us with the basset, a sort of almost footless serpent, which steals into the closest thickets. Do we ask that he should drive our flocks? The same compliant genius grants him the requisite size, intelligence, energy, and vigilance. Do we intend him to watch and defend our house? His head becomes round and monstrous, in order that his jaws may be more powerful, more formidable, and more tenacious. Are we taking him to the south? His hair grows shorter and lighter, so that he may faithfully accompany us under the rays of a hotter sun. Are we going up to the north? His feet grow larger, the better to tread the snow; his fur thickens, in order that the cold may not compel him to abandon us. Is he intended only for us to

play with, to amuse the leisure of our eyes, to adorn or enliven the home? He clothes himself in a sovereign grace and elegance, he makes himself smaller than a doll to sleep on our knees by the fireside, or even consents, should our fancy demand it, to appear a little ridiculous to please us.

You shall not find, in nature's immense crucible, a single living being that has shown a like suppleness, a similar abundance of forms, the same prodigious faculty of accommodation to our wishes. This is because, in the world which we know, among the different and primitive geniuses that preside over the evolution of the several species, there exists not one, excepting that of the dog, that ever gave a thought to the presence of man.

It will, perhaps, be said that we have been able to transform almost as profoundly some of our domestic animals: our hens, our pigeons, our ducks, our cats, our horses, our rabbits, for instance. Yes, perhaps; although such transformations are not comparable with those undergone by the dog, and although the kind of service which these animals render us remains, so to speak, invariable. In any case, whether this impression be purely imaginary or correspond with a reality, it does not appear that we feel in these transformations the same unfailing and preventing good will, the same sagacious and exclusive love. For the rest, it is quite possible that the dog, or rather the inaccessible genius of his race, troubles scarcely at all about us, and that we have merely known how to make use of various aptitudes offered by the abundant chances of life. It matters not: as we know nothing of the substance of things, we must needs cling to appearances; and it is sweet to establish that, at least in appearance, there is on the planet where, like unacknowledged kings, we live in solitary state a being that loves us.

However the case may stand with these appearances, it is none the less certain that, in the aggregate of intelligent creatures that have rights, duties, a mission, and a destiny, the dog is a really privileged animal. He occupies in this world a pre-eminent position enviable among all. He is the only living being that has found and recognizes an indubitable, tangible, unexceptionable, and definite god. He knows to what to devote the best part of himself. He knows to whom above him to give

himself. He has not to seek for a perfect, superior, and infinite power in the darkness, amid successive lies, hypotheses, and dreams. That power is there, before him, and he moves in its light. He knows the supreme duties which we all do not know. He has a morality which surpasses all that he is able to discover in himself, one which he can practise without scruple and without fear. He possesses truth in its fullness. He has a certain and infinite ideal.

AND it was thus that, the other day, before his illness, I saw my little Pelléas sitting at the foot of my writing-table, his tail carefully folded under his paws; his head a little on one side, the better to question me; at once attentive and tranquil, as a saint should be in the presence of God. He was happy with the happiness which we, perhaps, shall never know, since it sprang from the smile and the approval of

a life incomparably higher than his own. He was there, studying, drinking in all my looks; and he replied to them gravely, as from equal to equal, to inform me, no doubt, that, at least through the eyes, that almost immaterial organ which transformed into affectionate intelligence the light which we enjoyed, he knew that he was saying to me all that love should say. And, when I saw him thus, young, ardent, and believing, bringing me, in some wise, from the depths of unwearied nature, quite fresh news of life, and trusting and wonderstruck, as though he had been the first of his race that came to inaugurate the earth, and as though we were still in the first days of the world's existence, I envied the gladness of his certainty, compared it with the destiny of man, still plunging on every side into darkness, and said to myself that the dog who meets with a good master is the happier of the two.



## WRITTEN ON A FLY-LEAF

BY KATE WHITING PATCH

I

WHEN my Beloved brings to me a book  
Writ by some poet for his lady's eyes,  
I cannot o'er the gentle pages look  
But that I feel my dear one did devise—  
Each tender sentence for mine eyes to see—  
The words with his own words do so agree.

II

Love speaks the selfsame tongue the wide world over—  
A saying old, and blessed truth to me,  
For when in tenderest wise this poet lover  
Would sing his lady's praises, touch, maybe,  
In thought her hand or lips,—in all I hear  
*My* lover's words and thoughts and fancies dear.

# THE UNEXPECTED STRIKE

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

Author of "Policeman Flynn"

WITH PICTURES BY A. B. FROST



HE first question that Adam Bliss asked when he reached his office was, "Well, who's struck to-day?"

"The engineer," answered Ben Catlin, his manager.

Bliss looked annoyed. He had asked about a strike, but he had not expected to learn of one. In fact, he was of the opinion that the strike limit had been reached in the box-factory of which he was proprietor.

"Let's see," he said contemplatively. "The wagon men struck first, did they not?"

"Yes."

"And when we got that matter settled, the machine men struck?"

"That's right."

"We made concessions to them, and then the finishers tried to tie us up?"

"Right again."

"Without endeavoring to go into details, there has been a strike or a threat of a strike in every department."

"Except the engine-room," the manager suggested.

"As a result of the increased cost," continued Bliss, "we stand to lose a good bit of money on three of our contracts."

"We do," admitted the manager.

"And we've had to put up prices twice."

"We have."

"Then, when I tried to put my nephew through the various departments to learn all the details of the business, there was trouble because he did n't belong to the unions. In order to become as complete a master of it all as I am, he would have had to join at least five unions, and, under their rules, at least three of them would have

refused to admit him. Thank Heaven there were no such unions in my younger days."

"That's the reason you were able to gain the experience that has made you so successful," commented the manager. "You have the technical knowledge that enables you to manage well and figure closely."

"On everything but labor," grumbled Bliss. "Every workman in that last department that I was compelled to unionize was perfectly satisfied with the old conditions, and the three men I was forced to let go were three of the best I had. But I guess it's time to call a halt. This is only a one-man strike, so we'll fight it out."

"The firemen will go with the engineer," suggested the manager.

"Then we'll get new firemen."

"The machinists won't touch machinery that's run by non-union power."

"We'll get new machinists."

"The machine operators will go out then, and the finishers won't touch anything that comes to them from non-union men. The wagon men will balk, too. You can't get supplies for non-union men, and you can't get the product of their work handled."

Bliss said something. It was so forceful and strong that it is better not to repeat it here.

"You'll have to make up your mind pretty quick," remarked the manager. "If this matter is n't settled to-day, you'll be tied up tight to-morrow, and you know there's a penalty clause in one of your contracts. You can't afford to lose any time."

"I wonder who's running this business,

anyway!" exclaimed Bliss, angrily. Then, after a pause: "Send the engineer to me."

There was a brief argument, but nothing came of it. The engineer was determined, and he had the backing of his union. He must have more money and shorter hours.

"That means the employment of an additional man," said Bliss.

"Sure," answered the engineer. "The union wants to give work to as many as possible."

"But I'm losing on some of my contracts now," urged Bliss. "Wait until I get these out of the way, and I will try to arrange matters on a new basis."

The engineer laughed. Plainly he did not believe the assertion that there was a loss in the contracts, and the fact that there was work that had to be done made his position the stronger. It was a small matter, anyway. But Bliss was angry. The men in other departments had taken advantage of these contracts also. They knew that the work would have to be done at a certain time, and this put their employer at their mercy. There was no feeling against him, but it was good business strategy to make the most of this opportunity. Bliss sent for some of them and asked them to stand by him in this latest trouble—to permit him to finish his contracts without increased expense. It had become a matter of principle with him now: he felt that he was being treated shabbily and most unjustly. The men, however, were individually powerless,—if ordered out they would have to go,—and he was referred to the officers of the unions. The latter would give him no relief. If he put in a non-union engineer his factory would be tied up.

"I suppose," he said, "the firemen will be the next to make trouble."

"Very likely," was the reply; "and the unskilled laborers will follow. They want their share of prosperity, too."

"Where does mine come in?" asked Bliss.

A laugh greeted this. An employer, of course, is always prosperous, and consequently fair prey.

On his way home that night, Bliss, having surrendered to the engineer, grumbled to himself: "I'm about the only man left to strike. I wonder if I had n't better try it myself. It seems to be about the only way to secure results in this world."

The idea seemed so whimsical and amusing that he laughingly suggested it to his wife.

"Why don't you?" she asked. "As I understand it, these men win because they're necessary in the business. Are n't you necessary?"

"I have a sort of foolish notion that I am," he replied.

"Then strike," she urged. "Strike for your rights. You have some rights, have n't you?"

"I once thought I had," he answered; "but I'm not sure now."

"Well, strike to find out."

Of course it was absurd, but the idea took possession of him. A lockout was the customary method of procedure when capital and labor locked horns, but why not a strike? Instead of shutting up the factory, why not quit work and thus demonstrate that he himself was really of some importance? If he entered into a conflict with the unions there would be trouble, but they surely could not object to their own methods. In his mind he went over the work on hand, and then, to be doubly sure, made a late visit to the office and refreshed his memory by consulting the books.

Bliss had a sense of humor, to which the idea appealed. On his way home he actually chuckled.

"It's worth trying, if only as a joke," he told himself. "Of course I can call the strike off whenever it may be necessary; but perhaps, if I quit work, it may give them a glimmering idea of the situation."

When he entered his office the next morning he was as solemn as an owl, but his actions were most unusual. Instead of opening his desk, he pulled a comfortable chair up to the window of his private room and immediately became absorbed in a morning paper. Here it was that the foreman of one of the departments found him. Manager Catlin had referred the foreman to Proprietor Bliss to settle a question that had arisen in relation to some work, but Proprietor Bliss referred the foreman back to Manager Catlin.

"I'm not working to-day," said Bliss.

"I hope you're not sick, Mr. Bliss," said the foreman.

"No," replied Bliss; "I'm on a strike."

The foreman was naturally amused. It

was a grim sort of joke, of course, but he had to go back to the manager, and presently the manager came to Bliss, smiling but doubtful.

"That's a good joke, Mr. Bliss," he said, "but—"

"But it's no joke at all," interrupted Bliss. "I am on a strike."

"But you can't go on a strike," protested the manager.

"I can't!" retorted Bliss. "Just you watch me and see. I'm not working, am I?"

"No."

"Well, that means that I'm on a strike. A fellow has got to strike these days to be up-to-date, and it's a mighty funny thing if employees are to have a right that's denied the employer."

"Then what am I to do?"

"Whatever you please, as long as you don't bother me. You've got all the papers relating to that contract. Settle the matter yourself."

Bliss went back to his paper and the manager went back to his work. The latter was worried, however, and he debated with himself the advisability of telephoning to Mrs. Bliss to come and get her husband or send a physician to see him. That so industrious a man as he ordinarily was should refuse even to open his desk was disquieting.

"I'm afraid that the strain of the last few months has begun to tell on Mr. Bliss," he explained to the foreman. "He positively refuses to assume any responsibility or to do a thing in the line of work. Instead, he insists upon leaving it all to me."

Thereupon the manager settled the question in dispute, and the foreman returned to his work.

"The boss is on a strike," he told the men.

"On a strike!" they exclaimed.

"That's what he says."

"What's he striking for?" asked one.

"I don't know," answered the foreman. "I forgot to ask him. But he's loafing in his office, with his desk closed."

The news spread from one department to another, and before long all the men were discussing this most extraordinary affair. They did not see how an employer could strike, but the fact remained that one had. Perhaps, they decided finally, it would be better to call it a vacation or a

rest: he had simply quit work for a time. But he had done it in a most unusual way, for he remained in the office and he had delegated his authority to no one else. Indeed, when Manager Catlin suggested that, if he really wished to recuperate, he might surrender both desk and private office temporarily, as he had done on previous occasions, the reply was that the office was "picketed."

"Picketed!" exclaimed Manager Catlin.

"That's what I said," returned Bliss, "and I'm a good deal more reasonable than the men when they picket a plant, too. I don't ask for any sympathetic strike, and I don't interfere with others; but I mean to see that no one else uses my tools."

"But you have no tools," protested Manager Catlin.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Bliss. "I have a pen and a check-book, and I've found them pretty necessary in this business—not to mention the head I carry about with me. That head has been mighty useful in the way of making it possible to pay wages, but no one seems to appreciate it. Of course I'm not afraid of the head being used without my knowledge and consent, but I purpose to keep my eye on everything else connected with the private-office department of this factory."

Then it was that the manager finally decided to telephone to Mrs. Bliss. In a man ordinarily so prosaic these eccentricities could not pass unnoticed: there was in them an intimation of serious mental trouble.

"I think," said the manager over the telephone, "that you'd better send or come to the office for Mr. Bliss."

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Bliss, anxiously. "Has he been hurt?"

"Oh, no," the manager replied. "Physically he is all right, but we are a little bit worried about him. He is acting most peculiarly."

"In what way?"

"Well, I don't wish to alarm you unnecessarily," explained the manager, "but there seems to be some mental trouble. He says he's on a strike."

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Bliss, almost jubilantly, as she recalled her previous conversation with him.

"That's his explanation of his strange behavior," said the manager.

"Well, I'm glad of it," returned Mrs. Bliss. "It's time he struck. You tell him from me to stick it out until he gets the concessions that he ought to have, even if he ties up the factory. I advised this strike myself."

but he betrayed no interest in what was going on. Indeed, on the second day he brought some novels with him to occupy his time. Manager Catlin tried in vain to attract his attention by discussing business details with others in a tone that he could



Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"WHAT'S HE STRIKING FOR?" ASKED ONE"

The manager was more disturbed than ever. Could it be possible that the minds of both husband and wife had become unsettled at the same time? He hesitated to believe so, but it was evident that he could expect no relief from Mrs. Bliss, for she was as absurdly unreasonable as her husband.

Bliss finished the day as he had begun it, and there was no change on the following day. He came to the office at the usual time and left at the usual time, but in the interval he transacted no business. The door of his private office remained open,

not fail to hear. He did not even look up from his book. Meanwhile the factory force was becoming somewhat disorganized, and Manager Catlin found it impossible to maintain the usual discipline. The situation was so unusual that they insisted upon stopping work from time to time to discuss it, for there were many questions to vex them. Was the boss really crazy? What was going to be the result if he persisted in remaining idle? Would there be court proceedings to put some one else in control? And then—

"Who's going to pay wages?" asked one of the men.

For a moment they could only look at each other in silent dismay. If the boss refused to work on pay-day, what would happen?

Well, they could not afford to have any uncertainty on that score, so a committee, with a foreman for chairman, was promptly appointed to wait on Manager Catlin.

"Who's going to pay us our wages?" the foreman asked.

"I've been wondering about that myself," answered the manager. "I guess you'll have to ask Mr. Bliss."

Bliss looked at the men curiously as they filed into his private office, but he did not put aside his novel.

"If you have any grievance," he said, "you'll have to see Mr. Catlin. I'm on a strike, so I really can't discuss business with you."

"But how about our wages?" urged the foreman.

"See Catlin," answered Bliss. "Until this strike of mine is declared off, he'll have to do my work as best he can. As a matter of fact, I think I am doing pretty well not to interfere, as some others do when they go on a strike. You know, I might very easily work up a sympathetic strike with some of the dealers that furnish the raw material and various other things needed to carry on the business. I'd only have to tell them that I am on a strike to cut off the supplies, and then where would you people be? But I'm not mean enough to do that. If I'm not able to win this strike alone, I'm willing to lose it. If I'm not of enough importance to this business to force a recognition of my rights, why—well, I won't appeal for outside help, anyway. I'm going to show you how a strike should be conducted."

The men went back to Catlin. In view of the fact that Bliss became absorbed in his book the moment he had finished speaking, there was nothing else for them to do. But they made no attempt to conceal the fact that they were worried.

"The boss," said the foreman, "is crazy as a loon. His wife or his friends ought to look after him. But he says you can pay wages, for he's left everything to you."

"I have n't the money, and I can't get it," answered Manager Catlin.

"Is n't money coming in all the time?" demanded the foreman.

"Of course," returned Catlin, "but there's mighty little of it in currency, and that little I've been using for incidental expenses. Most of it is in checks payable to the order of Adam Bliss. Now, if you know anything about the banking business, you know that I can deposit those checks to his credit without trouble, but that's all I can do. He owns this factory—it's all in his name; the bank-account is in his name, and his signature is the only one that is recognized."

"Then I quit," announced the foreman. "I've got to know where my money is coming from before I do any work."

"Me, too," echoed several of the others.

"Now, wait," urged the manager. "Don't be hasty, and I'll see if I can't fix this thing. He acts flighty, I know, but perhaps I can straighten matters out with his wife. I don't believe she understands the situation. If he's mentally irresponsible, some one else can be put in charge here, with all necessary authority, until he is capable of taking charge again. Just go back to work and trust in me. I'll make some temporary arrangement, and I'm sure he'll be all right in a short time."

When the committee reported, the rest of the men were dissatisfied, but they finally decided to remain at work until pay-day. There seemed to be no other way of deciding just where they stood. If they were paid as usual, well and good—aside from that, the vagaries of the boss did not worry them.

"And if we're not paid," asserted one of the men, "we can go to law about it. That will get action for us mighty sudden, no matter whether he's sane or crazy. The court will make things happen, I guess, if we all join together."

Meanwhile Manager Catlin was becoming more and more anxious and puzzled. He felt that something had to be done, but he did not see how he could act without the sanction of Mrs. Bliss, and, in view of his conversation with her over the telephone, there did not seem to be much promise in an interview. However, he had told the men he would see her, and he did. That certainly was the first move to make under existing conditions.

"I'm sorry to say it," he told her, "but—but I think some one who has influence



Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"THE MEN WENT BACK TO CATLIN"

with your husband should take charge of him. He may act all right at home, but at the office he gives indications of being—er—well, mentally irresponsible. As I explained over the telephone, he thinks he's on a strike."

"*Thinks he's on a strike!*" repeated Mrs. Bliss. "Is n't it a real strike?"

"Why—er—yes, I suppose it might be called that; but it's so absurd, you know."

"*Absurd!*" exclaimed Mrs. Bliss. "What is there absurd about it? He wants fair treatment, and it takes a strike to get it. You go right back and tell him the other member of his union is proud of him."

"But, Mrs. Bliss," urged the manager, "if something is n't done to end this, the plant can't run."

"Of course it can't," returned Mrs. Bliss, calmly. "He's necessary to the business, and it's time the men found it out. When any one is necessary to a business, he must be paid in proportion to his importance, and it's time the men found that out, too. You know the condition of affairs there, Mr. Catlin. How much was he getting for his work and his financial investment at the time he quit?"

Manager Catlin hesitated, looking very uncomfortable. He might go into a lengthy dissertation on this subject of losses and the circumstances from which they resulted in all lines of business, but he felt it would be a waste of time. So he reluctantly admitted that Bliss was losing money on some of his contracts and barely covering expenses on others.

"Then it's time for him to strike," asserted Mrs. Bliss, triumphantly.

"Both crazy," muttered Manager Catlin, as he left; and in desperation he took on himself the responsibility of consulting a noted specialist. The latter shook his head solemnly when the facts were related. It was a most unusual manifestation, he said, but there evidently was brain disorder of some sort. Very likely the recent strike troubles had unsettled his mind and resulted in a sort of monomania. As he knew Mr. Bliss personally, he would make it a point to call on him in a friendly way, to ascertain, if possible, what was wrong.

Somehow the news spread in the factory. Manager Catlin had not intended that it should, but he was so troubled that he discussed the affair with the chief clerk, and from the latter others learned that a

specialist was coming to see the boss. In consequence, when Dr. Gregory entered the private office and shut the door after him, the clerks worked with one eye on the door, and presently ceased to work at all.

Just outside the main office a number of the workmen assembled, also. In the suspense and excitement of the moment all discipline was lost, for much depended on this interview. The general opinion was that there would be sensational developments.

"Will they take him away in a hurry-up wagon?" whispered one.

"Who'll get the factory?" asked another.

"I wonder if it's his finish or if they'll only have to shut him up for a little while," commented a third.

"It'll be fixed so we get our pay, anyhow," asserted two or three.

From the private office came the hum of conversation, and then a laugh. It was the doctor laughing, which seemed strange, but perhaps he was trying to get his patient in good humor so that he would be more tractable. The laugh was repeated, and soon became a regular paroxysm of mirth; the doctor was fairly roaring with laughter. Apparently he had just heard the best joke of the season. The boss was laughing, too, but not nearly so heartily. The men were sadly puzzled.

When the specialist emerged, his face was still on a broad grin, and a glance into the room showed that the boss was deep in his novel again.

"How is he?" asked Manager Catlin, anxiously.

"Sane," answered the doctor; "absolutely the sanest and most sensible employer in the city to-day, in my opinion." He passed through the main office, but stopped as he saw the men congregated just outside the door. "What's the matter with you people?" he asked. "If you're going to make a man out insane just because he goes on a strike, where will you land?" And the doctor's smile enlarged itself into another hearty laugh.

As a result of the conference that followed, the committee of the men again waited on Bliss. It was evident to them that they would have to take matters into their own hands, for no outside relief could be expected, unless they made legal application for it themselves. Of course they



Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU PEOPLE?"

could force payment of wages for the time they had worked, but the situation was extremely unsatisfactory and complicated.

"Do you come as an arbitration committee?" demanded Bliss, as they entered.

"Why, Mr. Bliss, there's nothing to arbitrate," returned the foreman who had previously acted as spokesman.

"It seems to me," said Bliss, reflectively, "that I've heard that phrase before."

"We're not striking, Mr. Bliss," explained the foreman.

"But I am," said Bliss. "How many times have I got to tell you that? As a striker," he went on, "I suppose I'm the one to say that there's nothing to arbitrate, but I don't want to be unreasonable. If you come as a committee of arbitration or conciliation, you may state your case. What do you want?"

"We want you to go back to work," said the foreman, desperately.

"Not on the old terms," returned Bliss. "I can't afford that."

"But there's no money in what we're doing now," urged the foreman.

"Nor in what I'm doing," said Bliss.

"But the money that comes in for what we are doing will have to be placed to your credit," persisted the foreman. "Now, to speak plainly, Mr. Bliss, you may be sane or you may be crazy, but this thing's got to be straightened out. We're going to have the money for what we do, or we're going to make trouble."

"That's fair," admitted Bliss. "Of course all the money that has come in so far during this strike is for work that was done before and for which I paid you, so that belongs to me. But you're entitled to all you make while I'm striking, and I'll see that you get it." Then he called Manager Catlin in. "Catlin," he said, "make a separate account of the work done while I am on this strike. Charge up the cost of the material used, and also a reasonable rental for the plant, and then credit the money received on the work when it comes in. The profits, after paying the necessary expenses, are to go to the men. You can continue to use my bank-account, and I'll break the strike long enough to sign a check for whatever is due under this arrangement when the time comes."

The members of the committee looked

at each other and nodded triumphantly. The boss might be crazy, but they would benefit by one of his vagaries, anyway. To feel that they were working for themselves was rather pleasing, too.

"But there won't be any profits," asserted Manager Catlin.

"Of course not," said Bliss.

"What's that?" cried the men.

"Since wages have been forced up," explained the manager, "there has been no profit on any of the contracts taken previously. Deducting the wages, there will be a profit, of course, but barely sufficient to pay wages at the old rate."

"I had to figure closely to get those contracts at all," remarked Bliss.

"And we've lost two good orders since we put up prices," the manager added.

"Competition is very brisk these days," commented Bliss, "and some of my rivals have n't been forced to the new wage-scale."

"There will be nothing paid on some of these contracts for from sixty to ninety days, either," asserted the manager.

"We can't stand for anything like that!" exclaimed the foreman.

Bliss was thoughtful and apparently sympathetic. He still had the open book in his lap and his feet on a window-sill, but he seemed to be studying the new problem presented. The men watched him hopefully and anxiously. Whether crazy or not, immediate relief could come only from him.

"Of course, the thing to do," he said at last, "would be to take the utmost possible advantage of your predicament, as you did of mine; but—well, I'll discount those bills for you so that you can get the cash promptly. It will reduce the wage-profit somewhat, but every business man has to make these sacrifices when he is in need of money, as you are."

"Oh, let's strike!" cried one of the men, the situation proving so confusing to him that he could think of nothing else.

"But how can you strike when you are in control?" asked Bliss. "A man can't declare a strike on himself."

"Is n't that what you've done?" laughed Manager Catlin.

"Not at all," answered Bliss. "I had lost control before I struck. The men were telling me what I should do, while I am leaving everything to them. Why, in one

instance they would n't let me buy material that I could get cheap because some other union had had trouble with the man who wanted to sell it." He turned suddenly to the foreman. "Do you know what that bit of labor dictatorship cost me?" he asked.

"No."

"Just sixteen hundred and fifty dollars. You cut off profit to that extent, and on top of it demanded higher wages. But, really," he added hastily, "you must n't ask me to discuss business now—that is, this business. I 'm on a strike."

"But, Mr. Bliss—"

"Talk it over with Catlin. He can show you several other instances where you have arbitrarily deprived me of profit—in fact, have taken control of business details, and have done it, too, without notice."

After a conference with Manager Catlin and with the other employees, the committee returned. The men realized that the affair was becoming very serious and entangling. The deeper they got into it the worse was their confusion. A number of plans had been discussed, but only one seemed to offer any promise of relief. If they quit work, Bliss would lose money, but Manager Catlin had demonstrated by the books that he was doing that anyway, and he could transfer his contracts to some one else without losing much more. In that case their loss would be much greater proportionately than his.

"Won't you please go back to work, Mr. Bliss?" asked the foreman.

"Surely you can't expect me to declare the strike off without some concessions," returned Bliss. The way he harped on the strike idea was most disconcerting.

"What concessions do you want?" inquired the foreman.

"Well," said Bliss, thoughtfully, "I'd like to have a little something to say about my own business—at least, to the extent of being given fair notice when any changes are contemplated that will affect me financially. It's very annoying to have the basis on which calculations are made changed unexpectedly."

"We'll concede that."

"Thank you," said Bliss. "You're very

kind." There seemed to be something sarcastic in this, but it was ignored. "And, in addition," he went on, "I'd like to have the privilege of getting some return for my labor. I don't like to work for nothing."

"We won't ask you to do that."

"Thank you," said Bliss. "You're most considerate. Now, as to details: if you will agree to a wage-scale that will permit me to carry out the present contracts without loss,—I ask no more than that,—and will further agree to give me the same business liberty that you demand for yourselves in the matter of purchase and sale, I, on my part, will agree to give you the increased wages the moment conditions will warrant it. But you must get the idea out of your heads that wage-increases must always begin with me just because I'm not as powerful and as well able to stand a strike as some of my big rivals."

"We've got it out," asserted the foreman, with emphasis.

"Because," continued Bliss, "while they may be able to stand a strike better than I can, they don't begin to know as much about striking as I do."

"That's no lie!" cried one of the men.

"Now, if you'll ask Catlin to bring the books in here," said Bliss, "I'll give you a glimmering idea of what you've been doing to me, and then we'll make an agreement by which we can work in harmony. All we need is to get together once in a while, but I had to strike to make that possible. We don't get together when you contemplate a strike; on the contrary, an outsider comes in and dictates to both you and me. We have an interest in the success of this business, but he has none. We are necessary, but he is not—that is," Bliss added hastily, "I concede that you are necessary, and I hope I have demonstrated that I am."

"You bet you have!" some one exclaimed.

Bliss smiled whimsically.

"The strike is over," he announced, "and the arbitration committee is now in session."

He unlocked his desk and pushed up the roll-top. As he did so, a sigh of relief went up from the men.





Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"GIVE YOU BACK MY MYSTERIOUS LETTER? OH, IMPOSSIBLE!"

## FOUR ROADS TO PARADISE

BY MAUD WILDER GOODWIN

Author of "Sir Christopher," "White Aprons," "Flint," "The Head of a Hundred," etc.

VII

MAXWELL NEWTON

"Ihm ziemt's die Welt im Innern zu bewegen,  
Natur in Sich, Sich in Natur zu hegen."



NEW YORK in July is like the circle in the Inferno where each man lives in his own particular little oven, and where the walls cast the red glare of their heat high on the clouds. But there is a worse torture reserved for those who fly from the city of Dis to its suburbs, whither foolish folk betake themselves in order apparently to escape all the conveniences of town while abating nothing of its heat.

Maxwell Newton lived on the north shore of Long Island, in a Maltese cottage,—one of a Maltese settlement squatted close together, for all the world like a family of gray cats,—at uneasy distance from New York, and reached with equal difficulty by boat or train. Newton's chief pleasure lay in showing his house to his friends. The chief satisfaction of his friends lay in the reflection that it did not belong to them.

On Saturday evening Blair Fleming alighted at the Newton cottage before the mosquito-netted porch which told its own story. He found himself eagerly calculating the number of hours which must elapse before Monday morning, and cursing the temporary glow of friendliness which had led him to accept Newton's invitation last week at the club. It was the weakness of Fleming's temperament that suggestion appealed to him so much more than fulfilment. He welcomed each invitation with a distinct thrill of anticipation; but when the occasion arrived, the bloom was off the rye, and he began to

reflect on the comparative comforts and privileges of staying at home.

He was a confirmed bachelor, and a confirmed bachelor can make himself comfortable anywhere except in his friend's house. There he has deliberately put away the right to ring for everything he wishes, and he cannot swear at the attendants, at the moderate price of twenty-five cents an occasion, for not foreseeing and forestalling his needs.

It was of no use now to regret his room at the club, his window-seat in the dining-room, with his dainty meal ready and served to the instant when it suited himself, not when it was easiest for the servants. He was here, and here he must remain for the coming thirty-eight hours and twenty-six minutes.

Newton stood on the porch mopping his forehead. "So glad to see you, Fleming! Seems pretty good to get out of that beastly heat, does n't it? George, take Mr. Fleming's suit-case to his room."

George was Dr. Newton's son, a long, narrow, tow-headed boy of sixteen, who had met Fleming with the dog-cart, and who now preceded him up the stairs and opened the door of an oven papered in yellow and looking out on a tinned roof.

"Would you like a bath?"

Decidedly Fleming *would* like a bath.

"Well, the bath-room is there at the end of the hall. You have to go through Father's and Mother's room to get to it; but you won't mind that."

"Oh, no, certainly not! But perhaps you will kindly show me the way, for fear I might fall into the clothes-closet or be shot down the chute to the butler's pantry."

To himself Fleming murmured, "I suppose I ought to think myself lucky not to have a sofa-bed in the hall."

Supper was cleverly placed at half-past six, in order apparently to cut out of the day the two hours when strolling or driving might have been agreeable. The sun was slanting its last spiteful rays in at the scantily shaded windows of the sitting-room, happily combined with a hallway, when Fleming came down-stairs, immaculate and to the outer eye coolly comfortable in his fresh linen.

Mrs. Newton met him and introduced herself. She was not at all what Fleming would have expected Newton's wife to be. To understand men's wives one should know how they looked as girls, and that is often difficult. The Mrs. Newton of to-day had about as much individuality as a dish-pan, to which she bore some resemblance, being round and gray and monotonous. She welcomed Mr. Fleming with timid cordiality and then seemed suddenly to become afraid of the situation.

"I think," she said, "I'd better hurry supper a little. The country always gives people such an appetite!"

Fleming, who usually dined at eight, bowed his assent, and the little lady rolled away, leaving him at leisure to inspect the room in which he sat. The furnishings were an unhappy combination of Newton's ideas of interest with his wife's ideas of beauty.

The chief ornament was a large walnut-framed clock, which designated not only the hours, but the minutes and seconds, also the day of the week, month, and year, and with lavish superfluity indicated in the corner the phases of the moon and the date of eclipses. Next the mantel stood a spectroscope. A phonograph occupied the table, and in the window, taking up the only space where an easy-chair could have stood with its back to the light, was a glass tank filled with anemic fish and small uncanny reptiles. All these represented Newton. His wife, in the "pursuit of prettiness," had added certain easily recognized artistic touches—a sofa-pillow decorated with a picture of George as a baby, his yellow curls forming a charming contrast with the light-blue background, embroidered "tidies" representing a pathetic amount of misdirected industry, and a catch-all, made of satin ribbon and heavy lace, hung against the wall.

Fleming hoped that it would be possible to spend a great deal of time out of doors

during his visit, and reflected with satisfaction that half an hour had already passed.

As he rose to walk to the door, his eyes fell on a pile of music, a violin-stand, and an open case. It was like finding an orchid in a cabbage-bed. How had such an exotic fallen into this Philistine world?

As if in answer to his questioning thought, the owner of the violin appeared at the door, and on discovering Fleming would have backed out again, but the visitor spoke to him.

"Hulloa, George!" he said. "Is it you who play?"

"Yes, I do, a little—very badly, you know. But I get a lot of fun out of it."

"You have had lessons?"

"No. Father won't let me. He says I'm to be an engineer, and that a scientific man has nothing to do with fiddling."

"And you—do you wish to be an engineer?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then why—" Fleming was beginning, when Newton entered and his son disappeared.

"Come, Fleming," urged his host, "you must see my laboratory before dinner."

The guest followed willingly enough down a long passage to a separate building containing a large, square room, much more admirable than the sitting-room. Places where people work always are more esthetic than those where they consult their ideas of the beautiful. The useful is generally good enough in any household. It is reserved for the ornamental to be hideous.

Newton's study quite atoned for the rest of the house to Fleming's mind, and for the first time he could understand his friend's living here. A large table, littered with books, pamphlets, and papers, occupied the center of the room. Two or three easy-chairs stood around it. About the walls were shelves, filled on one side with books, above which hung a colored geological map of the basin of the Thames, showing the layers of chalk, weald clay, oölite, lias, and trias in shades of green and yellow.

Fleming drew near to the bookcase and ran his eye carelessly over the volumes which represented the only library of the house. They were, as he would have expected, entirely scientific. Not a poet was there, not a romancer, not a dramatist, not a

historian. Everything was science. Fleming read the titles, confessing with some shame to himself that even they were unfamiliar and bewildering—Haeckel's "Perigenesis of the Plastidule," Büchner's "Matter and Force," Max Verworn's "Psychophysiological Prostisten-Studien." What effect would it have on a man's mind, Fleming wondered, to read this sort of thing and nothing else? Would he gain in concentration as much as he would lose by the exclusion of the humanities?

"Ah, you are looking over my books, are you?" said Newton's voice, as if in answer to the questioning. "They're food enough for a lifetime, but there are better things yet than books."

"Perhaps I did him injustice," thought Fleming.

"Yes," Newton went on. "Just look at the other side of the room!"

Fleming looked, and saw rows upon rows of glass vials filled with alcohol and containing "specimens"—a five-legged frog in one, an appendix in another, and then a succession of test-tubes containing a jelly-like substance and labeled "cultures." "*Bacillus typhi*" caught Fleming's eye.

"Pleasant!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed; very," Newton answered. "I'm glad you feel so. Some people don't; but I was sure you would take an intelligent interest. I should like to show you some of my experiments, if you'd only stay over next week."

"Thank you," murmured Fleming, hastily, "but it's quite impossible!"

"You know," Newton went on, scarcely taking in Fleming's response, "I am in the midst of an article for 'Pure Science' on the *Musca domestica*, or common house-fly, as a dangerous enemy of mankind. These are my material." With this he opened the door into a sort of pen stocked with rabbits and guinea-pigs. "The ones in the cages have not yet been inoculated. Those which have, and are under observation, are kept in a special hospital about a quarter of a mile away. Of course every precaution is taken; the dead animals are cremated, and there is no possibility of the communication of disease to human beings. Still people are so foolish about such things that I have thought it better not to mention my experiments to my neighbors."

"A wise precaution!" Fleming assented.

"Yes; caution is always necessary in dealing with ignorant prejudice. Now to an intelligent layman like you it would be a pleasure to explain my process. The flies are allowed to plant their feet in one of these 'cultures,' you see, and then their—"

"Excuse me!" interrupted Fleming. "It is of no use for me to pose as an intelligent observer. The fact is, I rather loathe the whole business. Would you object to coming back into the other room and shutting the door?"

"Why, of course, if you'd rather," assented Newton; but his face fell.

Fleming, perceiving his disappointment, continued the conversation by asking: "Is this the principal work that you're engaged upon?"

"No, oh, no," Newton answered, brightening a little. "My real work, the one that goes on year in and year out, is the study of cellular psychology."

"Is it really?" Fleming exclaimed, with a fair imitation of enthusiasm, secretly wondering what the deuce it was all about.

"Yes; I regard that as the greatest field open to the scientist to-day. It is at the very hub of nature's wheel, which goes whirling on through all eternity, swinging from lifelessness through life back to lifelessness."

"Would you mind saying that over again? But if it's too much trouble, you need n't, you know."

"Why, you must understand! A child could see that—how the plant raises inert matter to the living world, while the animal destroys living matter and gives it back to the earth, and all the while the blind instinct of the imperceptible atom is in all and through all and the secret of all. You understand?"

"I'm sure you could n't make it clearer."

"Precisely. Then you see that, just as we take the material cell as the unit in the biological world, we must accept the cell-soul as the elementary unit in the psychological world."

"Now, see here, Newton!" Fleming began, when the conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door and the announcement that supper had been ready for some time and Mrs. Newton said would n't they please come.

Fleming rose with alacrity. Newton, on the other hand, frowned and ran his fingers

impatiently through his backward-falling iron-gray hair.

"Just the way," he muttered, "always the way! They wait till some one in the house gets his brain at work, and then they ring a bell or knock on the door, or raise some infernal racket—for what? To let him know that meat and potato are on the table. For Heaven's sake, why should hours for eating be so sacred, and hours for reading, thinking, or talking be broken in upon without apology!" Nevertheless, he rose and led the way to the dining-room, where George and Mrs. Newton were waiting, the former frankly hungry, the latter gently querulous and begging Fleming not to blame *her* if the soup was cold.

A silence fell as they took their seats, and Fleming had full opportunity to note the difference between the aggregation that makes a household and the congregation that makes a home. These three human beings had no more in common as a fund for spontaneous conversation than if they had gathered from the corners of the earth. Each threw down a gauntlet in the shape of a remark on a subject interesting to himself, but as no one took it up, no tournaments ensued, and the tilts were solitary canters.

"The peas are late this year," was Mrs. Newton's first contribution to the conversation this evening.

Fleming responded that such peas as these were worth waiting for.

Mrs. Newton was glad he thought so and would n't he be helped to some more?

"Father," broke in George, who had been surreptitiously reading the evening paper under the table, "they've begun the summer concerts. May I go to the city to hear one next week?"

"No," said his father, shortly. Whereupon George bit his lips and looked as though if he had been a girl he might have cried.

Fleming felt sorry for him.

"Perhaps," he said, turning to Newton, "you would let George spend the night in town and go to a concert with me sometime."

"As you like," said Newton, indifferently; "but I can't understand George. Here, last month, when I wanted him to go to a meeting of the Geographical Society with me, he said that no entertainment in town paid for the journey."

Fleming bowed his head over his plate

to conceal a smile. As he did so, his eyes fell upon a fly making its leisurely way across the table-cloth. What if—awful thought—what if this fly had experienced a "culture"!

He strove to rid his face of all misgivings before he looked up; but he might have spared himself the trouble. Newton's mind was too preoccupied to take much heed of the expressions of his neighbors. He proceeded now unmoved with the train of thought which he had been following.

"That was an interesting man, that friend of yours I met at the club a month or two ago. I've come across him two or three times since. What was his name? Walder? Walworth?"

"Walford," said Fleming. "He is n't a friend of mine; only an acquaintance. Did you find him interesting?"

"As a study, yes."

"You were not drawn to him as an individual?"

"I don't say that; but I would not trust him, not in any enterprise which I had much at heart."

"I never doubted his honesty."

"Not his honesty, perhaps, but his integrity, his whole-souledness, that is. His enthusiasms are too facile. He is too sensitive, too appreciative, too feminine. I find that the more an individual shares the peculiarities of the opposite sex, the weaker it is, the less chance of survival it has. I wonder, by the way, if Walworth—Walford is going to marry Mrs. Blythe."

Fleming dropped his napkin and stooped to pick it up.

"Have you heard any such report?" he asked.

"I am not sure whether I have actually heard it or whether I formed the impression from seeing them together several times. On that day when she sailed, I met him coming off the pier, and he looked quite broken up. You'd have thought he had said good-by to his last friend. That's what I object to: he has no self-control, no governor to his engine."

"Don't you think Mr. Fleming would like to take his coffee on the porch, Father?" Mrs. Newton asked. She always called Newton "Father," as if his only relation to her were through their child.

"An excellent idea!" exclaimed Fleming, glad to be rid of the heat and the flies and the subject of Walford.

George turned in at the door of the sitting-room, and picking up the score of "Tristan," began to read it as he would a novel. Mrs. Newton established herself with her embroidery under the light of an electric piano-lamp, and the master of the house, accompanied by his guest, strolled out to the porch, where Fleming seated himself on the broad, flat railing. Newton offered cigars; but Fleming drew out a pipe, which he filled lovingly, pressing down the tobacco with his thumb and first finger. As he lighted it, he heard a cough, a slight, dry, hacking cough which made him shiver. His older brother had died of phthisis, and he knew the sound.

"Who is that coughing?" he asked.

"Oh, that's George. He's got into the way of it lately."

"Into the way of it?"

"Yes; it often bothers me when I am trying to study."

"But does n't it worry you?"

"It does a little. In fact, I sent him to a doctor here,—you know, physicians never like to tinker up their own families,—and Grey says it would be a good plan for George to go South or abroad, to Italy perhaps, for the winter. I can't see my way to it, and I dare say the boy will do just as well at home here, with the proper medicines."

"He is fond of the violin, he tells me."

"Oh, he thinks he is—no genius for it; nothing that makes it worth while."

"But if he enjoys it—"

"He must learn to enjoy the kind of thing in which he can succeed."

"Has George a taste for science?"

"He will have—he must have. It takes time at first, of course, and much drudgery; but the reward is so immense that none except the dullest of the dull would stop to count the cost."

"Might not the same be true of music?"

"Not at all. Music is only an amusement, with no intellectual element in it; at any rate, till we reach the grade of the composer. The musician, the performer on an instrument, is only a step above the clog-dancer. What a thing to give a life to!"

Fleming saw that further argument was useless. He puffed at his pipe in silence, watching the embers glow and darken in the bowl. In his heart he wondered how it could come to pass that there should be

so little mutual understanding between those who were bone of one bone and flesh of one flesh.

At last, more by way of changing the current of talk than from vital interest, he asked:

"Have you ever regretted giving up the practice of medicine, Newton?"

"No, a thousand times no!" was the almost explosive answer.

Fleming murmured something about a noble profession, alleviating of human suffering, saving of human life.

"Ah, there it is!" Newton broke in impatiently. "We have grown to have such an exorbitant estimate of the value of the individual life. Where do we get it? Not from nature, surely. She makes short work of the individual who puts himself in the path of her laws. The physicians pride themselves on their success if they prolong for a few years the existence of Tom or Dick or Harry, when nature would have put them out of the way to make room for better men. Oh, I'm not finding fault with the doctors. I used to feel so myself, but I've put all that behind me as a childishness. Why, merely on the ground of philanthropy, discoveries like those of Koch and Virchow and Pasteur and Jenner outweigh by a thousandfold any petty results of a tinkering doctor who gives up his life to taking care of a few old women; and as for the unfolding of great laws like those laid down by Darwin and Kepler, they simply open a new world to millions, widening their horizon, lifting them higher in the scale of sentient beings—that's the sphere of pure science."

"Oh, if that's the way you look at it!"

"To be perfectly frank with you, Fleming, that is n't the way I look at it at all. If you wish the real truth, I never think about human beings or their interests."

"A strange mortal!" thought Fleming. "One is tempted to ask: If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love truth which he hath not seen? How can the abstract take such hold upon the soul as wholly to extinguish the personal, to drive out the consciousness of the individual which separates man from the brutes! Is it an advance or a retrogression?"

He continued this course of thought after the lights were out and he had lain down in his room, where he felt like one

of the wretched folk in the city of Dis in their red-hot tombs with the lifted lids. Even they, he told himself, were not tormented with mosquitos.

Sleep he could not, and every now and then his ears were assailed by that dry, thin, hard little cough. "How long can this thing last," he asked himself, "and how can Newton be so blind? It is as bad as murder to sit still and do nothing."

Then he began to be afraid that if he thought of it any more he should try to do something about it himself. There he drew the line. It was none of his responsibility and he would not make it so. He was planning to go away for a trip next winter, but he meant it to be a pleasure-trip. He certainly had no intention of escorting an invalid boy who was a *vicioso* on the fiddle; not he—no such fool. At this point Fleming turned, tucked in the mosquito-netting, and went to sleep.

On Monday morning he stood on the steps waiting for the dog-cart, which represented to him, as Vergil's robe did to Dante, a blessed promise of escape. Quite to his own surprise, he heard himself saying casually: "By the way, Newton, I am planning to go to Italy next winter. If you'd like to have George go with me, just say so."

### VIII

#### THREE LETTERS

"Black-and-white Angels of Revelation."

ONE morning in the early autumn, Fleming found on his desk a letter bearing a French stamp. The handwriting told him that it came from Mrs. Blythe. He laid it aside and did not open it till the stress of the day's business was over. This was done partly as self-discipline and partly in order to convince himself that the contents had no special interest for him. Nevertheless, more than once he permitted himself to take the envelope between his fingers and endeavor to estimate the length of the letter by its thickness—a problem for which there is no mathematical formula. When at last he broke the seal he discovered with a satisfaction which he would not admit that the letter was long and closely written.

DEAR MR. FLEMING [it ran]: The postmark of St. Malo on this letter does not indicate that we live there, but only that we drive there to

get and send our mail. We are traveling, or rather resting from travel, with Lord and Lady Campbell and their curious assortment of sons and daughters and dogs and men- and maid-servants. They let us alone as only English people can let you alone—that is, without prejudice to your attractions or their appreciation. The son, young Hawtree Campbell, is an agreeable man. He means to stand for Parliament next year—all because we have been twitting him with his idleness. I am rather sorry, for I like to have people stay in their type, and his type is emphatically that of the leisure class.

Here Fleming laid the letter down on his desk, and smoothed the open page mechanically. "Now, why the deuce does she write that to me?" he asked himself. "Mrs. Blythe is too clever to introduce the creditable anecdote for its own sake. If she wishes me to know that Hawtree Campbell is in love with her, why not say so and let it alone? She need not be afraid of my repeating it."

Fleming, you see, judged a woman's motives by a man's, and thereby fell into many and grievous errors.

I wonder [the letter continued] how you would adapt yourself to the lazy life which we are leading here. Could you content yourself with strolls on the beach, crunching mussel-shells under your heels, or with drives along the cliffs between borders of funny, stubby grass, or watching the sun dip into the ocean to the west of us? That is the thing to which I cannot grow accustomed over here, finding the Atlantic always on the wrong side. If you were here, and brought your logical mind to bear, I dare say I should come to understand that we do not carry our horizon line in the trunk when we travel. If we could only get rid of our mental horizon as easily! Every day I realize the truth of Lady Kew's saying that we belong to our belongings; and once in a while, once in a very long while, I feel as if I should like to be rid of mine, and travel about like the artist who is sketching under my window, with no impedimenta but his kit and his umbrella.

I have discovered in myself the meanest jealousy—not of what people have, but of what they are. All the time while I am watching my artist I am thinking: "Oh, dear, I wish I could do that!" After all, though, should I be satisfied with such an impersonal life? Would any woman be satisfied with it? I suspect I should weary of it in the end. Better be the inspiration of the painter—Andrea del Sarto's wife, for instance, if she had had the brains to appreciate his art, or that Mona Lisa

who smiled her crooked smile on to Leonardo's canvas! But a man would n't feel so—would he?

Here I am forgetting that you are a busy lawyer whose time is of value. Therefore to the purpose of my letter, which is to acknowledge your letter and inclose the proxies for which you ask. I shall trust to your judgment entirely. The rubber stock I prefer to hold, even at the risk of loss. Perhaps you will send me a stock-list. I have not seen one for a long while.

Now I come to that part of your letter which is hardest for me to answer, and so, like a coward, I have put it off till the last. I ask myself: "What shall I say of Renée Jaudon's death?" Whatever sentences I frame sound either brutal or hypocritical. I am not sorry that she is dead. I am not. I am *not*. After all, you know, why should I be, except as it makes the question of the child more importunate? At the end of the year I suppose I must come to some decision about that; but I am fully determined not to burden my life with this responsibility which Fate has tried to thrust upon me. The child's very existence is an insult to me. His presence would be a perpetual reminder of all I most wish to forget. You do not know what it means. You cannot, or you could never have said so calmly there on the deck of the steamer that we must forgive in order to forget.

"Did I say that?" thought Fleming. "What a prig I must have been! It sounds like the top line of a copy-book."

I, at least, can neither forgive nor forget at present [the letter went on], therefore I can only ignore, and this child is a stumbling-block in even that path. My idea is, if possible, to find some decent person who will adopt the boy and bring him up in ignorance of his parentage. This will be the kindest course toward him. No, perhaps not that, but the only possible one for me. I recognize no obligations on my part beyond those of common charity.

My uncle is calling me to watch the Breton women gathering seaweed. They are a picture in their tattered, bright-colored petticoats against the white sand and blue sea. We shall be here for another month, and after that it will be safest to address me in care of my bankers. I am glad that there is a prospect of your running over this winter. If we meet in Rome, remind me to tell you of a compliment that my uncle paid you the other day. I must tell you also of his comment on my portrait, an etching by Rajon.

"Anne," he said, "you have not really much intellect or such good looks; but the clever people think you good-looking and the artistic

people think you clever." I like my picture because it is a happy blend of the two deceptions.

Yours sincerely,  
*Anne Blythe.*

P.S. If you see Mr. Walford, please tell him that Hawtree Campbell is anxious to read his last Easter sermon; if he has kept the notes perhaps he will let me borrow them.

*A. B.*

"H'm," said Fleming, pushing aside the page, "so that is the solution of the riddle. It is Walford who is to know about Hawtree Campbell. Perhaps; but not through me."

The week after receiving this letter from Mrs. Blythe, Fleming wrote an answer inclosing the stock-list for which she had asked. It so chanced that the same steamer which carried his letter carried also a note from Stuart Walford. The two were brought at the same time to Mrs. Blythe as she sat with Lady Campbell at the base of a cross set up by the pious Breton peasants on the edge of the cliff, a few rods from the red-roofed inn. Anne turned the letters in her hand, and at sight of "St. Simeon's Parish House" in the corner of one envelope she flushed so high that Lady Campbell noticed it and said considerately: "I think I will explore the cove down below there while you are reading your mail."

"Very well," Anne assented. "If there is anything of interest, I will read it aloud when you come back."

When she found herself alone she threw Fleming's letter lightly on the grass and tore open the other envelope with quick, nervous fingers. As she read, her brows drew together in a puzzled frown and her breath came short.

You were good enough [Walford wrote] to grant me permission to write to you when you went abroad. I have tried several times to begin a letter, but it was difficult. My life here is absorbing to me; but it has very little material of general interest, so if I write it must be of the inner and not the outer world, and more of you than of myself. I often think of our talks last spring. They meant a great deal to me. You said once that I helped you. The words linger in my memory and give me courage for what I am going to say.

Here several words were erased, as if a sentence had made a false start and trotted round the track for a fresh one.

My object in writing now is to beg you to trust me [the letter went on] if you should ever find yourself in any trouble requiring sympathy or counsel. I know that you have the wisest spiritual guidance close at hand; but we cannot always lay bare the deep things of our lives before those who stand nearest us, can we? That sorrow is only half a sorrow of which we can speak freely.

Yet it does not do to lock our hearts utterly, lest we shut out the Holy Spirit when it comes to strive with us. I sometimes think that our church made a fatal mistake in breaking with the sacred tradition of Rome which offers her children the spiritual sanctuary of the confessional, where the burdened soul may lay down its load, sure of a listening ear, a sympathetic heart, an eternal silence.

Forgive me if I have said too much! I could not say less, remembering as I do the look in your eyes on that day when we first met. I shall never forget it—I cannot—I do not wish to.

You will answer this, will you not? and tell me where your winter is to be spent. A task has been assigned me which is likely to take me to Geneva in the late winter or the early spring, and nothing shall hinder me from finding you out if you are in that part of the world.

Walford's signature followed, and so the letter ended. Anne read it through twice, then folded it slowly and slipped it meditatively into its envelope, after which she leaned back against the great cross, clasped her hands about her knees, and sat staring at the line of islands rising blue to the northwest. "What does it mean?" she asked herself, and found no answer.

We take enormous risks when we send off letters to our friends. The mood of the reader is so little to be foreseen by the writer! Our trifling jests fall on breaking hearts. We fill pages with our swelling emotions, and they are scanned by eyes of cynical amusement.

Walford's letter left Anne baffled and bewildered. What could it mean? At length, after her mind had wandered through puzzled mazes for a long while, she began to feel that she had hold of a clue. It must be that to Walford's life of strenuous self-sacrifice her self-indulgence took on the aspect of crime, and he felt that he must break down the barriers of conventionality and deliver his message of warning. She respected him for that, though she thought it might have been done with something less of solemnity—less of the manner of the Hebrew prophets.

Her vanity was wounded by the constraint of the letter and by the lack of that something which had marked his bearing on the steamer—something as impossible to explain as to mistake, the *tutoirement* of manner underlying indifferent speech. Moreover, the ascetic ideal which Walford represented struck a chill across the warm expansiveness of Anne's mood. She shook her head wilfully like a Shetland pony, and turned to Fleming's letter.

MY DEAR MRS. BLYTHE [Fleming wrote]: I quite understand your desire to hold the rubber stock; but you must remember that all industrials are uncertain. However, it was agreed before you left that I should assume no responsibility for your individual investments, but simply act as your agent except where I act as trustee for the estate. The proxies I have and shall try to use for your best interest. I inclose herewith the stock-list for which you asked.

Yesterday I received a report from the Sisters of St. Clara. Renée Jaudon's child has been ill, but is recovering. Will you be sorry, I wonder? They seem fond of it, and it is not impossible that they will be willing to undertake the charge for another year. That is all my news.

Your wind-swept, seaweedy cliffs are a pleasant contrast to my close office, where the electric light burns all day and sheds a circle of sham sunshine over my desk. I take great credit to myself for not being more envious than I am; but there are always compensations. I, for instance, am too busy to be bored—and you?

Anne looked off from the letter, and her eyes fell on Lady Campbell, wandering along the beach, picking up shells of which she intended to make a picture-frame as a souvenir of St. Malo. Mrs. Blythe had thoroughly appreciated the companionship of these kindly, well-bred, well-placed English friends; but she realized with swift compunction that in the matter of interest there might still be something to be desired. "Mr. Fleming would be more agreeable," Anne decided, "if he were not a clairvoyant." Then she read on:

I shall soon have an opportunity of testing my own power of enjoyment as an idler. We sail by the Southern route late in January. I think I wrote you that George Newton is going with me. As he has a little cough of his own, we shall loiter about Naples and Capri for several weeks and probably reach Rome about the time when you are leaving.

I was much interested in what you say in your letter of the difference between a man's ideals and a woman's.

"What did I say about ideals?" Anne questioned; but not being able to remember, she continued reading:

I certainly do not know many men who would be contented to be the inspiration of another man's work. It is too passive a form of achievement to appeal strongly to the masculine mind. As to "the influence of one's individuality,"—wasn't that your phrase?—I fancy most men would rather be known through their work than through their personality. For myself, I thoroughly agree with Montaigne that one is never so well off as in the back shop; but then one must have been in the front shop first to appreciate it, and, moreover, neither he nor I ever looked at life from the standpoint of a beautiful woman.

Shall I see your portrait if we meet in Rome? I hope so. And of your mercy, Gracious Lady, do not play upon my vanity by asking me to remind you to repeat the Bishop's compliment. Dispense it affably and without taking notice of my confusion! I dearly love flattery, but not at the time of its administering. I prefer to drag it up my winding stair into my dismal den, and there, like the spider, to gloat over it unobserved.

My respectful regards to your uncle, whom I have admired from the moment of our meeting (true, by the way!), also to Lord and Lady Campbell; but not to their son: I have a notion that I should not like him—I don't know why.

Yours very sincerely,  
Blair Fleming.

Anne was still smiling when she looked up to find Lady Campbell quietly sitting near her on the grass.

"My letter is from Mr. Fleming," Anne said. "He is my lawyer. He sends his regards to you and Lord Campbell."

"I should like to see him again!" Lady Campbell exclaimed cordially. "He is not only a gentleman but an interesting man." Then she added, after a reflective pause:

"I don't wish to say anything nasty about the States; but when we were over there we did not find your gentlemen your best specimens. My husband was tremendously impressed with your working-men—they were so intelligent and all that, don't you know. But as you go higher and look for more, you often don't get it."

"No, you don't!" Anne admitted candidly, and then added: "As for Mr. Fleming, you probably will meet him again if you go to Rome with us. He speaks of being there when we are."

Lady Campbell raised her eyebrows questioningly.

"Oh, no," said Anne, simply; "he is not in love with me. He admires a very different type of woman. I suspect his most complimentary adjective would be 'discreet.'"

"That word does not exactly describe you, I admit."

"Thank Heaven, it does n't! Discretion is a mean combination of second-rate virtues. I'd rather wear my heart on my sleeve and have it fairly riddled with daw-pecks than to keep it under glass like a French clock. Shall we go in?"

Lady Campbell noticed that Mrs. Blythe had not fulfilled her promise of reading her letters aloud, and she drew her own inferences. They strolled in silence across the moorland stretching between the top of the cliff and the inn, which boasted a gilded monkey as a sign and rejoiced in the name of *Le Singe d'Or*. The dry grasses crackled beneath their feet, the mellow autumn air blew softly against their faces. Anne took off her hat that she might feel it stronger on her forehead.

"I wish to be good," she said at last, breaking the silence. "But I should hate to be *too* good. As far as I can see, the better you are the less comfort you get out of it. I mean to keep a firm hand on my conscience if I find it growing too sensitive."

Lady Campbell laughed. "Here comes Hawtree," she said.

## IX

### UP AT THE VILLA

"What of a villa? Though winter be over  
in March by rights,  
T is May perhaps ere the snow shall have  
withered well off the heights.  
You've the brown plowed land before where  
the oxen steam and wheeze,  
And the hills over-smoked behind by the  
faint gray olive-trees."

"My dear Anne, whenever you feel that it would relieve your mind to say something, *don't say it!*"

Bishop Alston and his niece had been traveling together for ten months, and the Bishop had arrived at a tolerably clear understanding of Mrs. Blythe's character, at least in its superficial phases. This remark was the result of his observation. They had been talking of Eunice Yates, who, like them, was spending the spring in Florence, and who had just sent a note offering to take tea with them if they were alone and disengaged. This afternoon tea was a pleasant thing as Mrs. Blythe served it on the terrace of the pink-stuccoed villa on the slope of the Fiesole hill. The slant sunlight fell across the red roofs of the city, reducing them to a ruddy blur, through which the shaft of the Campanile and the burly cube of the Palazzo Vecchio rose solid and tangible. Beyond, the distance softened into the terraced heights of San Miniato.

Anne had just returned from a drive and still wore her black-plumed hat and black gloves, which with her white gown made a combination too effective to be missed by the most obtuse mind, and Anne's mind was not obtuse. At present, however, her attention was fixed, not upon the gown, but on her uncle's words. She pondered with intently knit brows while she fed bits of bread from her plate to a black bird perched on the carved back of her chair. It was a mina-bird, and the mina-bird, as every one knows, was made by Mephistopheles in a moment of mockery. It outranks a parrot in cleverness as a parrot outranks a canary, and makes its living by scoffing at the human beings around, till they are fain to stop its mocking mouth with titbits. Such a genius did the bird possess for voicing the inmost thoughts and lighting upon the secret weaknesses that Mrs. Blythe, who had bought him of an English sailor at Naples, straightway changed his name from the Indian one he bore to "Conscience."

"I must say it," said Mrs. Blythe, still looking at the bird over her shoulder. "It is like steam gathering in a boiler—the longer I keep it shut up, the bigger the explosion when it comes. If I could just once speak out from the shoulder—"

"A mixed metaphor, my dear."

"Never mind. If I could once say, 'Eunice, you are a fraud. You know it, and I know it,' we might go on being friends; but as to eternally accepting her

valuation of herself, her false invoice of her own virtues, I can't and I won't."

"Can't and won't," echoed Conscience.

Anne laughed.

"After all," said the Bishop, "she deceives no one in the long run."

"No; but in the short run she does. She deceives me in spite of myself. When I hear that she is in the drawing-room, I say to myself, 'Now, mind, don't believe a word she says to you,' and before I have been with her five minutes she is molding my opinion of people and things, and I find myself taking up her prejudices, which, by the way, she discards promptly whenever they are likely to cause her any annoyance."

"Anne, your dislike of Eunice Yates is excessive—positively morbid. What is the secret of it? What lies at the root of it all?"

"Chiefly, I think, the excellence of her motives. They are too good. They pass the bounds of human credulity, and so we earthworms, who cannot grasp such transcendent virtue, begin to grope about to find less worthy ones and fit them to the case. Now, for instance, here is Eunice's note to-day. She says she has not been able to sleep on account of her sympathy with my headache yesterday. She has heard at the *pension* of a remedy, and if I don't object she will come up and bring it this afternoon."

"Now, even you cannot deny that that is a kindness, Anne."

Mrs. Blythe crinkled her eyelids till their lashes met, and shook her head.

"You do not perhaps remember my opening a note the other day when she was here. You made some inquiry about it, and I told you it was from Mr. Walford, that he was staying in Florence for a few days, and that he asked if I were to be at home this afternoon. You went on to repeat all that Dr. Milner had said of Mr. Walford's success and popularity."

"Ah!" said the Bishop; but he was not thinking of Eunice Yates. His eyes were fixed upon the rising color in Anne's face, and he noted a slight tremble in her voice as she spoke. He had not been oblivious of the interest with which his niece had listened to every passage in Milner's letters mentioning Walford's name, or of the pleasure with which she had heard of his rapid advancement. How much of this interest

lay on the surface and how far its roots ran into the depth of feeling he was unable to discover, so he waited. Few men understood so well the art of waiting. Regarding himself as the custodian of Walford's secret, he did not feel at liberty to give any hint to Anne, nor even a caution not to bestow her heart upon a man pledged, in a sense, to make no return.

His reflections were interrupted by the tinkle of the bell at the iron gate, and a moment later the servant appeared, followed closely by Stuart Walford, who advanced toward Mrs. Blythe with a constrained smile. Its conventionality belied the flush on his face and the high excitement of his eyes. The color was reflected on Anne's cheeks, and more than the common welcome dwelt in the ring of her voice and in her quickly extended hand.

Bishop Alston was struck by the change which these ten months had wrought in Walford's appearance—a change none the less convincing because indefinable. Was it that the ascetic line of his cheek had acquired a shade of fullness, that his eyes took in more and gave out less, that his manner had gained in accustomedness, in the air of the world, or was it only the closer cut of the hair, the better tailoring of his clerical coat? Such small things go to make up the totality of an impression!

For a moment Walford was wholly absorbed in the vision of Anne as she stood there in her white gown; he held her in an intense gaze as if he sought to fathom her very soul; then suddenly he turned and caught the Bishop's eyes fixed upon him.

"This is an unexpected pleasure!" he exclaimed. "Dr. Milner told me that you were going back to America on the 1st, leaving Mrs. Blythe here for the month."

"I was," replied the Bishop, "but circumstances changed my plans."

"The more fortunate for me!" rejoined Walford, with what the Bishop considered unwarrantable glibness in addressing his superior. He preferred the embarrassment of last year. The Bishop never showed himself tenacious of his dignity unless some one failed to recognize it.

"Indeed," Walford went on, "I was so uncertain in regard to Mrs. Blythe's movements that I thought it best to come here at once instead of stopping at Geneva, where I was bound for the Conference of Missions."

"Ah!" said the Bishop, with the falling inflection which tells of satisfied interrogation.

"What is this conference?" Anne inquired with specious interest. In reality nothing was further from her thoughts, which were wholly occupied with speculation as to the meaning of Walford's coming. "Before you begin, though, let me give you your tea, unless you prefer going into the house."

"Oh, please not! Remember I come from a region where we don't sit out of doors at this time of the year, where we don't have a scene like this spread out before us at any time."

"Very well," assented Anne, leaning back in her chair as she softly moved the samovar and lifted the cups with her delicate fingers.

Walford began to feel the old bondage stealing over him. For the moment he yielded himself wholly to its charm.

"And the conference?" suggested the Bishop.

"The conference," Walford answered with enthusiasm, "is really the finest thing of the century. Fancy all the sects coming together to compare their methods of mission work, to study the needs of the heathen in the uttermost parts of the world, to consider what form of religious teaching reaches them best and why, and to consider, too, what we have to learn from them!"

"What is the standing of our church as compared with the other sects in mission work?" the Bishop asked.

"Oh, we stand well up in the ranks; but our converts seem to be less affected in the matter of changing their way of life."

"I'm not surprised," the Bishop assented, balancing his spoon absently on the edge of his cup. "It is true in civilized countries as well. The *laissez-faire* of our church attracts but does not compel."

"And you, Mr. Walford," broke in Anne, impatient to end the theological discussion, "what part do you take in the conference?"

"I am to give a paper on the condition of the Hawaiian lepers and their spiritual needs. It is a subject which has interested me for a long time."

Here he cast a sidelong glance at the Bishop, who received it imperturbably.

"Goodness, what a ghastly theme!"

murmured Anne, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Leprosy is so hopeless! If the lepers can find any comfort in sin, why not let them? Don't you think it's rather cruel to add a sense of responsibility to their other burdens?"

"Oh, Cousin Anne!" exclaimed a soft voice from behind her shoulder. Anne scarcely turned.

"That you, Eunice? Let me present Mr. Walford,—Miss Yates. You heard part of our talk evidently."

Walford, rising, faced a slender girl with a smooth sweep of hair, and eyes of a sweet, serious gray. The eyes met his with an understanding and sympathy which went far to console him for the shock caused by Mrs. Blythe's words.

"Yes," said Eunice, placing her profile between Walford and the view, while she spoke to Anne, "I heard, and was so interested I could not bear to interrupt. I know Mr. Walford by reputation already. I hoped that he was going on to tell something of those poor lepers and of that lonely life of theirs."

*"Eunice, you're a fraud!"*

The voice that uttered these words came from the black imp in the shape of a bird, which had forsaken the back of Mrs. Blythe's chair for a perch on the balustrade. His words sent a shock through the entire company. Anne blushed. Eunice looked at her with reproachful comprehension. The Bishop fingered his spectacles uneasily, and Walford fairly started from his chair.

Mrs. Blythe was the first to recover her composure.

"You must not be surprised by any bit of folly or impertinence from this bird of mine, Mr. Walford. He speaks 'an infinite deal of nothing.'"

"Does he ever say anything of his own, Cousin Anne, or does he only repeat what he hears?"

Anne did not find it convenient to answer.

"I trust, Eunice," she said, "that you have come to say that you will sing at the musicale to-morrow evening."

"Yes; that is, if you will be contented with that 'Ave Maria.' You know, I don't sing secular songs."

"So you told me," Anne assented nonchalantly.

As he watched the warmth of Miss

Yates's manner and the chill of Mrs. Blythe's, Walford felt a bewilderment stealing over him like the fog which rises where the Gulf Stream meets the Labrador Current.

"No," Eunice continued, with dreamy eyes fixed on the distant hills. "For others of course it may be right; but for me, my singing is only a way of speaking to the heart, so I would have it speak of the highest things, and of those alone."

She turned and smiled softly at Walford, who looked at her with a quick little nod of assent.

"A beautiful nature!" thought he, and noticed with a painful contraction of his heart the indifferent shrug with which Mrs. Blythe greeted the remark. Had she grown so hardened that she ceased to respond to noble words like these? He could not bear to think it, and yet he told himself that he was prepared for anything. His mind had traveled over a long road in these past ten months. The windings had been devious and the guidance uncertain. The thought of Anne's guilt, which had cut him to the soul at first, had grown familiar. He had not lived so long in the metropolitan world without realizing how frequent such things were. It had long ago ceased to seem impossible; it was rapidly ceasing to seem improbable; and yet he had not stood in Anne's presence five minutes before he felt the return of her old empire over him, and he was consumed with a wild desire to confront her with the letter, to demand the truth, to know the worst or the best at once.

Even now his pulses thrilled as he heard his name spoken by her voice. So quickly did his heart beat that he scarcely caught the substance of her words; but at last he gathered that she was telling him of the musicale. It was to be the next afternoon —very informal; but one or two artists had promised their services, and Miss Yates was to be the star.

"Miss Yates sings very well, I assure you. I hope you will come to hear her."

Walford bowed his thanks and assent. In a pause he turned to the Bishop, who had been studying the young clergyman as closely as Walford had regarded the two women.

"I don't think, Bishop Alston," said Walford, "that I quite understand what you were saying just now about the Church

of England attracting rather than compelling."

"Ah," thought the Bishop, "he is afraid I am going to ask him about himself. He need not fear. I shall learn all I need to know and more without the brutality of the direct question." Aloud he said:

"There are two views of the church—the sacramental and the institutional. In common with many broad-churchmen, I incline to the latter view. To my mind, the Church of England is the best religious machine in the world. Her task is harder than that of the Roman Church, for she deals with men who can cut the connection at will, and yet she keeps her hold on them generation after generation. And how?"

"By offering to take their religious thinking off their hands," said Anne, whereat Walford decided that she was flippant, and of a flippant woman what might not be true? His vague suspicions returned in full force.

The Bishop received the remark calmly.

"Not altogether that," he answered mildly. "The number of people in any sect who really *think* must always be numerically insignificant; but there is nothing of which men are so jealous as of their right to think if they should ever take a fancy to. Now the church is strong just here in her combined firmness and elasticity. For her thinkers she has her reserves in store, the best and wisest of all her provisions, the right of private interpretation. Of course we got it from the Jesuits, and they, for all I know, from the Roman augurs, and they from the Egyptian priests. Be this as it may, the device works to perfection. The catechism asks: 'What is the chief end of man?' The old theologian answers: 'To glorify God and enjoy him forever.' The modern rationalist translates this: 'To glorify Good and enjoy it as long as I live.' Then they both go on comfortably together."

"But does not this private interpretation encourage doubt?" ventured Walford, who had observed a respectful but dissenting silence.

"Very likely; but the people who as believers have no doubt in their minds, as skeptics would have no mind in their doubts. They are the least valuable part of the community."

"Faith is a passionate intuition," said

Eunice Yates, rising as if she were pronouncing a benediction. The others rose too.

There was a moment's pause. Eunice broke it, saying: "I had a letter from Tom at Monte Carlo this morning. He arrives to-night."

Walford looked at Anne; but her manner of receiving the news told him nothing.

"Tom is enjoying Monte Carlo, and he detests Florence; but he is coming merely to be with us."

"He is a devoted brother," volunteered Anne, amiably.

"He is a devoted *everything*," Miss Yates replied inscrutably, and then turned to walk toward the gate with the Bishop.

Walford remained standing with Anne, who followed her cousin with a "Till to-morrow evening, then, Eunice, and I will send the carriage."

The young clergyman gripped his hat tightly, as was his habit when embarrassed.

"Mrs. Blythe," he said at last, "I stopped in Florence and came here to-day to see you on a special errand."

The color flashed up to Anne's brow and retreated. Her eyelids fell till their lashes lay long and shadowy on her crimson cheek. "Yes?" was all she said.

"I promised to place a certain letter in your hands—a letter which I did not dare to trust to the vagrant Continental mails. I have it here." And thrusting his hand into his breast-pocket, he handed Anne an envelope addressed in his own writing.

"A letter!" exclaimed Mrs. Blythe, opening the wide astonishment of her glance full upon him. "How mysterious! And do you happen to know its contents?"

If a bomb had exploded under Walford's feet he could hardly have been more confounded. Up to this time he had pictured Mrs. Blythe in almost every attitude: confessing her guilt, begging for his sympathy, or flaming into indignation at the calumny; but this smiling, casual question suddenly changed all rôles, and the judge found himself in the witness-box, with prospect of a speedy transfer to the criminal's dock. How was it that he had never thought of this?

"Why—I—I—that is, Mrs. Blythe, I cannot explain now" (seeing the Bishop coming toward them after escorting Miss

Yates to the gate). "But would you be good enough to give me back the letter till I find a chance to explain?"

"Give you back my mysterious letter? Oh, impossible! How high you rate a woman's self-control, or how low her curiosity! I'll tell you: I will read the letter first and hear your explanation afterward. You say you have read it already?"

A man with less principle would have lied; a man with more experience would have evaded. Walford could do neither. He strove to plunge into the depths of self-exculpation, only to be caught in the egggrass of self-consciousness.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Blythe," he began.

At this critical moment the Bishop rejoined them, and Walford was obliged to take his leave without even an appointment for an interview.

As the iron gate closed behind him Mrs. Blythe rose from her chair and walked to the balustrade, which ran the length of the terrace. She leaned upon its broad top. Her gaze swept the hillside, with the valley

at its foot and the narrow pathway which wound precipitously from highway to highway, cutting off half the distance for the pedestrian.

"Yes," Anne said at last, "I thought so."

The cause of this remark was the sight of a slender figure in gray, seated on a slab of old yellow marble placed close to the path for the benefit of wayfarers, in a clearing which gave a wide view of hill and valley. The gray gown, as Anne instantly noted, belonged to Eunice Yates, who with raised arm and extended finger was pointing out the beauty of the landscape to the stolid Italian maid at her elbow.

In a few minutes another figure, tall and black-coated, wound its way through the trees and reached the bench. Then the gray figure rose, and the three went on down the hill together.

"Cleverly done, my lady!" exclaimed Anne, half aloud. With a not wholly genial smile, she turned and began to pace the terrace back and forth, striking her lips softly with the envelope which she held in her fingers.

(To be continued)



## THE ILLUSIONIST

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON



YES! You talk of a woman's eyes. Let me tell you a tale—all eyes. I was younger once, like you. Like you, I had my little preferences. First, I remember, I liked blue eyes best. Boys do. It is not so strange when you come to think of it. When you are little they tell you little stories. They give the princesses and fairy queens—all the good spirits—blue eyes and long golden locks; only the wicked ones, the giants and evil elves, they make brunettes. It is but natural in a child's story to make the good folk like the bright day, the bad ones like the dark night. The child, loving sunshine and fearing shadows, can understand that. So little boys prefer blue eyes and golden hair.

I outgrew that. Blondes I found—well,

never mind. This girl I tell you of had eyes that you read about—great eyes, tranquil and blue as the sky in summer. She had a voice, too—a voice that never rose above a certain lovely tenderness. She was a flower of a girl. Yes, even now, after all that has intervened, I would call her beautiful. A flower of a girl, I said. Well, I first saw her among the flowers of a country lane.

It was an evening in May—twenty years ago it was, yet I remember. She wore a sunbonnet and a gingham frock, and carried a long forked stick in her hand. She was bound for the river meadows to bring the cows. You could hear their bells tinkling at the bars.

It was sweet and cool there after the city's heat. I worked in town; I lived,

summers, in the country. You can imagine, then, how I felt, freed from my desk, there in that delicious air full of singing birds—thrushes and song-sparrows—and rustling leaves. You know how it is in May. Then, too, I was something sentimental in those days. I went about with a book of verses in my pocket. In fact, to be quite frank with you, I had ambitions—a little—that way. You can judge from that how a country lane might please me.

Well, we met her there. The lane was narrow. She stepped aside to let our wagon pass, and as she stood, lithe and quiet and beautiful, in the wild geraniums, I had a sudden fancy—an impression of a rare soul born in a little place but destined for a large one, a shepherdess, as it were, who might lead an army—a Jeanne Darc.

Imagine with what delight I found she was the daughter of the very farmer with whom I had come to stay! I met her next morning. She was in the dairy, washing pans. There was none of that rustic awkwardness, you understand; no flushing up to the eyes—those great calm eyes; no simpering apology for her bare brown arms or her apron splashed with water from the spring. No; she just smiled and said:

"It is a fine morning."

It was a fine morning, the first of many on that old farm. You know those old farms—everything green and growing, even the shingles on the roofs, and branches and flowers everywhere.

I used to talk with her as she worked in the dairy. She said little, it is true. It was I who did the chattering. But when she did speak in that peaceful voice of hers, in those simple little sentences, "Yes," "No,"—one word, two words, three,—it was charming. Oh, there was now and then some little slip—error in grammar; what could you expect? Piquant, I thought it, rather than otherwise. Besides, what did it matter, considering her eyes?

Imagine that scrubbed, sweet dairy. She washes the milky pans, and stands them dripping and shining in the sun. You sit in the open window, on the sill. The scent of apple-blossoms blows in upon you. Birds call and twitter. Then you say to Irene,—her name was Irene,—you say to her:

"Breathing this fragrance all day long is dangerous."

"Dangerous?" she asks.

"Dangerous," you repeat.

"Why?"

"Because it will make a man a poet, Irene—a lover—if he does not take care."

"Are you a poet?" she asks you as serious as you please.

"No," you say to her, or rather it is the devil puts you up to it; "no, but I am—the other thing."

She looks you frankly in the eyes. Tell me, is there a moment so interesting, so uncertain, so tantalizing, as that: when a woman looks straight into your eyes, though by every rule of tradition, of precedent, she should be looking—otherwise?

"No," you say, "I'm not a poet, but I am the other thing."

She looks you frankly in the eyes.

"Wait till the lilacs bloom," she says.

*Wait till the lilacs bloom!*

And she says it so simply, so artlessly,—she is so naïve about it,—it enchanting your soul.

You come down at seven—one of those May mornings when the whole world is like a full-blown rose.

"Good morning," you say.

"Good morning," says Irene. "The wild strawberries are in blossom."

*The wild strawberries are in blossom!*

As though it were the most stirring news! And so it is. And what a charming little message with which to begin the day!

Or you go for a walk and return with flowers in your hands. You lay them in her lap.

"I know where you have been," she cries.

"Where?"

She points to the spring-beauties with their striped cheeks.

"By the brook where you cross on the stones."

She knows the wild-wood. You had crossed on those very stones!

Imagine evening. You go for the cows. She wears her sunbonnet, carries her forked wand. There at the bars they await her coming, those great silk-coated kine, lowing, turning upon her the drowsy wonder of their eyes.

"Come, Bess! Come, Mallow!"

You know how evening sweetens the sweetest sounds. Her voice is music there by the river fields.

The bars are down. The cattle amble

into the lane, pressing before you with tinkling bells.

Then silently she walks beside you, this fair herd-girl, her head thrown back, her bonnet slipping from her hair, her shoulders swinging with her lissome stride.

The sky is golden. The wood darkens. There, somewhere in the shadows, thrushes are calling—those three flute notes. You think of fairies, of oaten pipes. Vaguely, as in a dream, the romance of old, old pastorals comes upon you—poems, idyls loved when a wide-eyed boy, of kings and milkmaids, shepherds and bleating flocks. Then—such is the witchery of old legends remembered in a lane—then, though you bear no crook, though you pipe no melody, all about you you feel Arcadia. As in a poem you drive the kine.

Do you wonder, then, that I fell in love with that dairy-maid, who never dreamed that her voice sang, that her eyes were glorious?

Her eyes—yes, those great blue eyes—widening as she listened! Talk to her? I talked as easily as I am talking now to you. Never before or since have I talked so well, with such ease, such eloquence.

And why?

Because her eyes inspired me. Just to look into them was to know that at last you were understood; that they read you to the bottom of your soul; that they saw there your very self of selves struggling for utterance.

So those eyes were like wine to me. Things before I had never dreamed of bubbled up in my mind like a spring. Under those azure skies, that May, I poured out my soul to her—my innermost thoughts, my deepest faiths, my religion, my fondest dreams. And while I talked she drank in every word, listened raptly, sat there and looked at me with those great stars till I laid my heart bare at her feet.

If I spoke ardently of all I longed to be, of how I would give my life to my beloved career, of how I would lay it gladly, if need be, on the altar of my art, she said nothing, but sat and looked at me with those lustrous orbs—lustrous with praise and sympathy. If the evening was sweet with songs of the brown thrushes, if wind and moonshine lulled my thoughts from fervor to the gentle melancholy of a night in May, so that I spoke vaguely, tenderly,

of life and love and happiness, she said nothing, but I had only to look at her to read her message in that tranquil gaze. And then again, if I spoke bitterly of blasted hopes, sadly of forebodings, despairing of that future of which I dreamed, seeing that wreath of laurel farther and farther beyond my trembling grasp, she said nothing, nothing, it is true, but you should have seen the pity in her eyes!

Do you wonder, then, that I fell in love, that in one idyllic fortnight I lost my heart to that rustic maid? Framed in apple boughs, silhouetted against the green and daisies of the hillside, against the turquoise of the sky, she made a picture more subtly beautiful than any I had ever seen.

Idealize! Idealize? You should have dared to say that to me then. I was twenty-three.

Now like a dream it comes to me how bright her eyes were when I told her. We were in the maple lane. All about us was the scent of lilacs and night and spring.

"I love you, Irene."

"Yes?" she replied. How like her! Only that one little simple word.

She gave me the kiss I begged—but it was a cold, strange little kiss, without feeling, without love. I was surprised. For a moment it troubled me. Then I remembered she was only a simple girl. It was but natural, then, and beautiful, that chaste expression of a pure young soul—"white as the snow," I told myself. Then I was no longer displeased. I was proud of my conquest.

That night, lost in a romantic ecstasy, I scarcely slept at all. Hours I sat there by my open window, through which the moonlight flooded my little room. So near I could almost touch them with my hand were the apple boughs.

You can imagine my dream—how I would take my love to the great town; how her eyes would widen when I showed her its stirring world; how proudly I would show that world my bride.

Listen!

It was afternoon, next day. I lay day-dreaming in the hammock under the maples. I heard voices—Irene's voice and her mother's—borne straight to my ears on a little tattling breeze. I heard plainly every word.

"How much money has he, do you think?"



Drawn by Sigismund Ivanowski. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"DO YOU WONDER . . . THAT I FELL IN LOVE?"

That was the mother speaking; then Irene.

"I don't know," she said. "He never talks about money. He only talks about dreams."

"Dreams!" cried her mother, so sharply, so incautiously, she was careful to lower her voice when she spoke again. But I still heard.

"Dreams!" she said more softly. "Is the man daft?"

I listened, breathless, for Irene's reply. I felt it was of me they spoke. There was a strange warning, a premonition of evil, in the very air. My heart was beating like a trip-hammer. I swallowed hard. I can feel now that prickling, that tingling in my hair.

"Is the man daft?" asked the mother. Listen to my Irene's reply.

"I don't know," she said, "but he's very queer."

I leaped in the hammock. I could not believe my ears. I was dazed, stunned, thunderstruck. The thought shot through me, "They are talking of some one else." But my heart told me it was a lie. I listened again.

"He talks and talks," Irene was saying —my Irene; "gabbles and gabbles all day long, from morning till night, about dreams —nothing but dreams; about being a great man and wearing some kind of leaves on his head. I don't always know what he's driving at, but I don't like to ask. Sometimes he scares me, the words come a-twisting and tumbling so, and he looks so fierce with his eyes. So I sit and look at him. I don't know a thing to say."

"What does he say to you?"

"Everything; I don't know. Well, for one thing, he says eyes—my eyes—are stars that used to be up in the sky."

"He does. What else does he say?"

"Well, he says the sawmill brook is the voice of—something, I don't know what. And he says—oh, he says trees are harps!"

"Says trees are harps! Fudge!"

Then her mother—great, coarse country creature—laughed! Laughed, I tell you. And Irene—*she* laughed.

That was the last straw. My face was on fire. I would have given the world to have the ground open beneath my feet. But I dared not stir. They must not know I was there. I would wait till they left the dairy, then steal away.

"What else does the fool say?"

"The fool," mark you! Her mother called me a fool. And then Irene, Irene, the blue-eyed hussy, said,—mind you, mocking my very voice,—"He says flowers grow in my heart," and laughed again.

I could have strangled her. No; but I could have choked myself for being such a fool. I was—what shall I say? What word, what fifty words, would paint for you my chagrin, bewilderment, humiliation? I would have cursed myself, but I was dumb.

Giggling like an idiot, Irene went on:

"And what do you think? He wants to have a flower-garden back of his house, and have a beautiful woman—that's me, maw!—a-sitting under a rose-bush all day long."

*A-sitting under a rose-bush!*

*That's me, maw!*

Good Lord, I might have known! What could a country ninny know of poetry?

I heard them laughing, mocking me, as I fled. I did not wait for my things up-stairs. I telegraphed; I had them sent to me.

Laugh, yes, laugh at me! I do not mind. I can laugh now myself. It was those eyes, those cursed eyes of hers, I tell you, that made a fool of me—those great lying eyes of a woman that can look so deep and be so shallow, after all. Well do I know there are eyes as true as they are beautiful; but beware, I say. The deepest, truest, tenderest woman that I know—wears glasses! I did not choose her, nor do I love her, for her eyes, dear as they are to me.



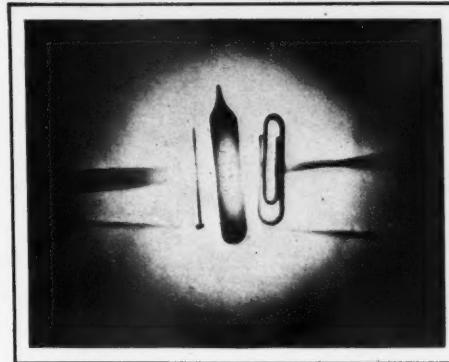


FIG. 1. SHADOW PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE BECQUEREL RAYS EMITTED BY RADIUM

The print shown is a positive. The lighter portions are those where the Becquerel rays were strongest.

## THE NEW ELEMENT RADIUM

BY ERNEST MERRITT

Professor of Physics, Cornell University

**I**N these days of rapid progress in all branches of natural science, only a few of the many important discoveries can hope to attract general attention. Great discoveries are taken as a matter of course. Science is expected to develop rapidly; it would be out of harmony with the age if it failed to keep pace with the universal progress.

When some unusually significant advance is made, however, public interest is almost sure to manifest itself; witness the great interest shown a few years ago in the discovery of Roentgen rays. It was not merely the sensational side of the discovery that caused this: it was rather the fact that something absolutely new had been found, something the very existence of which had not before been suspected. A new field had been opened up for investigation, with almost unlimited pos-

sibilities for further development. No technical knowledge of physics was needed to appreciate the significance of such a discovery.

The great interest that has been taken in the new element radium is to be explained in the same way. It is not merely that another element has been discovered,—such a discovery is made every few years,—but the properties of radium are so novel that it occupies a place by itself; and not only is the substance itself remarkable, but each step in the investigations that led to its discovery brought with it some new contribution to science, while the isolation of the new element was made possible by the employment of a method of analysis entirely new to chemistry. It is not surprising, therefore, that the interest in radium has extended beyond scientific circles.

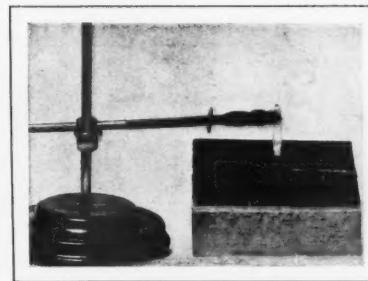


FIG. 2. PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATING HOW THE PICTURE SHOWN IN FIG. 1 WAS MADE

The radium is contained in the small glass tube immediately above the center of the plate. The latter is wrapped in black paper entirely opaque to ordinary light.

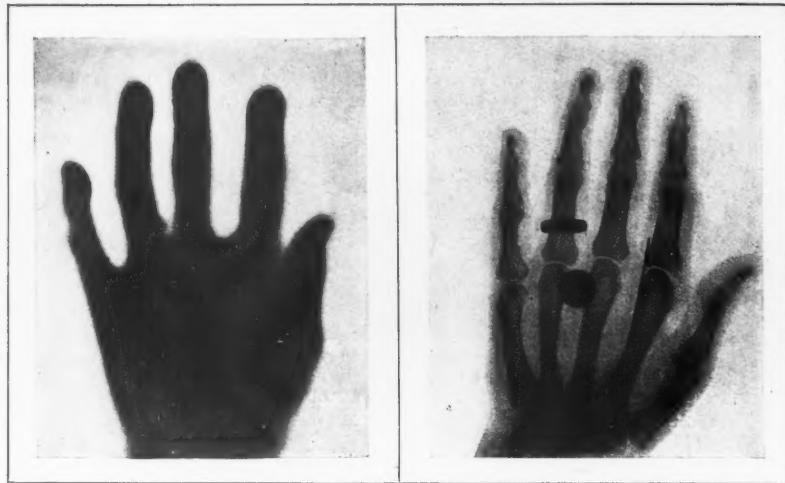


FIG. 3. RADIOPHOTOGRAPHS OF THE HAND

The one at the left was taken by Becquerel rays; exposure one hour. The one at the right was taken by Roentgen rays. These photographs were made by Dr. E. Walter of the State Laboratory, Hamburg, Germany.

Radium is one of three elements which are now spoken of as "radioactive" elements. The other two, uranium and thorium, have long been known, although the properties that now make them specially interesting were discovered only recently. The existence of other radioactive elements, while almost certain, cannot yet be positively affirmed. Radium, however, possesses the distinctive properties of radioactivity in such marked degree that it is by far the most important element of this class.

While the radioactive substances differ widely from one another in many ways, all possess one property in common: they emit spontaneously certain peculiar rays, called Becquerel rays, which act on a photographic plate, discharge electrified bodies, excite phosphorescence, and produce many other important effects. Like X rays, Becquerel rays

are able to pass to some extent through all substances; but the denser a substance is, the greater is the opposition which it offers to their passage. The rays cannot be brought to a focus by a lens; therefore the photographs made by them are necessarily shadow-pictures, like those made by Roentgen rays. Fig. 1 gives an example of such a photograph, while the method of taking it is illustrated in Fig. 2. The source of the Becquerel rays was about a grain of the chlorid of radium, contained in a small glass tube. The picture shows us that even metals do not stop the rays entirely, for the central part of the pen, upon which the rays fell most directly, has scarcely cast any shadow at all. Rays from nearly pure radium have been known to pass through more than an inch of iron.

The resemblance between the shadow-



FIG. 4. SHADOW PHOTOGRAPH MADE BY THE BECQUEREL RAYS FROM URANIUM OXID

The oxid, in powder form, was poured over the key so as to form a little heap at the center of the plate. Direct contact with the plate was prevented by black paper. Exposure forty-eight hours. The print is a positive.

picture shown in Fig. 1 and similar pictures made by Roentgen rays is striking. When radium was first discovered, the belief was general that its rays would soon replace X rays in the examination of the bones and internal organs. If a little piece of radium could be substituted for the complicated apparatus now needed to produce X rays, the benefit to surgery would certainly be considerable. Unfortunately, Becquerel rays pass through the bones almost as readily as through the flesh, so that sharp shadow-pictures cannot be obtained. The two radiographs of the

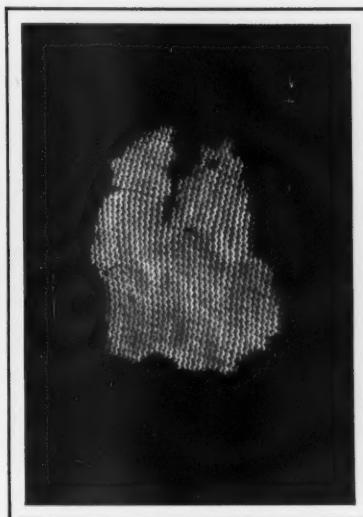


FIG. 5. PHOTOGRAPH OF A PIECE OF WELSBACH MANTLE TAKEN BY ITS OWN BECQUEREL RAYS

The mantle was laid directly on the plate and allowed to remain there forty-eight hours in a dark room. The print is a positive.

same hand, shown in Fig. 3, illustrate the difficulty. The picture taken by means of Becquerel rays is the best that I have seen, but it fails entirely to show the bones, and would therefore be of little value in surgical diagnosis.

On account of its rarity and the difficulty of separating it from its ores, radium is extremely costly. That used in making the picture shown in Fig. 1 was impure, being mixed with a large proportion of barium. But its price on the market is about seven dollars a grain, or more than one hundred times the price of pure gold. Fortunately there

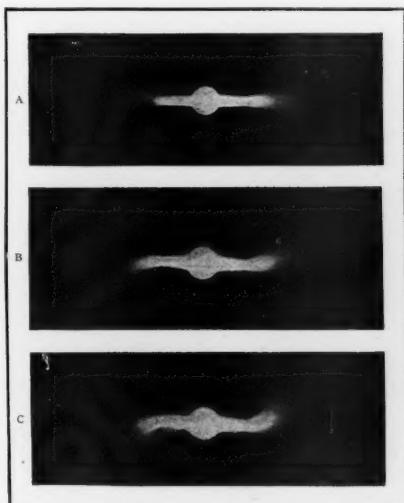


FIG. 6. PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING DEFLECTION OF RADIUM RAYS BY A MAGNET

The radium was contained in a cylindrical hole in a block of brass. The rays passed out through two narrow slits in the metal, proceeding both to the right and to the left, and just grazing the surface of the plate. A was taken without the action of a magnet; B with one pole of an electromagnet beneath the plate and directly below the radium. In the case of C this magnet was stronger. It will be noticed that the rays proceeding toward the right are bent upward, while those going toward the left are bent downward.

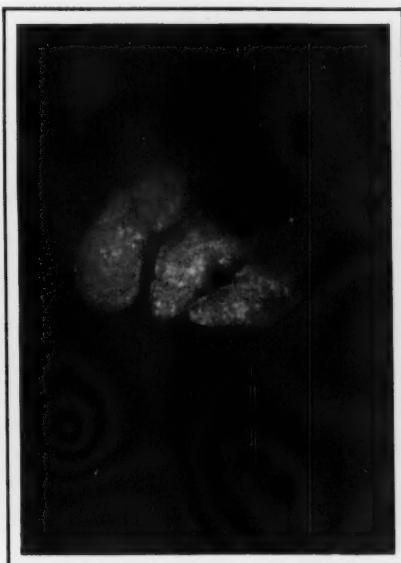
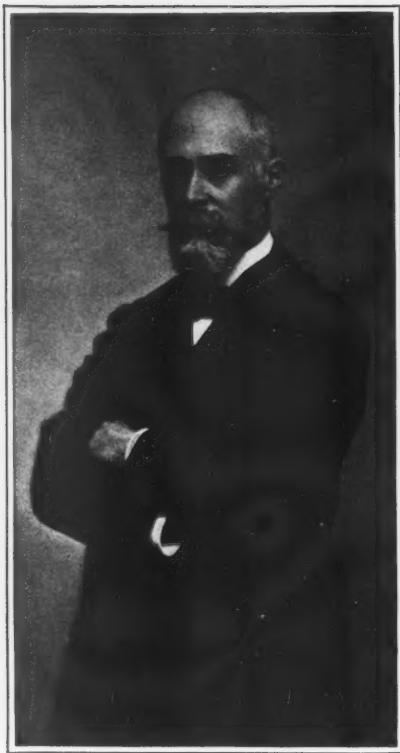


FIG. 7. PHOTOGRAPH OF A PIECE OF THE RADIOACTIVE MINERAL GUMMITE AND OF A SMALL PIECE OF URANIUM, TAKEN BY THEIR OWN BECQUEREL RAYS

Both were placed directly upon the plate, and allowed to remain there, in the dark, for forty-eight hours.



From a photograph by Pierre Petit, Paris

HENRI BECQUEREL

are more common materials which produce similar effects, although much longer exposures are required. The shadow-picture shown in Fig. 4 was made by rays from the oxid of uranium; any of the other compounds of uranium will act in the same way. Fig. 5 brings the phenomena of radioactivity still nearer to every-day life. This picture shows the impression made on a photographic plate by a piece of the mantle from a Weisbach burner. The chief constituent of these mantles is the oxid of thorium, which, like radium and uranium, possesses this remarkable power of continually sending out Becquerel rays. When laid upon a sensitive plate, the mantle takes its own picture,

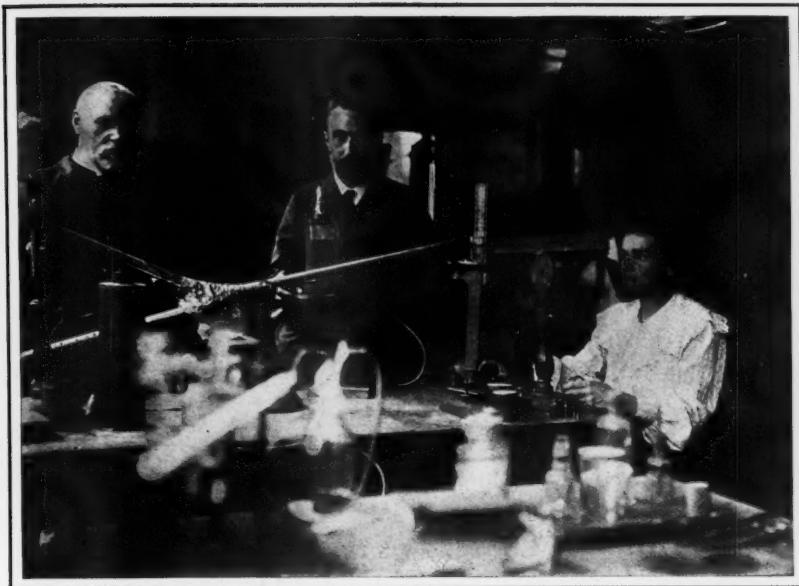
itself furnishing the Becquerel rays that are needed.

It was by means of their photographic action that Becquerel rays were first detected. In fact, the whole history of radioactivity may be said to have started from a slight trace of fog on a photographic plate. How happy photographers would be if every fogged plate should prove as interesting! Like every discovery of something absolutely new, the discovery was accidental; it could not have been otherwise, for the existence of these new rays had not been even suspected.

The investigations which resulted in the detection of Becquerel rays began soon after the discovery of the X rays, and were intimately connected with it. In the early days of Roentgen rays there were many facts which suggested that phosphorescence had something to do with the production of these rays. It occurred to several French physicists that X rays might be produced if phosphorescent substances were exposed to sunlight instead of to the electrical action of a Crookes tube. Professor Henri Becquerel of the University of Paris undertook experiments to test this supposition as early as 1896, only a few months after X rays had been discovered. Among the substances used in these experiments was one containing the metal uranium. This was placed upon a photographic plate, which had first been wrapped in black paper in order to protect it from the light. After the plate had stood in bright sunlight for several hours, it was removed from its paper covering and de-



FIG. 8. A SPECIMEN OF PITCH-BLENDE, THE MINERAL FROM WHICH RADIUM IS OBTAINED



M. Petit

M. Curie

Mme. Curie

## IN THE LABORATORY OF M. AND MME. CURIE

Taken while making a measurement of radioactivity.

veloped. A slight trace of photographic action was found at those parts of the plate directly beneath the uranium, just as Becquerel had expected. It was clear that rays of some kind were being produced that were capable of passing through black

paper. Since the X rays were the only ones then known to possess this power, it seemed as though the problem of producing X rays by sunlight was solved.

Then came the fortunate accident. After several plates had been prepared for exposure to sunlight, a storm came up, and the experiments had to be postponed for several days. When the work was resumed, the plates had been lying in the dark room so long that they might easily have deteriorated in some way, so that it seemed hardly safe to use them. But, instead of simply throwing the plates away, Becquerel fortunately developed them, thinking that some action might possibly have taken place in the dark. The result was that he obtained better pictures than ever before. The exposure to sunlight, which had been regarded as essential to the success of the former experiments, had really had nothing at all to do with the matter.



FIG. 9. PHOTOGRAPH MADE BY THE BECQUEREL RAYS FROM THE PIECE OF PITCH-BLENDE SHOWN IN FIG. 8

The specimen was placed with its flat surface in direct contact with the plate. Only the veins of radium ore produce a photographic impression.



From a photograph by H. C. Ellis, Paris

M. PIERRE CURIE AND MME. SKŁODOWSKA CURIE, AND THEIR DAUGHTER IRENE,  
IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR HOME NEAR PARIS

M. Curie is professor of physics in the Sorbonne; Mme. Curie occupies the chair of physics in the Normal School at Sèvres.

The essential thing was the presence of uranium; and the photographic effects were not due to X rays, but to Becquerel rays. There were many long and difficult steps to take before even our present incomplete knowledge of the subject could be reached; but this fortunate accident was the beginning of the long series of experiments which have already led to the discovery of the new element radium, and which bid fair to revolutionize some of the most fundamental conceptions of physics and chemistry.

For a time it was thought that the rays from uranium were the same in kind as light, but of such short wave-length as to be invisible. But it was found that they were not reflected, and that they were not bent in passing from one medium to another; in fact, the most fundamental properties of light-waves were entirely absent.

The resemblance of the new rays to Roentgen rays is more striking. Not only do they pass through opaque substances just as the Roentgen rays are known

to do, but they make the air a conductor of electricity, so that electrified bodies lose their charge when uranium is brought near. This is also one of the characteristic properties of the Roentgen rays. From the scientific standpoint this discharging power is one of the most important properties which the Becquerel rays possess, for it gives a test for their presence that is by far the most sensitive known.

It was not until several years after Becquerel's discovery that any essential differences between the two classes of rays were detected. But it is now known that some of the Becquerel rays carry with them negative electricity, and that on passing near a magnet they no longer follow a straight path, but are bent into a curve. Neither of these properties is possessed either by light or by Roentgen rays. The action of a magnet on the rays is illustrated in Fig. 6. The Becquerel rays are now believed to consist in part of extremely small negatively charged particles, smaller even than atoms, which are shot out by the

active substance with a speed nearly equal to that of light.

The Becquerel rays produced by uranium are extremely feeble. To make photographs by means of them, long exposures are required, measured by hours or days rather than by minutes or seconds, while a study of their properties would need the elaborate apparatus of a physical laboratory. If uranium had proved to be the only radioactive substance, I doubt whether the subject would have aroused very general interest. Even in scientific circles the discovery of the more active elements has helped greatly in directing attention to this field of investigation. The scientific investigator is by no means devoid of the taste for something sensational. A lake is more interesting than a pond, even to the most painstaking geographer; only he wants to be sure that it *is* a lake, and not merely a mirage. The discovery of radium gave a source of Becquerel rays a million times as strong as uranium or thorium. Although the properties of radium do not differ in any essential respect from those of uranium, they are on a larger scale. We should be scarcely human if they failed to arouse greater interest.

Not the least interesting feature in connection with this unique element is the fact that its discovery was due primarily to the work of a woman, Mme. Skłodowska Curie, who, in consequence of her investigations in this field, now ranks among the most prominent scientists of the day. Mme. Curie began her work in 1897 with a systematic study of a large number of known substances, to determine which, if any, were radioactive. This work showed that the compounds of thorium developed Becquerel rays of about the same intensity as those emitted by uranium. Mme. Curie then took up the study of various minerals containing uranium and thorium. The surprising fact developed that some of these minerals were more strongly radioactive than the metal uranium itself. The suspicion immediately arose that some other active substance was present in addition to uranium and thorium, and that this substance was stronger than any element yet known. Mme. Curie set herself the problem of isolating this new substance and determining its properties.

In her investigation of the radioactivity of minerals Mme. Curie employed the

electrical test, which is far more sensitive than the use of photography. Nevertheless, the photographic method, which is illustrated in Fig. 7, has some advantages. The figure shows the impressions made on a photographic plate by a piece of the mineral gummite and a smaller piece of pure uranium. Each has taken its own picture by means of the Becquerel rays which it emits. But the impression left by the mineral is much stronger than that due to the uranium; evidently the gummite contains something, probably radium, which sends out much stronger Becquerel rays than does the uranium.

The photographic method not only shows the presence of some radioactive substance, but also tells us in what part of the mineral the substance is located. The next two photographs are in illustration of this point. The first (Fig. 8) is an ordinary picture of a piece of pitch-blende, this mineral being chosen because it is the one from which radium was first obtained. Fig. 9 is a Becquerel-ray picture of the same specimen. Every crack and seam where radium is present has made its impression, while the ordinary rock in which the ore is embedded has left no trace.

The task undertaken by Mme. Curie in attempting to separate radium from pitch-blende was somewhat similar to that of a detective who starts out to find a suspected criminal in a crowded street. Pitch-blende is one of the most complex of minerals, containing twenty or thirty different elements, combined in a great variety of ways. The chemical properties of the suspected new element were entirely unknown; in fact, except for its one property of radioactivity, nothing whatever was known about it. The problem was one of extreme difficulty; but it had all the fascination of a journey into an unexplored land.

Soon after the search for the new element was begun, M. Curie abandoned his own investigation work and joined his wife in her attack on the new problem. The processes by which the problem was solved, although of great interest to the student of chemistry, are of too technical a nature to be described here. Suffice it to say that Mme. Curie and her husband were finally rewarded by the discovery not of one new element only, but of two. One of these, polonium, although far more active than uranium, has never been obtained in suffi-

cient purity for extended investigation. The other, radium, is that remarkable substance the further study of which promises to contribute to the advance of almost every natural science.

Radium has not yet been completely isolated. All that has been obtained is some one of its simpler compounds, and until recently even these had not been prepared in pure form. What the pure metal will be like, and what its properties will be, are questions yet to be answered.

The chlorid of radium, which is a combination of radium and chlorin, is the commonest form in which the new element is obtained. This is a grayish-white powder, resembling ordinary coarse-grained salt. There is certainly nothing in its appearance to suggest its remarkable properties. To obtain enough of this powder to weigh a grain requires the treatment of half a ton of pitch-blende. It is not surprising, therefore, that radium is expensive. But to realize that a pinch of this innocent-looking salt costs more than a thousand dollars gives one a peculiar sensation. Pure radium bromide can now be obtained with an activity nearly two million times as great as that of uranium, which is usually taken as a standard. It costs five thousand dollars a grain, or about three and a half million dollars a pound. Until the last few months pure radium salts could not be bought at any price. Professor and Mme. Curie, who for a long time had virtually all the pure radium preparations in existence, have been extremely courteous, however, in lending specimens to other scientific workers.

The photographic action of the radioactive substances and their power of making the air a conductor of electricity have already been mentioned. These effects are produced by the pure radium salts in great intensity. Photographs may be made in less than a minute, while an electrified body loses its charge under the influence of the rays in a fraction of a second. Still other properties, scarcely noticeable at all in uranium, are strongly marked in the case of the new element. Radium rays cause certain substances to give out light; the diamond, for example, shows this effect. In a darkened room the real diamond glows with a clear phosphorescent light when polonium or radium is brought near, while imitation stones fail to respond.

The compounds of radium show phosphorescence under the influence of their own Becquerel rays, and are therefore themselves luminous. The light given out is sometimes so bright that it is possible to read by it. The rays also cause chemical changes in certain bodies. Glass, under the action of Becquerel rays, acquires a violet color, while crystals of ordinary salt turn blue. The effect of the rays on living tissues is specially marked. Serious sores have been produced by an exposure to the rays from strong radium for only five minutes. Strangely enough, the effect does not show itself immediately in such cases, but develops several days after the exposure. In experiments with the lower animals, paralysis and death have been caused by the rays. Bacteria are in some cases killed outright, while in others their development is retarded.

Two of the radioactive substances, radium and thorium, are not only able to give off Becquerel rays themselves, but can impart the same power to other bodies. Anything, of whatever material it may be, when placed near radium, becomes itself radioactive, and retains its activity for several days. Even the human body takes on this excited activity. This fact has in some cases led to considerable annoyance, since the results of delicate experiments may easily be vitiated by the action of the rays from the experimenter's clothing and hands.

Excited activity has been traced to radioactive gases which are given off by radium and thorium. A body that is brought into contact with one of these gases, or emanations, acquires, and retains for a short time, the power of emitting Becquerel rays. Negatively charged bodies acquire excited activity much more readily than bodies that are charged positively. Apparently some radioactive gas, similar in character to the emanations of radium and thorium, is present in the atmosphere all the time, for if a negatively charged metal is exposed to ordinary air for several hours it will be found to have acquired temporary radioactivity. Freshly fallen rain and snow are also active. If a little rain-water is boiled until it has completely evaporated, the vessel that contained it will be found to give out Becquerel rays, even though no visible residue is left. In fact, now that sensitive methods have been

devised for the detection of Becquerel rays, it begins to look as if radioactivity were really a very common property of matter. Within the last few months evidence has been found that virtually all metals are slightly radioactive, while the whole surface of the earth is sending out Becquerel rays in small but measurable amount.

The rarity and expense of radium have thus far been serious obstacles to the study of its properties. As time goes on, however, simpler and cheaper methods of extracting the new element are almost certain to be found; possibly, also, richer ores will be discovered. That practical uses for this remarkable substance will be found can scarcely be doubted for a moment, for no discovery in natural science was ever made which failed to contribute in some way to human progress. To predict what the practical applications will be is another matter. If we may judge by the history of great discoveries in the past, it is probable that the uses of radium which will ultimately prove the most important are now not even suspected.

At present the science of medicine appears to offer the most promising field for the practical utilization of radioactive substances. Mention has already been made of the action of radium rays on living tissues and bacteria. Numerous experiments are already in progress to determine how these effects may be made useful in the treatment of disease, and these are meeting with considerable success. As these lines are being written the announcement is made that two cases of cancer have been cured by radium rays. If the efficacy of radium in the treatment of this terrible disease should be established, that alone would be well worth years of patient investigation.

The practical application of radium is a matter for the future; whether its importance will be great or small cannot yet be predicted. But of the scientific importance of the radioactive substances there can be no possible doubt. To reconcile their properties with previously accepted views is a matter of great difficulty, and no wholly satisfactory explanation of the new phenomena has yet been reached. That a radioactive substance should produce Becquerel rays spontaneously is sufficiently remarkable in itself; but still more astonishing is the fact that it continues to

produce them. A Crookes tube does not produce X rays unless we pass a current through it; a lamp gives no light unless we keep it supplied with oil: but uranium and radium continue to give out Becquerel rays day after day and year after year, with no outside stimulus of any kind, and with an intensity that shows no measurable diminution. It is this fact more than any other that makes the radioactive substances of such great scientific interest. What is the source of the energy of their rays? Unless that question is satisfactorily answered, the most fundamental principle of physical science, the principle of the conservation of energy, will be thrown in doubt.

Still another difficulty, of almost equal importance, suggests itself. It has already been stated that Becquerel rays consist in part of small negatively charged particles, which are shot out from the radioactive substance at almost inconceivable speed. There are reasons for believing that positive particles are also continually emitted, and that in some cases a gas is being developed. The material continually given off in this way is not replaced by the surrounding air, for if radium is placed in a vacuum, it continues to radiate Becquerel rays just as strongly as ever. We should therefore expect that a radioactive substance would gradually lose in weight and finally disappear altogether. Radium can certainly not create the particles which it emits. But thus far all attempts to detect a loss of weight have been unsuccessful.

These two difficulties which stand in the way of an explanation of radioactivity have occupied the attention of scientists for more than five years. In spite of the sensational statements that have occasionally appeared in the papers, no doubt of the truth of the fundamental principles involved has ever been seriously entertained. Radium does not *create* the energy necessary to produce its rays; neither does it manufacture out of nothing the material particles which it emits.

The problem of finding an explanation of the properties of radium seems now at last to be approaching solution. A peculiarity in the behavior of uranium, first detected by Sir William Crookes, has at least offered a very promising clue. By a comparatively simple chemical process, Crookes succeeded in separating uranium into two parts, one of which was strongly

radioactive, while the other showed scarcely any activity at all. The active part, called uranium-X, was present in extremely small amount, so small that it could hardly be weighed. The curious fact was next noticed that the uranium-X gradually lost its power of giving out Becquerel rays, and finally became entirely inactive; while at the same time the ordinary uranium slowly regained its lost activity and at the end of a few months was as active as ever. After the uranium had recovered in this way, the process could be repeated, and just as much uranium-X could be obtained as at first.

These facts suggest that a gradual change from ordinary uranium to uranium-X is occurring all the time. Evidently the uranium-X is also undergoing some change, since its activity is gradually lost. Something similar to this has been observed in the case of thorium and radium; in fact, in every case of radioactivity there is evidence that some change is gradually taking place in the active substance.

Upon this fact is based what now seems to be the most satisfactory explanation of radioactivity yet offered. It is assumed that radium, as we find it, is in an unstable condition and is undergoing a slow spontaneous change. During this change it gives out Becquerel rays. According to this view, the energy of the rays existed, previous to their production, in the radioactive substance, just as the energy of a bullet was originally stored in the powder which set it in motion. An explosive material offers, in fact, a good, though crude, analogy to a radioactive substance. Dynamite is unstable, and when subjected to a slight shock changes almost instantly into a new form, giving out rays of light and heat during the change. Radium requires no shock, so far as we know, to start it; it gives out not only light and heat, but Becquerel rays also; and the change, instead of lasting for a fraction of a second, is completed only after hundreds or perhaps thousands of years.

It is the extreme slowness of the changes occurring in radioactive substances that makes such changes so difficult to detect. Probably radium *does* lose weight. Most

physicists are convinced that it does. But if it lasts for thousands of years, a lifetime will have to elapse before a measurable loss will have occurred.

It is hard to form any conception of the extreme smallness of the particles emitted by radium. Their behavior shows that they must be far smaller than the smallest atom. But Mme. Curie has found the atomic weight of radium to be 225, and the atom of radium is therefore one of the largest known. How is it possible for an element to produce particles smaller than its own atoms? There seems to be only one way out of this difficulty, and that is to assume that the atom itself is capable of subdivision. It has been suggested that we have in radium a case of slow atomic disintegration; that some violent commotion is in progress, in which small parts of the atom itself are torn loose and projected with tremendous speed into the surrounding space. Should future investigation establish the truth of this view, its importance in chemistry can hardly be overestimated. If atoms can be torn apart, why cannot the parts be put together again? And may it not be possible to recombine them in such a way as to get a different atom from the original one? If so, the dream of the alchemists would be realized.

The explanation of radioactivity outlined above is not to be looked upon as finally established; it shows rather the present trend of scientific thought. Much more extended investigation will be required and many severe experimental tests must be applied before this explanation, or any other, can be accepted as satisfactory. We have reached only the beginning of the great field of scientific investigation which the discovery of radium has opened up, and we can no more anticipate its ultimate effect upon scientific theories than we can predict its applications to the affairs of practical life. But of the great importance of this remarkable element, both from the practical standpoint and from that of pure science, there can be no doubt; and for this reason the work of the many able investigators in the new field of radioactivity will be carefully followed by all who take an interest in scientific progress.



# RADIUM AND RADIOACTIVITY

BY MME. SKLODOWSKA CURIE, DISCOVERER  
OF RADIUM

HE discovery of the phenomena of radioactivity adds a new group to the great number of invisible radiations now known, and once more we are forced to recognize how limited is our direct perception of the world which surrounds us, and how numerous and varied may be the phenomena which we pass without a suspicion of their existence until the day when a fortunate hazard reveals them.

The radiations longest known to us are those capable of acting directly upon our senses; such are the rays of sound and light. But it has also long been recognized that, besides light itself, warm bodies emit rays in every respect analogous to luminous rays, though they do not possess the power of directly impressing our retina. Among such radiations, some, the infra-red, announce themselves to us by producing a measurable rise of temperature in the bodies which receive them, while others, the ultra-violet, act with specially great intensity upon photographic plates. We have here a first example of rays only indirectly accessible to us.

Yet further surprises in this domain of invisible radiations were reserved for us. The researches of two great physicists, Maxwell and Herz, showed that electric and magnetic effects are propagated in the same manner as light, and that there exist "electromagnetic radiations," similar to luminous radiations, which are to the infra-red rays what these latter are to light. These are the electromagnetic radiations which are used for the transmission of messages in wireless telegraphy. They are present in the space around us whenever an electric phenomenon is produced, especially a lightning discharge. Their presence may be established by the

use of special apparatus, and here again the testimony of our senses appears only in an indirect manner. If we consider these radiations in their entirety,—the ultra-violet, the luminous, the infra-red, and the electromagnetic,—we find that the radiations we see constitute but an insignificant fraction of those that exist in space. But it is human nature to believe that the phenomena we know are the only ones that exist, and whenever some chance discovery extends the limits of our knowledge we are filled with amazement. We cannot become accustomed to the idea that we live in a world that is revealed to us only in a restricted portion of its manifestations.

Among recent scientific achievements which have attracted most attention must be placed the discovery of cathode rays, and in even greater measure that of Roentgen rays. These rays are produced in vacuum-tubes when an electric discharge is passed through the rarefied gas. The prevalent opinion among physicists is that cathode rays are formed by extremely small material particles, charged with negative electricity, and thrown off with great velocity from the cathode, or negative electrode, of the tube. When the cathode rays meet the glass wall of the tube they render it vividly fluorescent. These rays can be deflected from their straight path by the action of a magnet. Whenever they encounter a solid obstacle, the emission of Roentgen rays is the result. These latter can traverse the glass and propagate themselves through the outside air. They differ from cathode rays in that they carry no electric charge and are not deflected from their course by the action of a magnet. Every one knows the effect of Roentgen rays upon photographic plates and upon fluorescent screens, the radiographs obtain-

able from them, and their application in surgery.

The discovery of Becquerel rays dates from a few years after that of Roentgen rays. At first they were much less noticed. The world, attracted by the sensational discovery of Roentgen rays, was less inclined to astonishment. On all sides a search was instituted by similar processes for new rays, and announcements of phenomena were made that have not always been confirmed. It has been only gradually that the positive existence of a new radiation has been established. The merit of this discovery belongs to M. Becquerel, who succeeded in demonstrating that uranium and its compounds spontaneously emit rays that are able to traverse opaque bodies and to affect photographic plates.

It was at the close of the year 1897 that I began to study the compounds of uranium, the properties of which had greatly attracted my interest. Here was a substance emitting spontaneously and continuously radiations similar to Roentgen rays, whereas ordinarily Roentgen rays can be produced only in a vacuum-tube with the expenditure of electrical energy. By what process can uranium furnish the same rays without expenditure of energy and without undergoing apparent modification? Is uranium the only body whose compounds emit similar rays? Such were the questions I asked myself, and it was while seeking to answer them that I entered into the researches which have led to the discovery of radium.

First of all, I studied the radiation of the compounds of uranium. Instead of making these bodies act upon photographic plates, I preferred to determine the intensity of their radiation by measuring the conductivity of the air exposed to the action of the rays. To make this measurement, one can determine the speed with which the rays discharge an electroscope, and thus obtain data for a comparison. I found in this way that the radiation of uranium is very constant, varying neither with the temperature nor with the illumination. I likewise observed that all the compounds of uranium are active, and that they are more active the greater the proportion of this metal which they contain. Thus I reached the conviction that the emission of rays by the compounds of uranium is a property of the metal itself

—that it is an *atomic property of the element uranium* independent of its chemical or physical state.

I then began to investigate the different known chemical elements, to determine whether there exist others, besides uranium, that are endowed with atomic radioactivity—that is to say, all of the compounds of which emit Becquerel rays. It was easy for me to procure samples of all the ordinary substances—the common metals and metallocids, oxids and salts. But as I desired to make a very thorough investigation, I had recourse to different chemists, who put at my disposal specimens—in some cases the only ones in existence—containing very rare elements. I thus was enabled to pass in review all the chemical elements and to examine them in the state of one or more of their compounds. I found but one element undoubtedly possessing atomic radioactivity in measurable degree. This element is thorium. All the compounds of thorium are radioactive, and with about the same intensity as the similar compounds of uranium. As to the other substances, they showed no appreciable radioactivity under the conditions of the test.

I likewise examined certain minerals. I found, as I expected, that the minerals of uranium and thorium are radioactive; but to my great astonishment I discovered that some are much more active than the oxids of uranium and of thorium which they contain. Thus a specimen of pitch-blende (oxid of uranium ore) was found to be four times more active than oxid of uranium itself. This observation astonished me greatly. What explanation could there be for it? How could an ore, containing many substances which I had proved inactive, be more active than the active substances of which it was formed? The answer came to me immediately: The ore must contain a substance more radioactive than uranium and thorium, and this substance must necessarily be a chemical element as yet unknown; moreover, it can exist in the pitch-blende only in small quantities, else it would not have escaped the many analyses of this ore; but, on the other hand, it must possess intense radioactivity, since, although present in small amount, it produces such remarkable effects. I tried to verify my hypothesis by treating pitch-blende by the ordinary processes of chemical analysis, thinking it

probable that the new substance would be concentrated in passing through certain stages of the process. I performed several experiments of this nature, and found that the ore could in fact be separated into portions some of which were much more radioactive than others.

To try to isolate the supposed new element was a great temptation. I did not know whether this undertaking would be difficult. Of the new element I knew nothing, except that it was radioactive. What were its chemical properties? In what quantity did it appear in pitch-blende? I began the analysis of pitch-blende by separating it into its constituent elements, which are very numerous. This task I undertook in conjunction with M. Curie. We expected that perhaps a few weeks would suffice to solve the problem. We did not suspect that we had begun a work which was to occupy years and which was brought to a successful issue only after considerable expenditure.

We readily proved that pitch-blende contains very radioactive substances, and that there were at least three. That which accompanies the bismuth extracted from pitch-blende we named Polonium; that which accompanies barium from the same source we named Radium; finally, M. Debierne gave the name of Actinium to a substance which is found in the rare earths obtained from the same ore.

Radium was to us from the beginning of our work a source of much satisfaction. Demarçay, who examined the spectrum of our radioactive barium, found in it new rays and confirmed us in our belief that we had indeed discovered a new element.

The question now was to separate the polonium from the bismuth, the radium from the barium. This is the task that has occupied us for years, and as yet we have succeeded only in the case of radium. The research has been a most difficult one. We found that by crystallizing out the chlorid of radioactive barium from a solution we obtained crystals that were more radioactive, and consequently richer in radium, than the chlorid that remained dissolved. It was only necessary to make repeated crystallizations to obtain finally a pure chlorid of radium.

But although we treated as much as fifty kilograms of primary substance, and crystallized the chlorid of radiferous barium

thus obtained until the activity was concentrated in a few minute crystals, these crystals still contained chiefly chlorid of barium; as yet radium was present only in traces, and we saw that we could not finish our experiments with the means at hand in our laboratory. At the same time the desire to succeed grew stronger; for it became evident that radium must possess most intense radioactivity, and that the isolation of this body was therefore an object of the highest interest.

Fortunately for us, the curious properties of these radium-bearing compounds had already attracted general attention, and we were assisted in our search.

A chemical factory in Paris consented to undertake the extraction of radium on a large scale. We also received certain pecuniary assistance, which allowed us to treat a large quantity of ore. The most important of these grants was one of twenty thousand francs, for which we are indebted to the Institute of France.

We were thus enabled to treat successively about seven tons of a primary substance which was the residue of pitch-blende after the extraction of uranium. To-day we know that a ton of this residue contains from two to three decigrams (from four to seven ten-thousandths of a pound) of radium. During this treatment, and as soon as I had in my possession a decigram of chlorid of radium recognized as pure by the spectroscope, I determined the atomic weight of this new element, finding it to be 225, while that of barium is 137.

The properties of radium are extremely curious. This body emits with great intensity all of the different rays that are produced in a vacuum-tube. The radiation, measured by means of an electroscope, is at least a million times more powerful than that from an equal quantity of uranium. A charged electroscope placed at a distance of several meters can be discharged by a few centigrams of a radium salt. One can also discharge an electroscope through a screen of glass or lead five or six centimeters thick. Photographic plates placed in the vicinity of radium are almost instantly affected if no screen intercepts the rays; with screens, the action is slower, but it still takes place through very thick ones if the exposure is sufficiently long. Radium can therefore be used in the production of radiographs.

The compounds of radium are *spontaneously luminous*. The chlorid and bromide, freshly prepared and free from water, emit a light which resembles that of the glow-worm. This light diminishes rapidly in moist air; if the salt is in a sealed tube, it diminishes slowly by reason of the transformation of the white salt, which becomes colored, but the light never completely disappears. By redissolving the salt and drying it anew, its original luminosity is restored.

A glass vessel containing radium *spontaneously charges itself with electricity*. If the glass has a weak spot,—for example, if it is scratched by a file,—an electric spark is produced at that point, the vessel crumbles like a Leiden jar when overcharged; and the electric shock of the rupture is felt by the fingers holding the glass.

Radium possesses the remarkable property of *liberating heat spontaneously and continuously*. A solid salt of radium develops a quantity of heat such that for each gram of radium contained in the salt there is an emission of one hundred calories per hour. Expressed differently, radium can melt in an hour its weight in ice. When we reflect that radium acts in this manner *continuously*, we are amazed at the amount of heat produced, for it can be explained by no known chemical reaction. The radium remains apparently unchanged. If, then, we assume that it undergoes a transformation, we must therefore conclude that the change is extremely slow: in an hour it is impossible to detect a change by any known methods.

As a result of its emission of heat, radium always possesses a higher temperature than its surroundings. This fact may be established by means of a thermometer, if care is taken to prevent the radium from losing heat.

Radium has the power of communicating its radioactivity to surrounding bodies. This is a property possessed by solutions of radium salts even more than by the solid salts. When a solution of a radium salt is placed in a closed vessel, the radioactivity in part leaves the solution and distributes itself through the vessel, the walls of which become radioactive and luminous. The radiation is therefore in part exteriorized. We may assume, with Mr. Rutherford, that radium emits a radioactive gas and that this spreads through

the surrounding air and over the surface of neighboring objects. This gas has received the name *emanation*. It differs from an ordinary gas in the fact that it gradually disappears.

Certain bodies—bismuth, for instance—may also be rendered active by keeping them in solution with the salts of radium. These bodies then become atomically active and keep this radioactivity even after chemical transformations. Little by little, however, they lose it, while the activity of radium persists.

The nature of radium radiations is very complex. They may be divided into three distinct groups, according to their properties.

One group is composed of radiations absolutely analogous to cathode rays, composed of material particles called electrons, much smaller than atoms, negatively charged, and projected from the radium with great velocity—a velocity which for some of these rays is very little inferior to that of light.

The second group is composed of radiations which are believed to be formed by material particles the mass of which is comparable to that of atoms, charged with positive electricity, and set in motion by radium with a great velocity, but one that is inferior to that of the electrons. Being larger than electrons and possessing at the same time a smaller velocity, these particles have more difficulty in traversing obstacles and form rays that are less penetrating.

Finally, the radiations of the third group are analogous to Roentgen rays and do not behave like projectiles.

The radiations of the first group are easily deflected by a magnet; those of the second group, less easily and in the opposite direction; those of the third group are not deflected. From its power of emitting these three kinds of rays, radium may be likened to a complete little Crookes tube acting spontaneously.

Radium is a body which gives out energy continuously and spontaneously. This liberation of energy is manifested in the different effects of its radiation and emanation, and especially in the development of heat. Now, according to the most fundamental principles of modern science, the universe contains a certain definite provision of energy, which can appear under various forms, but cannot be increased.

Without renouncing this conception, we cannot believe that radium creates the energy which it emits; but it can either absorb energy continuously from without, or possess in itself a reserve of energy sufficient to act during a period of years without visible modification. The first theory we may develop by supposing that space is traversed by radiations that are as yet unknown to us, and that radium is able to absorb these radiations and transform their energy into the energy of radioactivity. Thus in a vacuum-tube the electric energy is utilized to produce cathode rays, and the energy of the latter is partly transformed, by the bodies which absorb them, into the energy of Roentgen rays. It is true that we have no proof of the existence of radiations which produce radioactivity; but, as indicated at the beginning of this article, there is nothing improbable in supposing that such radiations exist about us without our suspecting it.

If we assume that radium contains a supply of energy which it gives out little by little, we are led to believe that this body does not remain unchanged, as it appears to, but that it undergoes an extremely slow change. Several reasons speak in favor of this view. First, the emission of heat, which makes it seem probable that a chemical reaction is taking place in the radium. But this can be no ordinary chemical reaction, affecting the combination of atoms in the molecule. No chemical reaction can explain the emission of heat due to radium. Furthermore, radioactivity is a property of the atom of radium; if, then, it is due to a transformation, this transformation must take place in the atom itself. Consequently, from this point of view, the atom of radium would be in a process of evolution, and we should be forced to abandon the theory of the invariability of atoms, which is at the foundation of modern chemistry.

Moreover, we have seen that radium acts as though it shot out into space a shower of projectiles, some of which have the dimensions of atoms, while others can only be very small fractions of atoms. If this image corresponds to a reality, it follows necessarily that the atom of radium breaks up into subatoms of different sizes, unless these projectiles come from the atoms of the surrounding gas, disintegrated by the action of radium; but this view

would likewise lead us to believe that the stability of atoms is not absolute.

Radium emits continuously a radioactive emanation which, from many points of view, possesses the properties of a gas. Mr. Rutherford considers the emanation as one of the results of the disintegration of the atom of radium, and believes it to be an unstable gas which is itself slowly decomposed.

Professor Ramsay has announced that radium emits helium gas continuously. If this very important fact is confirmed, it will show that a transformation is occurring either in the atom of radium or in the neighboring atoms, and a proof will exist that the transmutation of the elements is possible.

When a body that has remained in solution with radium becomes radioactive, the chemical properties of this body are modified, and here again it seems as though we have to deal with a modification of the atom. It would be very interesting to see whether, by thus giving radioactivity to bodies, we can succeed in causing an appreciable change in their atoms. We should thus have a means of producing certain transformations of elements at will.

It is seen that the study of the properties of radium is of great interest. This is true also of the other strongly radioactive substances, polonium and actinium, which are less known because their preparation is still more difficult. All are found in the ores of uranium and thorium, and this fact is certainly not the result of chance, but must have some connection with the manner of formation of these elements. Polonium, when it has just been extracted from pitchblende, is as active as radium, but its radioactivity slowly disappears; actinium has a persistent activity. These two bodies differ from radium in many ways; their study should therefore be fertile in new results. Actinium lends itself readily to the study of the emanation and of the radioactivity produced in inactive bodies, since it gives out emanation in great quantity. It would also be interesting, from the chemical point of view, to prove that polonium and actinium contain new elements. Finally, one might seek out still other strongly radioactive substances and study them.

But all these investigations are exceedingly difficult because of the obstacles encountered in the preparation of strongly radioactive substances. At the present

time we possess only about a gram of the pure salts of radium. However great may be the care taken in such researches, small losses are inevitable, and serious losses have at times resulted from unforeseen accidents brought on by the disconcerting properties of radium. Research in all branches of experimental science—physics, chemistry, physiology, medicine—is impeded, and a

whole evolution in science is retarded, by the lack of this precious and unique material, which can now be obtained only at great expense. We must now look to individual initiative to come to the aid of science, as it has so often done in the past, and to facilitate and expedite by generous gifts the success of researches the influence of which may be far-reaching.



## A MILLION IMMIGRANTS A YEAR

### I. EFFORTS TO RESTRICT UNDESIRABLE IMMIGRATION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE,

Member of the Senate Committee on Immigration



O those who for many years have been striving, both in Congress and out, to secure better immigration laws, the recent enormous increase in the volume of immigration to the United States is not without its compensations in the way of justification and support. An increase of immigration is always coincident with periods of marked prosperity in business, and the phenomenal prosperity of the last six years has resulted in an immigration to the United States which, without exaggeration, may be described as appalling in quality and in amount to those who consider the subject carefully in its widest bearings. There is every reason, therefore, for immediate action, already too long delayed, as well as for a thorough comprehension of the conditions of the problem.

Nothing, perhaps, will give so good an idea of the importance and far-reaching nature of this question and of the imperative need of restrictive legislation as to trace briefly what has been already accomplished and attempted in this direction in Congress. My own attention was first drawn to the matter of immigration to the United States more than fifteen years ago by discovering from an examination of the statistics the radical change which had then begun, and which has continued ever

since with increasing force, in the races and places of origin of our immigrants. To understand the profound significance of the change I am about to describe, a brief historical statement is necessary.

The first settlements in what afterward became the English colonies and later the United States of America were made by the English in New England and Virginia, the Dutch in New York, and the Swedes on the Delaware. In a comparatively short time the English immigration became overwhelmingly predominant, and before the seventeenth century closed all the colonies on the Atlantic coast had passed into the possession of Great Britain. Under Elizabeth and at the time of the Jamestown and Plymouth settlements the English had become a well-defined race in the historical in contradistinction to the scientific sense of the word, and it is important for my purpose here to restate the stocks by the amalgamation of which the historic English race, as it was known then and has been known since, was formed. The foundation was given by the Saxons, Angles, Jutes, and other German tribes, which descended upon England soon after the fall of the Roman Empire, exterminating, as they did in large degree, the native British from what is now England, and pushing the rest back into the mountains

of Wales, Cumberland, and the Scottish Highlands, which formed what the late Lord Salisbury recently called "the Celtic fringe."

Then came the invasion of the Danes, who settled largely in the north of England, and then the Normans, with a strong infusion of French blood. As the centuries passed by, these people not only amalgamated among themselves, but they intermarried with the Celtic people of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, and also received from time to time in small but continuous measure Flemings, Dutch, and French. In this manner was produced the Englishman of Shakspere's time as Carlyle describes him. In the new world of America the first settlers, it will have been noticed, were all of these same Norse and Germanic stocks, with more or less admixture of northern Celtic blood. During the eighteenth century there was a large immigration from the north of Ireland of the Scotch-Irish, as we have always called them, of Huguenots from France, and of Germans from the Palatinate, all again additions from the original stocks which had gone to make up the English-speaking race a thousand years before. About the middle of the nineteenth century began the heavy Irish immigration, drawn once more from a race with which the English-speaking people had been associated intimately, and had intermarried, for nearly a thousand years.

Then set in the great German immigration, followed by that from Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. The immigration from Great Britain also continued steadily and largely during the whole of the same period. Thus it will be observed that until a very recent time, say about 1880, the races which added to the population and furnished the immigration to America were precisely the same as those from which the English-speaking people had originally been developed. The process in the New World was merely a reblending of the old stocks, and, racially speaking, nothing could have been better or more normal.

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century, however, the change began to which I have referred and which seems to me very grave in its import, if rightly considered. Then it was that the immigration from Germany, Scandinavia, Great Britain, and Ireland began to decline, and

the immigration from Canada, Italy, and eastern Europe began to grow, not only absolutely, but relatively to the other sources of the new population.

The French-Canadians racially present nothing new. Among the English-speaking people, both in England and America, there was always a large infusion of French blood, and the French-Canadians, Americans for many generations, who have come in recent years in such large numbers to New England form an excellent addition and have proved to be a valuable and promising element in our population.

The Italian immigration, which is one of the newest and which has advanced most rapidly, represents a people with whom the English-speaking people have never before amalgamated; but even with that immigration one can say at least that they are a people of the Western civilization like our own, that there is among the northern Italians an infusion of Germanic blood, and that they present in themselves no very alarming feature.

When, however, we pass to eastern Europe we come upon people with whom not only the English-speaking people and the people of Germany and Scandinavia have never amalgamated, but who are utterly alien to us, not only ethnically, but in civilization, tradition, and habits of thought. In these later years immigration from Bohemia, from Hungary, from all the Slav provinces, from Russia and Poland, including both Russian and Polish Jews, and now from Greece, Syria, Armenia, and the Levant, has advanced with leaps and bounds. These people are in the main not only totally different from us, but they have an enormous percentage of wholly uneducated persons.

To enter upon the truly terrible experiment of assimilating these people, with whom we have never amalgamated or had relations of any kind, is enough to give pause to any reflecting man. It was this fact, as I have said, which more than any other led me to study the question of immigration, and I came by investigation to the profound conviction that there should be vigorous and suitable legislation to regulate and restrict it.

Let me now trace in outline what has been done and attempted in that direction. During the administration of President Harrison we secured the passage of the

first law to regulate immigration. It went no further than to make provision for the exclusion of the diseased, the criminal, and the pauper classes; but it was a first and most important step, which we owe largely to the effort and management of Senator Chandler of New Hampshire. At about the same period we also passed what was known as the Contract Labor Law. This was aimed at the great abuse which then existed of bringing to this country large bodies of cheap laborers to perform work under a contract made abroad and then to be returned to their native country. Nothing, of course, could have been worse for the United States economically than such methods of importing labor. The Contract Labor Law put a stop to this practice of introducing large bodies of cheap temporary labor in its most exaggerated form; but it has never been thoroughly carried out, and has often been enforced in an absurd manner and so as to bring ridicule and opposition without attaining any good result. Nevertheless, on the whole it has been very valuable, for it has stopped the bringing in of a great mass of the most undesirable kind of immigrants by the most vicious and wholesale methods. The Contract Labor Law has probably not had much restrictive effect on the actual numbers of persons of this class, but they at least have not come to us in the thoroughly objectionable way which was in practice before this law was placed upon the statute-books.

Those, however, who were interested in the subject have seen clearly from the beginning that neither the Chandler law nor the law affecting contract labor really reached the objectionable immigration in any genuinely restrictive sense, and the effort to obtain suitably restrictive immigration laws then begun has been continued ever since. Various schemes have been proposed. The most obvious was a heavy head-tax of some such sum as fifty dollars. That this would have been restrictive was unquestioned, but it was indiscriminate, it would have excluded the desirable as well as the objectionable immigrant, and it aroused naturally a great deal of opposition. It was never seriously attempted.

Another plan was to require from the immigrant a consular certificate from our consuls in the country of origin, such certificates to be issued only to suitable per-

sons. This method appealed to people generally as a very desirable one, and the committees of the House and the Senate gave it much attention. I think that it was embodied in at least one bill. Inquiry, however, developed the fact that it was not only impracticable, but that some foreign countries would not permit such an assumption of authority by our consuls, and it was found also that the effect of it would be to prevent the coming of young men of military age, and thus discriminate in favor of older and less desirable immigrants.

The third plan, that which was ultimately adopted, and which has been pressed year after year in many bills, was the one known as the educational test, finally reduced to requiring all immigrants of a certain age to read the Constitution in some language. The effects of the educational test were carefully examined by Congress and were thoroughly discussed in many speeches in the Senate. It was shown that this test would exclude virtually no immigration from Scandinavia, Finland, or Germany, not more than three per cent. from France and Great Britain, and less than ten per cent. from Ireland, but that it would shut out from forty to fifty per cent. of the Italian and Russian immigrants, and as large or even a larger percentage of the immigrants from eastern Europe. It was also shown that the illiterate immigrants congregated chiefly in the slums of our great cities, proof positive that the test on the whole reached the worst class. The objection always made that some objectionable immigrants could both read and write, and that some desirable immigrants could do neither, is, of course, idle. No restrictive legislation can shut out only the objectionable and admit only the desirable, but the educational test makes as few mistakes in that way as any law which could be devised.

A bill embodying the educational test passed both houses when I was chairman of the Committee on Immigration in the Senate in the latter part of Mr. Cleveland's second administration and was vetoed by him. A similar bill while Senator Fairbanks was chairman of the Committee on Immigration passed the Senate during the first administration of President McKinley, but was stopped in the House, which refused consideration by the narrow margin of three votes. In the last Congress a bill

revising and improving the laws regulating immigration and carrying the educational test passed the House. It reached the Senate only at the end of the first session, and in the second session the opposition was such that, owing to the brevity of time, the whole bill would have been killed unless the educational test had been abandoned. In order to save the administrative features of the bill, Senator Penrose, who was in charge of it, as well as Senator Fairbanks and myself, agreed to drop the educational clause, although with the greatest reluctance, and the bill passed without it.

The new bill, thanks to the advice of Mr. Sargent, the Commissioner-General of Immigration, and Mr. Williams, the Commissioner at New York, whose services have been of the highest value in the enforcement of the law, was a vast improvement over the existing statute. In addition to the immigration clauses, it embodied what were known as the anarchist provisions, which were taken bodily from the bill for the protection of the President, and which not only strengthened the sections for the exclusion of criminals, but improved our feeble naturalization laws in the direction of this class of applicants. At the same time, the law as it now exists, excellent as it is, is purely regulative and administrative. It enables us to exclude the criminal, the insane, the pauper, and the diseased, as well as the anarchist, but it does not in any degree restrict or sift the flood of foreign immigration from eastern Europe. To do that we must have the educational test, which discriminates between the objectionable and the desirable classes better than any other, and which will at once shut out at least one half of the immigrants who ought to be shut out.

The fight to get this legislation will be renewed in the next Congress, but it cannot succeed without aroused public opinion and strong support from the people at large. The League for the Restriction of Immigration has for many years done admirable work, and will, no doubt, continue to do it. The labor organizations have always favored this legislation, although they have never given it the energetic sup-

port which they have given to other proposed measures absolutely trivial in comparison so far as their importance to the welfare of the workingmen of the United States is concerned. If they would exert their full strength in support of this legislation, it would have a very great effect. The opposition outside Congress to any thoroughly restrictive measure has come from the steamship and other transportation companies, whose agents come to Washington and labor unceasingly to defeat all such legislation. In the last Congress the educational test was also frankly objected to on the ground that it would in large measure stop the introduction of cheap labor, which the railroads and other corporations greatly needed at the moment.

Such is the situation from the legislative point of view. Such is the measure desired, and I have described sufficiently the nature of the opposition. We are admitting annually an immigration which equals in numbers the population of a great city, wholly unsifted, in great measure ignorant, in part Asiatic, and drawn largely from the lowest and most backward populations of Europe. This unrestricted immigration, if not soon restrained, will before long affect fundamentally the quality of our citizenship. Owing to the looseness of our naturalization laws, it now affects most grievously our electorate, pouring in upon us constantly in our large cities and towns a mass of unfit voters, many of whom obtain the great privilege of American citizenship by fraud, have no sense of the value of that privilege, and become the tools of the worst and most dangerous political managers. It fills our labor market with the cheapest and most objectionable labor of eastern Europe and Asia Minor. If any one will take the trouble to study the statistics of our prisons, insane asylums, and almshouses, he will see by the percentages what an enormous direct burden it places upon the States and upon the taxpayers. There are many public questions which affect the welfare of the United States, but there is none which goes so deep or in which the future is so much involved as it is in this tide of unrestricted, unsifted foreign immigration.

## II. THE NEED OF CLOSER INSPECTION AND GREATER RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRANTS

BY FRANK P. SARGENT

Commissioner-General of Immigration

THE landing of nearly one million aliens in the United States in twelve months should not be viewed with alarm if their moral and physical condition is such as will promise that high order of civilization and industrial progress so essential to the prosperity of our country and its people. We are not prejudiced against the people of any country, remembering as we do that our ancestors were immigrants who, when oppressed and denied the right of freedom of speech and of service to their Creator in accordance with their faith, sought the shores of a land where freedom had its abiding-place and where the sons of liberty had begun the building of a new nation.

From 1820, the first year in which there is a record of alien immigrants, to June 30, 1903, 20,993,441 have passed the inspection at our open gates. Millions of honest Christian men, women, and children, fresh from the land of their birth, have had their sad hearts gladdened by the first sight of America, have forgotten the close confinement of the slow-sailing immigrant ships of years ago or of the ocean liner of the present day, and have realized that they would at last stand on free soil, and enjoy the advantages of a free government, as well as the society of a free people. We should not underestimate the value to our country of the aliens who in former years came to our land and endured the hardships and privations incident to the life of an early settler on the plains or the rugged hills and mountains that lie to the north and west. It is an undisputed fact that without this immigration of the peoples of other countries the United States could not have become the nation it is to-day. The assimilation of aliens with our customs and people, and the intermingling of their mental and industrial forces with those of the citizens of the United States, have built towns and cities and opened up the highways of commerce. In peace and in

war they have stood for the country's prosperity and its flag. The hardy sons and daughters of England, Germany, and northern Europe, and even the islands of the sea, who have sought our shores to enjoy the advantages which are offered here, and who have thus aided in the growth and expansion of the nation, were the welcome children of one common Creator.

To-day, however, the United States, representing 76,303,387 of people, has centers of population so crowded as to require whole families to occupy one or two rooms in equally crowded tenements, where thousands are huddled together in narrow streets and alleys which teem with poorly clad children, sickly and emaciated men and women, whom philanthropic citizens are trying to aid. Yet, under our present laws, thousands gain admission and within a very short time become public charges and inmates of charitable institutions.

In the farming regions of the country, on the other hand, there is a demand for labor and a need for immigration. If, instead of crowding into our large cities of the East, aliens would go to those regions where there is opportunity for their healthful occupation, there would be no cause to fear for the future. What will be the consequence, however, if our present prosperous conditions should change and an industrial depression result?

There is a growing sentiment that the time has come when the people should determine what classes of aliens shall be admitted, and that the United States should no longer be the "dumping-ground" for the diseased and pauperized peoples of Europe. If, as is the case, five hundred and eighty aliens arriving at the port of New York within six months have been sent to our charitable institutions, no one can dispute the fact that the United States is getting more than its share of this class

of people. The writer would not advocate a "closed-door" policy on the part of this country, as we still have need for a high class of aliens who are healthy and will become self-supporting and who will go to those regions where opportunities for employment are good and where there is sufficient space for men, women, and children to live under healthful conditions, with plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and not in crowded tenement districts, where men and animals share the same room and the moral standard is usually very low.

It has been said that there is no danger under existing conditions; that a million could come and that they would be quickly assimilated. This may be true; but if those conditions change, who will support the paupers who, in the days of our prosperity, fill our charitable institutions, and what protection even now do our children have from the ravages of contagious diseases brought to our shores? Notwithstanding the careful and efficient medical inspection of the officers of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, favus (a disease of the skin) and trachoma (or granular eyelids) are very prevalent among immigrants.

Daily requests are made for the removal of aliens who, in many cases, have been but recently admitted and who have become public charges. Investigation often discloses that these aliens were admitted upon the statements of relatives who claimed they were able and willing to care for them and guaranteed that they would never become public charges. If the American people were eye-witnesses of the characteristics of the aliens who now seek admission at the Atlantic seaports and along the Canadian and Mexican borders, there would doubtless be a demand for further restrictive legislation. There is, and should be, something more than mere sentiment to govern us in considering the subject of immigration as it is to-day.

Another reason why attention should be given to the large increase in immigration is the effect it will have on the industrial conditions of our country in times of adversity. At present there is a demand for labor in many localities. This demand should have no reference to cheap labor, for this country should not stand for cheap labor. If there is a need of labor greater than can be supplied at present, let us not call for cheapness, but rather for high qual-

ity at fair wages. The United States stands for the best of everything, which includes good wages and fair treatment. Unless, however, there is a curtailment in the immigration and a higher standard fixed for the physical condition of aliens, this country will become the center of industrial conflicts if a depression of business should come and an effort should be made to reduce the high standard of productive capacity which the American and alien workmen have striven to maintain. We would then awaken to the fact that the greater bulk of the aliens who have been admitted during the past year consists of a class accustomed to living upon a few cents a day in their native countries and willing to continue to live under similar conditions.

Again, the illiteracy of the present class of aliens will not tend to raise the standard of our citizenship. It should be a source of satisfaction to the American people, by birth or adoption, to note the high standard of our civilization. This has been brought about by our splendid school system. To-day, however, there are thousands being daily added to our population who know nothing of the advantages of education, and who, furthermore, will not encourage it in their children, but, instead, will force them to enter the factory and mine and grow up to womanhood and manhood in ignorance of the blessings of a common-school education. What can be expected of such citizens who know nothing of our history or of our institutions? One has but to visit those countries where illiteracy prevails to witness the condition of the people and the sufferings which they endure through ignorance and oppression. While we should have the greatest charity for the poor and down-trodden of other countries, and should not bar out worthy, healthy, and self-supporting aliens, even though they may have but a few dollars, yet we should, as a measure of self-defense, deny those whose every appearance indicates their inability to earn a living and that they are brought here to be cared for by our charitable and kind-hearted people. We do not need aliens who have no regard for morality and for law and order, who in secret plan the murder of their own kindred, and whose mere presence is a menace to society. Such do not come here imbued with the spirit that animated the aliens of bygone years.

Let aliens who come here with a fixed purpose to better their condition and at the same time help to add to the prosperity of the country, and who can read and write their own language, be admitted. In the admission of adults, an age limit should be fixed, except in those instances where parents come to join their children who have settled here and who can clearly prove that they are willing and able to support them. Make the physical requirements binding, allowing no diseased alien, no matter from what cause, to be admitted. The head of each family should be in possession of money sufficient to meet immediate needs until employment could be found.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, the number of aliens who were denied admission as paupers, or as likely to become public charges, was 5812. In addition thereto, 51 convicts and 1773 afflicted with a loathsome or a dangerous contagious disease, who were brought from foreign ports and mingled with the other passengers on shipboard, were denied admission and were returned, with other passengers, to the countries whence they came. The total number debarred for all causes was 8769. Was it really necessary that this large number of inadmissible aliens should cross the Atlantic to be denied admission and then returned? Is it not of some importance to the people of the United States that the 857,046 healthy aliens who came during the year and who were landed were required to mingle with these diseased aliens? Who can determine the number of those landed who had not contracted favus and trachoma from contact on shipboard with those afflicted with those dreaded diseases? The children of the aliens who are landed are sent to our public schools, where they are brought in daily contact with other children, and the disease which they contracted on shipboard, and which had not developed sufficiently to be detected by the medical officer at the time of his inspection, is quickly spread, as is shown by the statement of Dr. John C. Chester, Assistant Surgeon of the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary. "There are," he states, "twenty-five thousand cases of trachoma or granular lids in Manhattan, and fifteen thousand in Brooklyn." He further states: "Incessant vigilance is necessary on account of the influx of for-

igners who keep up a constant infection." Should the people of the United States sit idly by and permit the spread of this infection among the children without taking some steps to stop it? Officers of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service could be stationed at the foreign ports of embarkation and an inspection be made there of all aliens destined for the United States. This would be a protection not only to the people of the United States, but to the healthy aliens as well. (There is no disputing the fact that there comes to this country a high class of aliens who are very desirable,) but it is also a fact that there comes a class of very undesirable aliens, against whom further restrictive legislation is needed if the United States is to maintain its present industrial prosperity and to protect itself from pauperism and disease. This can easily be accomplished and still leave a large immigration to which no such objections can be urged.

Let rigid naturalization laws be enacted which will prevent the wholesale false swearing as to the time of residence. Make it impossible for an alien to become a voter until after he has had a residence here of a sufficient number of years to enable him to become acquainted with our laws and attached to our principles. Aliens have, in many cases, been made citizens within ten days after landing, without any other knowledge of the value or the obligation of the right thus extended than the "value received" for its misuse. The revelations which have been made in this regard should arouse every patriotic citizen. The verification of the landing of any alien can very easily be obtained by an inspection of the records of the office of the Bureau of Immigration at the port of landing.

The writer has no desire other than to present facts, which can be easily verified by any person who will spend a few hours at the ports of entry where aliens are received. He feels that he is justified in directing the attention of the people of the United States to the danger arising from permitting the landing on our shores of paupers and diseased aliens from Europe. The United States can get all the healthy and robust immigrants it needs for labor of all kinds. We certainly have to-day more than our share of the pauper class, but if the record for the last six months at

the port of New York is not heeded, this number will be greatly increased. The United States can and should choose its immigrants from among the best people of Europe, and should deny admission to the pauper, the diseased, and those who are not willing or not able to conform to American institutions and law.



## THE Isthmus

### A VISION

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD

**S**INCE first the two vast continents arose,  
Bearing their dark-faced peoples, did this chain  
Of soil mock at the ocean's foamy strength,  
And angry tides beat on its shores in vain.

The dark-faced peoples faded, for there came  
The conqueror, in whose resistless hand  
Lay north and south, his wondrous dream fulfilled,  
His the young splendors of each mighty land.

But yet that bar, that slender bar, that drove  
His great ships tryst with distant seas to keep,  
While, fretting hoarsely on the Isthmus' sands,  
The voice of deep called vainly unto deep.

Then the gay Queen of Europe mustered hosts  
And bade them cut the bar, and poured her gold  
• Into their laps; the Isthmus kept their bones,  
Their quick flesh blended with the Isthmus mold.

And the Old World said drearily: "Let be!  
We are but human and the earth is strong.  
Drive the wide fleets down through the Southern seas—  
We must endure what has endured so long!"

Then, in the beauty of her flawless youth,  
Columbia cried: "The sons whom I have bred  
Grasp at the throat of Failure, and shall win  
Where other men lie impotent or dead.

"Safely the golden cargoes shall pass through,  
Far from the jagged capes with perils fraught;  
And I shall watch the wondering nations turn  
Wide eyes on this great work by my sons wrought."

O mighty trust! I saw it justified;  
Snapped was the barrier, the great floods set free,  
Wave leaped exultantly to wave and marked  
A glorious marriage for Eternity!

## TOPICS OF THE TIME

### A RECENT ELECTION AND UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE

ONE may be as optimistic concerning "democracy" as Lowell and Woodberry in their noble-spirited essays on this subject, and as cheerful concerning the outlook for America as President Eliot proves himself to be in his book of political and social essays, and yet one may honestly be appalled now and then at some of the practical workings of universal suffrage. Universal suffrage has been described as a great boon, but one that keeps the conscientious citizen awake o' nights. Such a citizen, if a New-Yorker, may well have lain awake not only the night before but the night after the recent election in the metropolis, when the returns showed that a large majority of the voters of the second city of the world deliberately voted condemnation of the best administration the city has ever enjoyed, and at the same time passed the government over to the representatives of an organization notorious throughout the world for vulgarity and corruption. One such citizen of New York was asked the day after the election what he thought about it. "I do not think," he said; "I feel."

Certainly the occasion called for the deepest of feelings: shame, anxiety, vicarious remorse, and heroic resolution. But after feeling has had its full play, thinking may come to the rescue, and there may be found as much food for thought as for feeling. As for this particular instance of failure in the working of universal suffrage, there is some consolation in the fact that the "enemy" put forward some of its most respectable representatives, and even took two among the most important candidates from the existing administration. The "enemy" also was compelled to promise to take no backward step in good administration, and in fact the principles of good government set forth by the Citizens Union may be said to have been

accepted by the opposition, all but the principle of non-partizanship. The platform of even the comic third candidate sounded like a condensation of that of the reformers.

All this helps to create a standard of public opinion which will either force the new incumbents to avoid the shames of former Tammany administrations, or will punish them for wrong-doing at the end of their administration, as has been the case heretofore.

The shock of this municipal election stirred up many minds to the point of discussion of the fundamentals of government, and especially of the question of universal suffrage. We certainly find in all our New York elections plenty of justification of Lecky's observation that ignorance in the elective body does not naturally produce ignorance in the representative body; "*it is much more likely to produce dishonesty.* Intriguers and demagogues," he added, "playing successively on the passions and credulity of the ignorant and the poor, form one of the great characteristic evils and dangers of our time." We are fully acquainted in New York with the evils of universal suffrage; we are not so enamoured with all its outcomes as to vaunt ourselves vociferously above the communities that are without it. But knowing that it is what we have to deal with, we face its dangers with a stout heart, and arouse ourselves to meet its duties. After all, we find no better way devised for the carrying on of a government that shall have so many elements of permanency and justice. "Universal suffrage," said Lowell, "has not been the instrument of greater un-wisdom than contrivances of a more select description."

The one tremendous fact about it is the imposition of a special duty—a duty that does not end with the individual's vote, but which demands all his available energy in the preservation of the State. Universal suffrage requires the single voter to be

not only a good citizen in the intelligence and conscientiousness of his ballot, but a good citizen militant; he must, by precept and example, spread abroad the principles of honest government. Those who are not with us are against us. In the effort to rescue American cities, or to keep them rescued, from corruption, every honest man must lend a hand the year round.

#### CRACKS IN THE UPPER AND NETHER MILLSTONES

WE are constantly verifying the saying that the safety of the social order depends upon the unwise of the wicked. Affairs grow worse and worse in some direction or other until the outlook seems hopeless of amelioration and the people settle down into a stolid content with discontent, when suddenly from the mistakes of the rogues themselves comes the unexpected sign of deliverance. Then all the oppressed take heart of cheer and, speaking out aggressively, make an end of that peril.

We take it as a good omen of social progress that the same week witnessed, on one hand, the exposure of the organization of the Ship-building Trust and, on the other, the final conviction of Parks, the blackmailing walking delegate. With the proper combination of either capital or labor no right-minded observer of the necessities of our intricate modern life can have any quarrel; but it is in the highest interest of legitimate business that the tyrannies that have been threatening it from above and from below—the trusts of capital and the trusts of labor—are now, through overreaching personal greed, in a fair way to lose their prestige, which means ultimately to lose their power.

Let us see what has been gained. The debauch of prosperity has been exposed by the revelation of reckless methods in "high finance." Captains of industry have been reduced to the ranks, and some of them deserve to be drummed out of camp. "The water has been squeezed out" of not a few highly diluted securities, though also in the process, alas! out of many tearful eyes—those of the widow and the helpless and the aged whose trust in trusts has been so sadly misplaced. Great is the conservative value of this long-expected arrest in the mad rush for enormous wealth. It has

set the country thinking, and thinking is about the only thing the country had not lately done in excess. It will be well if the thinking goes deep enough—lower than the mere consideration of the financial distress caused by the traders in public confidence, and down to the philosophy of happiness as related to wealth. We are bold enough to believe that through the sorrow that makes us wise we are likely to reach a reaction from the vulgarity of high-piled luxury (now no longer rare enough to give distinction to its votaries) to a new gospel of simplicity and genuineness based on the things most worth having. Meanwhile the power of pretentious wealth can never seem to us so real or awe-inspiring as it did before the recent revelations of toy-finance.

There has been great gain also in the final bringing to book of the whole system of walking-delegate blackmail; for now that the arch-bully Parks has met his deserts, the system of which he was the chief exponent must go by the board. This is in effect the emancipation of the building trades, but it is more: it is—if the opportunity be seized—the emancipation of the honest element of the trade-unions from dishonest and disastrous leadership. Even Parks himself in his sobered reflection abjures the system and counsels milder methods, and if the honest and intelligent men in the unions will assert themselves against the tyranny of unwise leaders,—such as those who in the matter of the Government Printing Office gave the opportunity to President Roosevelt to make a manly assertion of the principle of free labor,—much may be done to restore these organizations to public regard and usefulness, in which respect, it is openly confessed, they have lately lost ground. This is greatly to be desired by employers, who have no interest in seeing the unions badly led, and will yield more to reason than to arrogance. The public, too, is more than ready to find reasons for sympathy with the wage-earners, who touch its interests so closely. The time is ripe for a better understanding all around. Already men of prominence in the unions see the necessity of a change of policy from whimsical strikes, hostility to employers, general bushwhacking, and discouragement of good work. Who, among the sincere leaders of the workingmen,

will rise to the occasion and place the whole labor movement on a higher plane of comity, efficiency, and general usefulness?

The lesson of these events ought not to be lost upon those who are neither of the trusts nor of the trade-unions, but have been in danger from the tyranny of both, and lately in the building trades from a dastardly combination of certain influences

in each. It is that things would never have got into so bad a situation if there had been more of the plain-speaking which is the birthright of the American citizen and which he has too often sold for a mess of pottage. Republican institutions exist only by the support of the people, and cannot long survive the silent endurance of oppression.



#### The American Light-Harness Horse

L. A CRITICISM OF "THE HORSE IN AMERICA"

**M**R. JOHN GILMER SPEED is always an entertaining writer, and that quality characterizes his paper on "The Horse in America" printed in THE CENTURY for September. But a perusal of it, by any one familiar with the field to which it is devoted, can scarce fail to produce the impression that its title is a misnomer and its premises—at least in the main—misleading. Properly it should have been entitled "An Indictment of the American Light-Harness Horse." So I believe the majority of its readers have interpreted it, and as such I think they must have taken exception to many of its statements and felt amazement at many of its conclusions.

To point out categorically the unsoundness of many of his postulates is not my desire. This would require the introduction of a mass of documentary evidence uninteresting to the general reader and leading to an extended controversy. But I should like to deny specifically that the American trotting-bred light-harness horse is any such animal as Mr. Speed makes him out; and that the stallion Rysdyk's Hambletonian was, as an individual, any such horse or possessed of any such base ancestry as he is by Mr. Speed represented to have been. And emphatically I should like to deny the statement that "it has come to be the case now that when a man goes in for trotting horses he is soon looked upon with suspicion as to his solvency, and not infrequently visited with social exclusion." To suffer accusations and statements so grave to pass without protest is to subscribe to their verity—something impossible to any horse-lover, in view of the actual facts and conditions that exist.

The breeding of the light-harness horse for speed, utility, and beauty has been carried on

in America for over a century; intelligently, systematically, scientifically, it has been prosecuted less than half a century. Mr. Speed states that the result so far attained amounts to an unequivocal failure. He asserts that there is no trotting type, and that ninety-eight of every hundred trotting-bred horses cannot trot and are of no value for any other purpose; in fine, are "costly failures, a reproach to their breeders, and a complete refutation of the unsound principles the following of which has led to their being what they are."

This is a tremendously sweeping indictment. Being so, it should be accompanied by the "facts and figures"—the evidence and the statistics—substantiating it. None, however, are offered. Is this because, upon endeavoring to procure them, it was found impossible? Or is it because Mr. Speed was innocently misled into accepting as true unattested statements? In justice to him, I incline to the latter opinion. For, had he collected any statistics, it is impossible to believe that he would have made the assertions his article contains, or have assumed responsibility for them.

The official statistical volumes of the American Trotting Register Association, their annual "Year Books," show that from 1893 to 1902, inclusive, 11,054 horses were produced that made public trotting records of 2:30 or better, 2:30 being the index of speed indicated as "standard" according to the code of rules governing the Trotting Register. This is an average of 1105.4 yearly for a period of ten consecutive years. Were the statement true that 98 of every 100 trotting-bred horses are failures as trotters, in order to produce over 1100 standard trotters yearly, it would be necessary to breed over 55,000 each year, or 555,000 in ten years—returns that are, on their face, preposterous.

While no complete statistics are available as

to the annual production of standard-bred horses, and those non-standard that might be termed trotting-bred, the volumes of the Trotting Register show that the entire registered number produced since systematic trotting breeding was first attempted is, in round numbers, about 100,000. The total number of 2:30 trotters produced to the close of 1902 was 18,548. Now, not all the latter were standard-bred, nor are all those registered that are eligible to standard registry; but, allowing for a liberal margin, the reckless inaccuracy of the 98-in-100 hypothesis is clearly demonstrated.

Aside from this demonstration of his speed, it is to be said that the trotting-bred horse has been bred up so consistently that he is to-day an established, if not a perfected, type. Seventy-five out of every hundred of the superb animals seen every year at the great shows in Madison Square Garden, New York, and in the Chicago Coliseum, are trotting-bred. Many of them are standard and registered, and many have fast trotting records. For all other light-harness purposes the trotting-bred horse has also virtually annihilated all competition. So splendid have been his achievements that American trotting-bred stallions and mares are now being used in the government studs of Austria, Italy, and Russia, and critics and connoisseurs throughout Europe have united in pronouncing him unrivaled, in the entire world, as a harness type.

Concerning the stallion Rysdyk's Hambletonian: his position as a progenitor has reached that stage where it is virtually beyond criticism. Of the 18,548 standard trotters above mentioned, at least 12,000 are his descendants. The marvelous mare Lou Dillon, 1:58½, the first two-minute trotter, is inbred to him five times; and her individual beauty is as exquisite as her speed is extreme.

Among the gentlemen who have been and are at present identified prominently as breeders and owners of the trotting horse in America may be named the late Senator Leland Stanford of California; General B. F. Tracy, ex-Secretary of the Navy; the late Robert Bonner and the late William H. Vanderbilt of New York; the late Major Henry Clay McDowell, the late General William T. Withers, and the late Alexander J. Alexander of Kentucky; Commodore J. Malcolm Forbes and Colonel John E. Thayer of Massachusetts; Senator J. W. Bailey of Texas; Hon. J. C. Sibley of Pennsylvania; Attorney-General P. C. Knox; Mr. Frank Rockefeller of Ohio; Mr. E. H. Harriman of New York; Mr. C. K. G. Billings of Chicago; and a legion of others whose social ostracism has not, I believe, been proclaimed. One of the most ardent admirers and owners of the trotting-bred horse was President Grant. He was a finished horseman, and he discarded the Arabs presented to him by the

Sultan in preference for the descendants of Rysdyk's Hambletonian.

*John L. Hervey.*

#### II. REJOINDER BY MR. SPEED

MR. HERVEY'S courteous declaration that I did not know what I was talking about when I wrote about "The Horse in America" is to be expected from one who sincerely believes that the "standard-bred trotter" is a type that reproduces itself with reasonable certainty. If he will take the trouble to read General Benjamin F. Tracy's letter in "Turf, Field, and Farm" for February 15, 1901, he will learn that that veteran breeder does not believe that the "standard-bred" is a type at all, but that the greater proportion that go fast pace rather than trot. Again, I refer him to Colonel Spencer Borden's letter in the "Country Gentleman" of September 17, 1903, in which he says that "as Hambletonian was known to be the sire of over thirteen hundred foals," and as his offspring "had every chance to show their quality that training and care could give them, the percentage of 2:30 trotters, about three in one hundred, does not seem to be very high." This compilation, Colonel Borden says, was made thirteen years after Hambletonian's death.

I confess that I have not studied the Trotting Horse Register with the care that Mr. Hervey claims to have done. And why? I do not believe in myths, false pedigrees, and forged records. These are what the Trotting Horse Register was builded upon; if it has become more accurate and more trustworthy, I am glad, for it is gratifying to know that any part of the world is getting better.

But Mr. Hervey must not assume that because I did not burden my article with statistics I had none. I had those compiled by the most careful horse-student and scientific breeder in America, Mr. Randolph Huntington of Oyster Bay, Long Island. These statistics show that not more than two per cent. of standard-bred trotters trot fast. Mr. Huntington, I am sure, is willing to defend his conclusions against all comers.

Again, Mr. Hervey says my article should have been entitled "An Indictment of the American Light-Harness Horse," and "so," he believes, "the majority of its readers have interpreted it." Mr. Hervey's beliefs are easy, and I will not quarrel with them, but I will say that of the hundreds of letters I have received in regard to the article, only one took Mr. Hervey's view, and the writer of that kindly invited me to take a journey to southern Massachusetts, so that he might have the pleasure of kicking me across the State. The truth is that any one who seriously attempts to say anything in favor of creating a proper

horse type in America, from the basic stock of the country and the parent stock from which all pure horse types come, inevitably excites the attacks of those who have fed on the standard-bred Hambletonian bacilli until their condition prevents them from seeing facts in their correct relation to one another.

*John Gilmer Speed.*

**St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus, by Murillo**

THIS work is one of a series of religious pictures executed by Murillo for the church of the convent of the Capuchins at Seville, shortly after its completion in 1670. They are nearly all now gathered together—this one among them—in the museum of Seville, forming there a matchless collection of the works of the great Sevillian painter. It is a large canvas, showing life-size full-length figures. The engraving gives a detail of the most interesting portion. Being a late work of the master, it is painted in his third and most improved style, called *el vaporoso*, in which the outlines

are lost in the light and shade, as they are in the rounded forms of nature.

The attribute of St. Joseph is the rod which miraculously budded in sign of his being chosen, by divine will, from among the suitors of the Virgin. This the artist, by a happy idea, has placed in the infant's hand, and nothing could be more beautiful or appropriate than the charming attitude of the child, with his sweet gesture of innocence, as he gently reclines his head on his father's bosom. Like the majority of Murillo's paintings, this is an instance of his power of imbuing what he wished with a feeling of purity, which mounts, in some of his grand works, into one of profound religious sentiment, capable of stirring one deeply.

In coloring it is very simple and sober. The background sky is composed of warm grayish tones, umbery in quality, tinged with bluish passages. The robe of Joseph is of rich, neutral brownish shades, and the dress of the child is a delicate light gray of a pinkish blush. The whole is soft and atmospheric.

*T. Cole.*



**The Alleviation of a Disappointment**

"**Y**ES, 'm," said Mrs. Barker, "we made thirty-seven dollars offen that there chicken-pie supper of oun the time we did n't hav enough virtualls to go round. Made it so dead easy 't wuz like pickin' it up in the street.

"A great success? Well, in some ways it wuz an' in others it wuz n't. You see, when we got to thinkin' afterwards about all them poor hungry folks that went away on their empty stomachs, too late to get nothin' to eat to home, it did n't seem, fer all it wuz n't no fault of oun, ez if we'd done e'zactly right by 'em. We had a feelin' inside ez if that there chicken-pie supper wuz kind of a blot in the scutcheon of the town an' a dark page in the annals of the 'sewin' society; an' as time wore on the feelin' grew.

"The men-folks poked fun at us for our poor providin', an' the neighborin' villages sorter took the matter up an' give us a sly dig ev'ry time they got a chance; fer, in his disappointment at not gettin' any pie, Hen Pillsberry, the paper man, everlastin' roasted us

in his weekly 'Chronicle.' Whenever he did n't hav no news to put in, he'd fill up space with slightin' remarks about that•supper; an' at last the thing got to be a standin' joke clear into the next county.

"I wuz down to Roxbury," sez Mr. Barker, one day, "an' they're still a-hootin' at you folks because o' that there chicken-pie supper o' yours."

"Let 'em hoot," sez I; "we'll show 'em some day that they ain't got no hoot on us. Jes ez soon's there's a good crop o' chickens again, we'll give 'em chicken-pie till they can't rest. If we don't do nothin' else, we'll line that there Hen Pillsberry with chicken-pie clean to the top of his empty head."

"Well, we done it—more 'n we expected.

"Me an' two other members of the sewin' society put in a solid week a-solicitin' of chicken-pies an' other truck fer another charity supper, the proceeds to be sent to our soldiers in the island of Guam.

"We rented a vacant store, jes like we done the fust time; but the young woman that writ the piece fer the fust supper bein' dead, we hed to put our pride in our pocket an' ask

Hen Pillsberry himself to write the notice fer the paper. He done it, too.

"There ain't nothin' stingy about me," sez he, "if there is about some" (meanin' us, I suppose). "I'll give you a hull column on the outside page, an' I'll take it out in pie."

"He kep' his word. He writ a piece about two feet long. He did n't say nothin' you could put your finger on *against* them pies; but, all to once, I wuz took with a sort of notion that them there pies wuz n't goin' to be quite up to the scratch. The more I read that piece, the more I got to feelin' that I'd made a mistake in ever supposin' that I liked chicken-pie at all. Still, I wuz too busy to do *much* thinkin' of any kind.

"It ain't no light job, even with lots of help, to get ready to feed two er three hundred hungry folks. But there wuz no lack o' food, fer every one wuz willin' an' anxious to save the reputation of the town. So chicken-pies poured in on us like rain, an' it kep' one person busy, the afternoon of the supper, to keep 'em het up.

"I went home at five o'clock to slick myself up an' get Mr. Barker, an' I did n't feel any too pleased when I found him a-settin' there a-playin' with the pup in his old clothes, an' me in the wust kind of a hurry to get back.

"See here," sez I, "you hustle into them Sunday clothes o' yourn ez quick ez the Lord 'll let you. You ain't got no time to play with pups if you want to eat to the fust table."

"Why, I ain't never thought o' goin'," sez he, lookin' surprised. "You go along an' never mind me. I guess I kin make out a square meal on the cold biled cabbage that wuz left from dinner."

"Not goin'!" sez I, kind o' flabbergasted.

"Nary a step," sez he. "Someway, I guess I've got one o' them there anty-pathies fer pie, like my uncle had fer cats."

"Oh, well," sez I, "suit yourself. One man more er less won't make no difference. There 'll be that much more pie fer somebody else."

"On the way back to the supper-hall I met three or four of the sewin' society's husbands leavin' the place.

"Hed supper a'ready?" sez I.

"No," sez they. "Jes been in to leave a pie er two."

"Comin' back later, I s'pose?"

"No," sez they; "we've lost our appetite fer chicken-pie, someway."

"When I went in, there wuz five er six women, four children, an' one man a-settin' down to the table. The man wuz Hen Pillsberry. He wuz n't goin' to take no chances. He come early an' he stayed late, an' he et

an' et, until 't wuz a wonder his eyes did n't drop out on his plate from inward pressure.

"The minister an' his wife an' the church janitor come in later on complimentary tickets; a stranger from another town that wuz goin' by thought we wuz a free-lunch counter an' come stragglin' in; an' of course all us women that done the work hed to set down an' eat: but all of us together made a pretty slim crowd.

"It wuz the finest supper you ever set eyes on, an' wuth considerable more 'n a quarter a plate; but ez a money-maker 't wuz a dismal fizz.

"We wuz all hungry, but we did n't make much of a hole in them pies. We done the best we could, but there wuz forty-six of 'em left, to waste their sweetness on the desert air, when we got done.

"I'll buy one," sez Mis' Perkins, "if you'll sell it cheap."

"Well," sez I, "how 'd sixty cents strike you?"

"I'll give you fifty-nine," sez she.

"Well," sez I, "this ain't no fire sale, an' that 's terrible cheap fer chicken-pie; but we've an everlastin' big stock, so mebbe, after all, we'd better sell 'em at bargain-counter prices."

"Then them women stepped up, one after another, an' spoke fer them pies. We give one to the minister's wife, an' sent two of the biggest ones to the orphan asylum, which wuz more 'n enough, it bein' an off season fer orphans.

"Now," thinks I, takin' the last one there wuz left, "I'll just send this here pie around to Hen Pillsberry, an' may he bust. He ain't a-goin' to say he did n't get all the chicken-pie he wanted this time."

"T wuz a real good thought. There wuz only one trouble with it, an' that wuz that too many folks thunk it. All the rest of them women wuz took with the same idea. Every last one of 'em, without sayin' nothin' to nobody, bestowed her chicken-pie on Henery Pillsberry.

"When he went to his boardin'-place late that night, he fell over one chicken-pie an' into another on his way to the gas. There wuz chicken-pies on the dresser, chicken-pies a-settin' round on the floor, an' more chicken-pies a-roostin' a-top o' the base-burnin' stove; an' when, struck dumb with amazement an' overcome with chicken-pie, he dropped on the sofa, he landed in a reg'lar ambuscade of 'em all to once, with gravy shootin' at him seven ways fer Sunday.

"For once, Hen Pillsberry hed his fill o' chicken-pie; but they say it ain't been real safe fer a fowl to cackle in his hearin' sence."

*Carroll Watson Rankin.*

**Frolic Elves in Eyes of Blue**

SWEET eyes of blue, an elf one night  
Drank too much moonbeam. Tipsy quite,  
He started home, saw one of you,  
Thought you his violet house, and flew  
Inside, and slept there safe and—tight.

He woke enchanted with his sleight  
Of wing, and dancing forth in flight,  
Brought back his love to share these two  
Sweet eyes of blue.

The frolic elves with fairy light  
Wove love-spells in your glances bright.

I watched 'em weave, and ere I knew  
What harm the witchery would do,  
My heart was helpless in your might—  
Sweet eyes of blue!

*George Cram Cook.*

**Appetite and Food**

WHEN appetite and food are given,  
The two together make a heaven;  
But leave out one, and, strange to tell,  
The other by itself is hell.

*Ernest Thompson Seton.*



Drawn by E. W. Kemble

**A MODERN RECREATION**

CHAUFFEUR: When that thing gets through having a fit, I'll come down.